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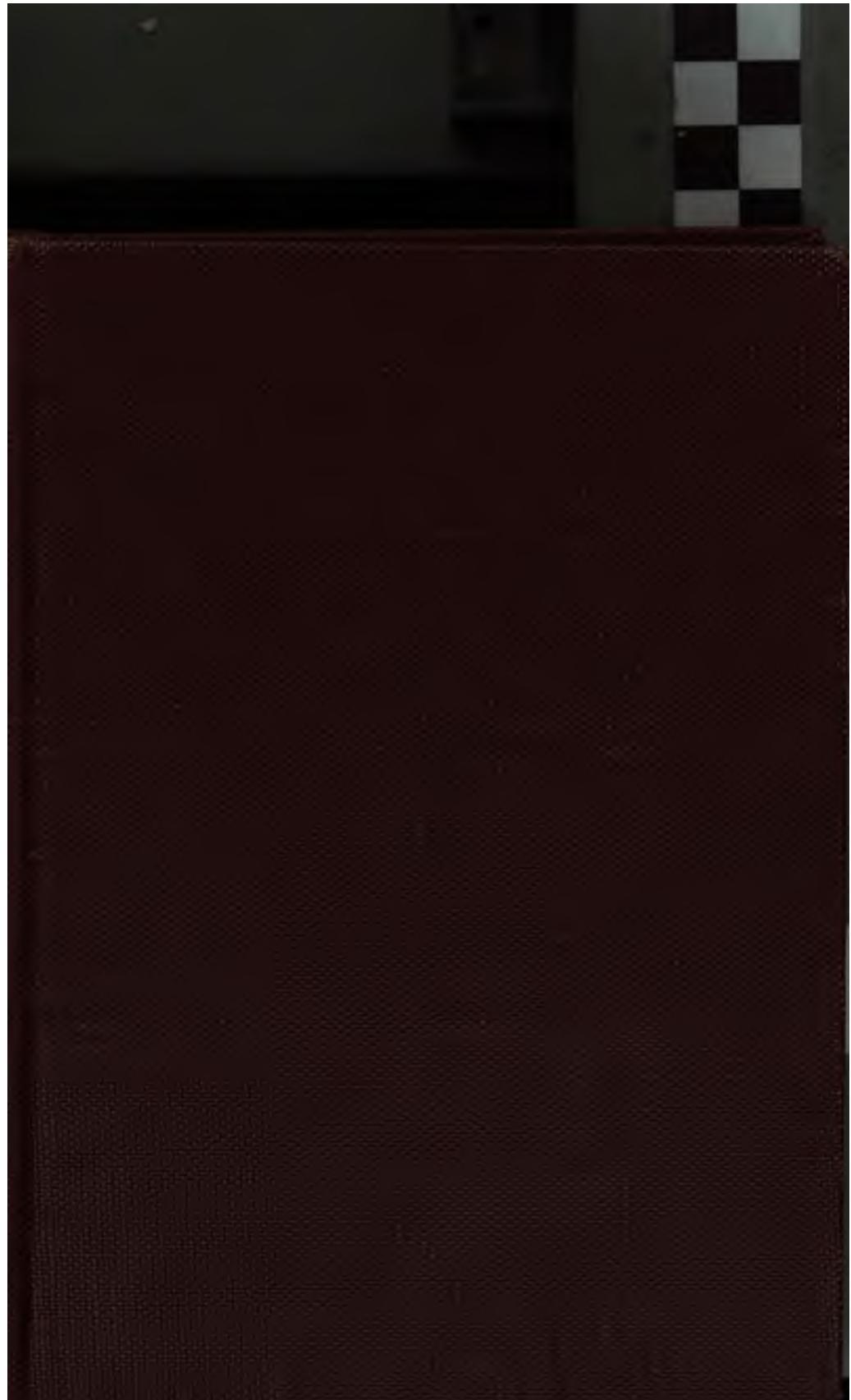
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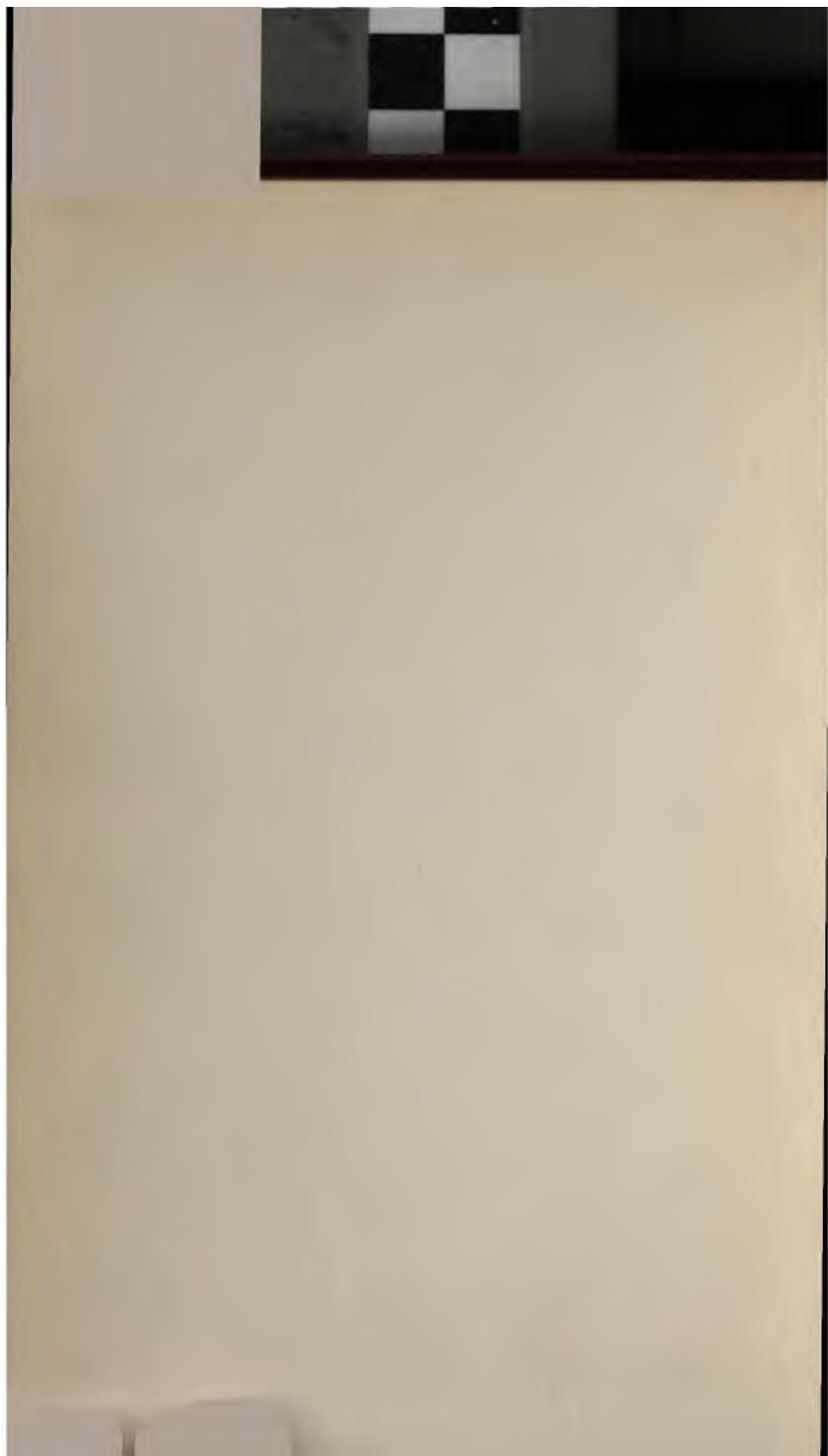
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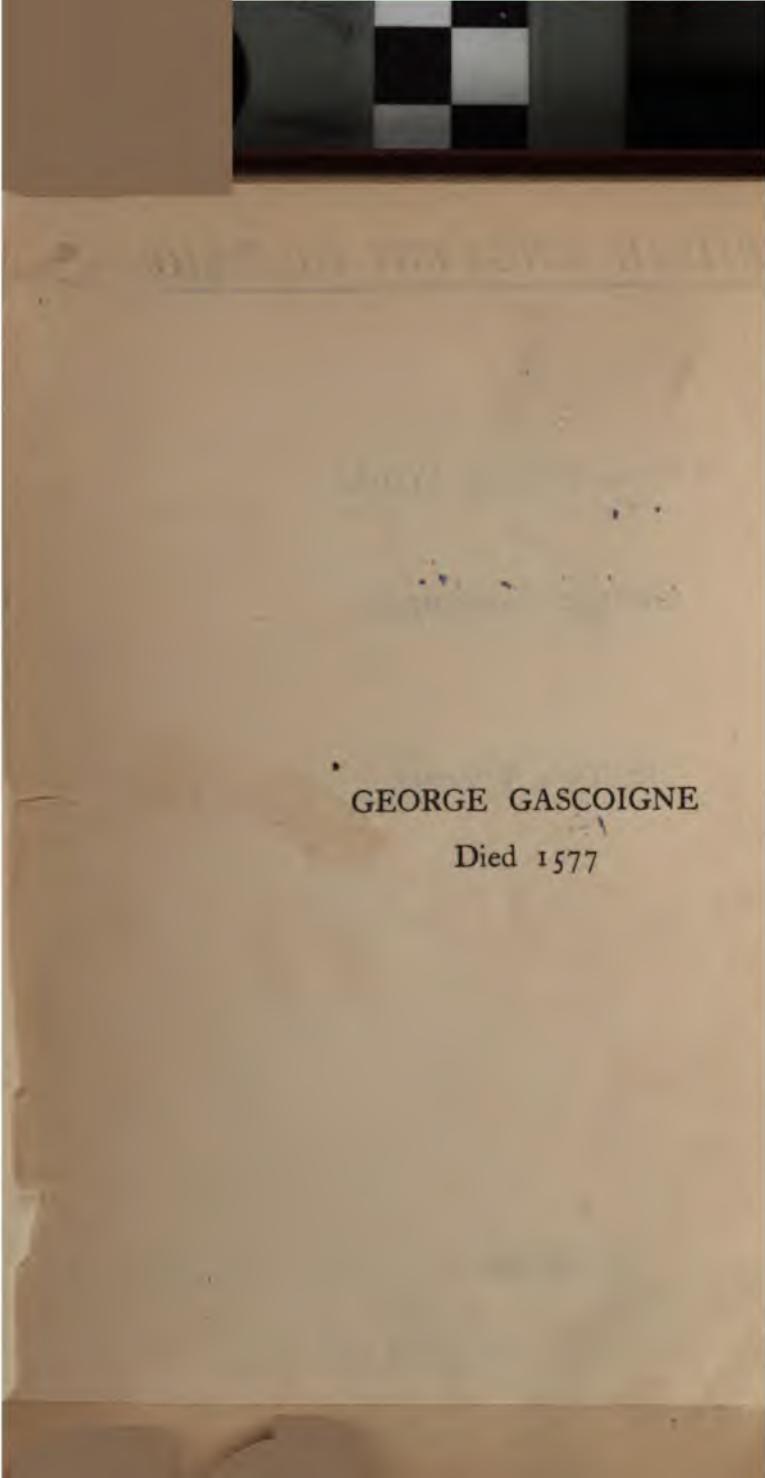


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**The Complete Works  
of  
George Gascoigne**

**In Two Volumes**

**VOLUME I**



GEORGE GASCOIGNE

Died 1577

**GEORGE GASCOIGNE** *1596*

# THE POSIES

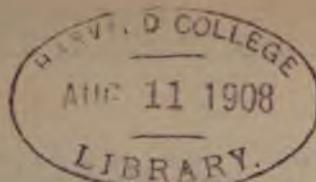
EDITED BY  
**JOHN W. CUNLIFFE, M.A., D.LIT. (LONDON)**  
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF WISCONSIN, U.S.A.



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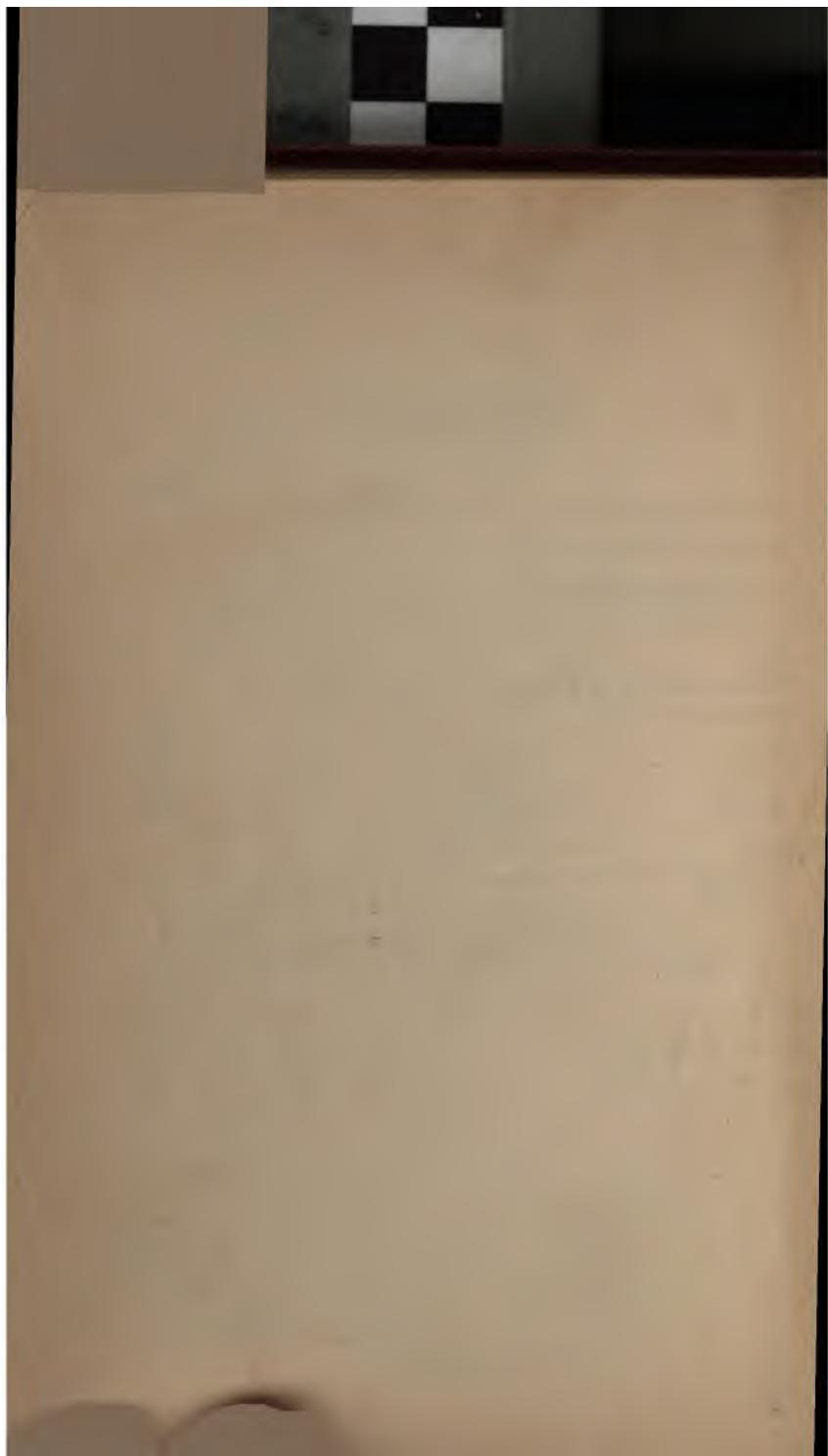
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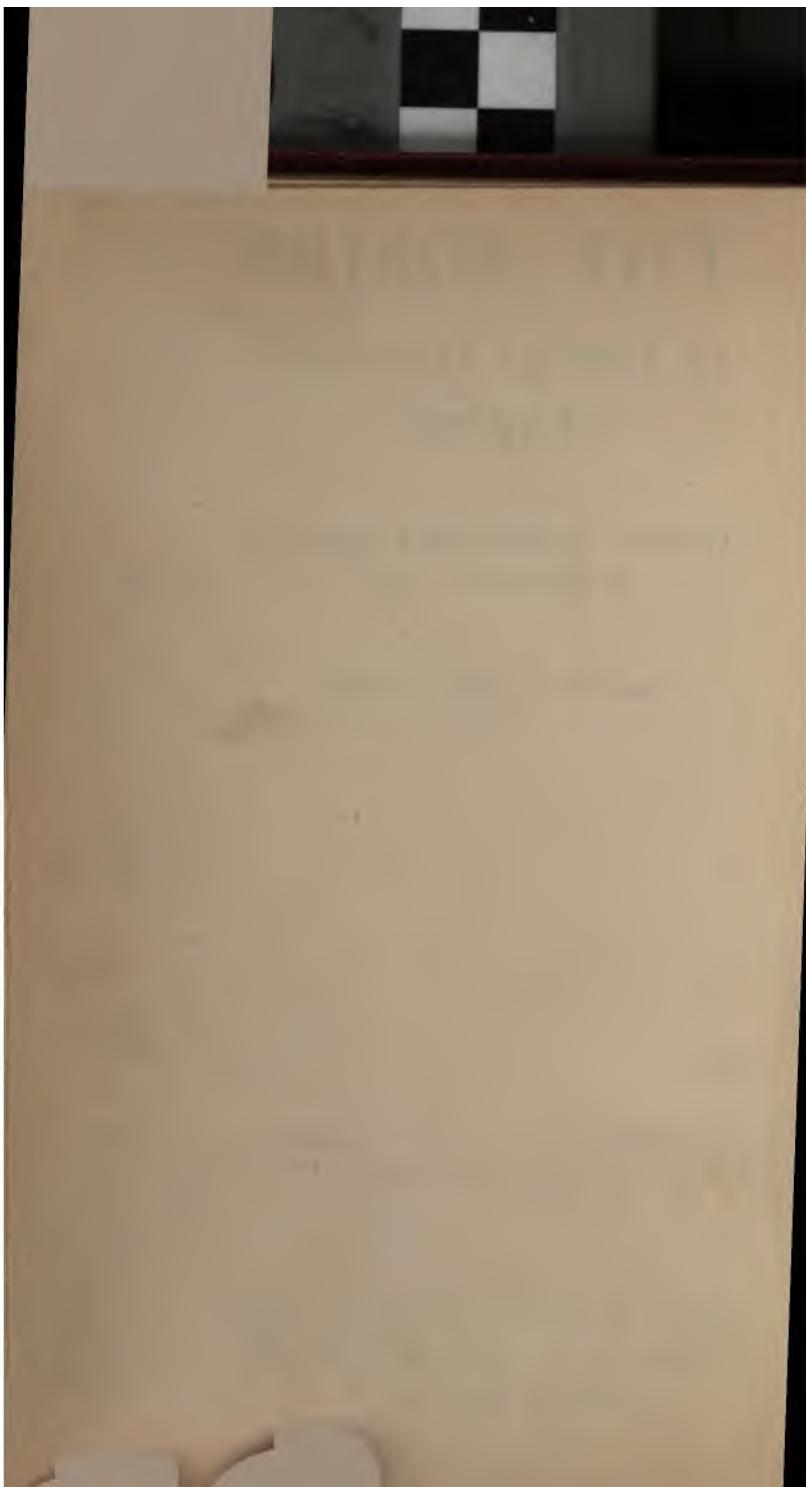
# THE POSIES

## of George Gascoigne Esquire.

Corrected, perfected, and augmented  
by the Authour. 1575.

*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*

Printed at London for Richard Smith,  
and are to be solde at the Northwest  
doore of Paules Church.



To the reverende Divines, unto  
*whom these Posies shall happen to be pre-*  
sented, George Gascoigne Esquire (professing  
armes in the defence of Gods truth) wisheth  
quiet in conscience, and all consolation  
in Christ Jesus.

R ight reverend: I have thought it my part (before I wade  
further in publishing of these Posies) to lay open before  
your grave judgementes, aswell the cause which presently  
moveth mee to present them, as also the depth and secrets of  
some conceytes, which (being passed in clowdes and figurative  
speeches) might percase both be offensive to your gravitie, and  
perillous to my credite.

It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I beeing in Hollande  
in service with the vertuous Prince of Orenge) the most parte  
of these Posies were imprinted, and now at my returne, I find  
that some of them have not onely bene offensive for sundrie  
wanton speeches and lascivious phrases, but further I heare that  
the same have beene doubtfully construed, and (therefore)  
scandalous.

My reverende and welbeloved: whatsoever my youth hath  
seemed unto the graver sort, I woulde bee verie loth nowe in  
my middle age to deserve reproch: more loth to touch the  
credite of any other, and moste loth to have mine own name  
become unto you odious. For if I shoulde nowe at this age  
seeme as carelesse of reproche, as I was in greene youth readie  
to goe astray, my faultes might quickly growe double, and  
yne estimation shoulde bee woorthie too remayne but single.  
I have learned that although there may bee founde in a Gentle-  
man whereby to be reprehended or rebuked, yet ought he not  
to be woorthie of reprooche or condemnation.

## THE EPISTLE TO

All this I set downe in preamble, too the ende I maye thereby purchase youre pacience. And as I desyre that you wyll not condemne mee wythoute proofe, so am I contented, that if heereafter you finde mee guiltie, youre definitive sentence shall then passe publikelye under the Seale of Severitie.

It were not reason (righte reverende) that I shoulde bee ignoraunt howe generally wee are all *magis proni ad malum quam ad bonum*. Even so is it requisite that I acknowledge a generall reformation of maners more necessarie to bee taught, than anye Whetstone of Vanities is meete (in these dayes) to bee suffered. And therefore as youre gravitie hath thought requysite that all ydle Bookes or wanton Pamphlettes shoulde bee forbidden, so might it seeme that I were woorthie of greate reprehension, if I shoulde bee the Auethour of evill wilfully, or a provoker of vyces wittingly. And yet some there are who have not spared too reporte that I receyved greate summes of money for the first printing of these Posies, whereby (if it were true) I mighte seeme not onely a craftie Broker for the uttaunce of garishe toyes, but a corrupte Merchaunte for the sale of deceyptfull wares.

For answerre heereof it is moste true (and I call Heaven and Earth too witnesse) that I never receyved of the Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies. True it is that I was not unwillinge the same shoulde bee imprinted: And that not of a vaineglorious desyre too bee thought a pleaasant Poet, neyther yet of a lyghte minde too bee counted a cunning Lover. For though in youth I was often overhardie too put my name in Ballaunce of doubtfull judgementes, yet nowe I am become so bashfull that I coulde rather bee content too leese the prayse of my follyes, than too hazarde the misconcyete of the grave and graye headed Judges. But too confesse a truthe untoo you right reverende (with whome I maye not dissemble in cases whiche so generally doe touche all menne) I was the rather contented too see them imprinted for these sundrie considerations.

First, for that I have seene dyverse Authours, (both learned and well learned) which after they have both reformed their lives, and converted their studies, have not yet disdeyned to reade the Poems which they let passe their pennes in youth. *For it seemeth untoo mee that in all ages Poetrie hath beene nor*

## THE REVEREND DIVINES

only permitted, but also it hath beene thought a right good and excellent qualitie.

Next unto this, I have alwayes bene of opinion, that it is not unpossible eyther in Poemes or in Prose too write both compendiously, and perfectly in our Englishe tongue. And therefore although I challenge not unto my selfe the name of an English Poet, yet may the Reader finde oute in my wrytings, that I have more faulted in keeping the olde English wordes (*quamvis iam obsoleta*) than in borowing of other languages, such Epithetes and Adjectives as smell of the Inkhorne.

Thirdly, as I seeke advauncement by vertue, so was I desirous that there might remaine in publike recorde, some pledge or token of those giftes wherwith it hath pleased the Almighty to endue me: To the ende that thereby the vertuous might bee encouraged to employ my penne in some exercise which might tende both to my preferment, and to the profite of my Countrey. For many a man which may like mine outwarde presence, might yet have doubted whether the qualityes of my minde had bene correspondent to the proportion of my bodie.

Fourthly, because I had writte sundry things which coulde not chuse but content the learned and Godlye Reader, therefore I hoped the same should serve as undoubted prooфе, that I had layde aside vanities, and delighted to exercise my penne in morall discourses, at least the one passing (cheeke by cheek) with the other, muste of necessitie persuade both the learned, and the light minded, that I coulde aswell sowe good graine, as graynes or draffe. And I thought not meete (beeing intermingled as they were) to cast away a whole bushell of good seede, for two or three graynes of Darnell or Cockle.

Lastly, I persuaded my selfe that as in the better sort of the same I shoulde purchase good lyking with the honourable aged: So even in the worst sorte, I might yet serve as a myrrour for unbrydled youth, to avoyde those perilles which I had passed. For little may he do which hath escaped the rock or the sandes, if he cannot waft with his hande to them that come after him.

These considerations (right reverend) did first move me to consent that these Poemes shoulde passe in print. For recapitulation whereof, and to answere unto the objections that may bee given: I say to the first that I neither take example of wanton

## THE EPISTLE TO

Ovid, doting Nigidius, nor foolish Samocratius. But I delight to thinke that the reverend father Theodore Beza, whose life is worthily become a lanterne to the whole worlde, did not yet disdaine too suffer the continued publication of such Poemes as he wrote in youth. And as he termed them at last *Poemata castrata*, So shal your reverend judgements beholde in this seconde edition, my Poemes gelded from all filthie phrases, corrected in all erronious places, and beautified with addition of many moral examples.

To the seconde, although I be sometimes constreyned for the cadence of rimes, or *per licentiam Poeticam*, to use an ynk-horne terme, or a straunge word: Yet hope I that it shall be apparent I have rather regarde to make our native language commendable in it selfe, than gay with the feathers of straunge birdes.

To the thirde reason may be objected, that if I were so desirous to have my capacitié knowne, I shoulde have done much better to have travelled in some notorious peece of worke, which might generally have spred my commendation. The which I confesse. But yet is it true that I must take the Foord as I finde it: Sometimes not as I woulde, but as I may. And since the oversight of my youth had brought mee farre behinde hande and indebted unto the world, I thought good in the meane time to pay as much as I had, untill it might please God better to inable me. For commonly the greediest creditor is appeased, if he see his debtor willing to pay whē he hath any thing. And therefore being busied in martiall affayres (whereby also I sought some advauncement) I thought good to notifie unto the worlde before my returne, that I coulde as well persuade with Penne, as pearce with launce or weapon: So that yet some noble minde might be incouraged both to exercise me in time of peace, and to emploie mee in time of service in warre.

To the fourth and last considerations, I had alledged of late by a right reverende father, that although in deede out of everie floure the industrious Bee may gather honie, yet by proofe the Spider thereout also sucks mischeevous poysone. Whereunto I can none otherwise answere, but that he who will throw a stone at everie Dogge which barketh, had neede of a great satchell or pocket. And if the learned judgements

## THE REVEREND DIVINES

and honest mindes doe both construe my doings aright, and take therein either councell or commoditie, then care I the lesse what the wicked conceyve of my conceytes. For I esteeme more the prayse of one learned Reader, than I regard the curious carping of ten thousande unlettered tattlers.

To conclude (right reverend) as these considerations did specially move me at first to consent to the imprinting of these posies, so nowe have I yet a further consideration which moveth mee most earnestly to sue for this second edition or publishing of the same. And that is this. I understande that sundrie well disposed mindes have taken offence at certaine wanton wordes and sentences passed in the fable of *Ferdinando Jeronimi*, and the *Ladie Elinora de Valasco*, the which in the first edition was termed *The adventures of master F. J.* And that also therewith some busie conjectures have presumed to thinke that the same was indeed written to the scandalizing of some worthie personages, whom they woulde seeme therby to know. Surely (right reverend) I smile to see the simplicitie of such, who being indeed starke staring blind, would yet seeme to see farre into a milstone. And the rather I scorne their rash judgements, for that in talking with xx. of them one after another, there have not two agreed in one conjecture. Alas, alas, if I had bene so foolish as to have passed in recitall a thing so done in deede, yet all the world might thinke me verie simple if I woulde call John, John, or Mary, Mary. But for the better satisfying of all men universally, I doe here protest unto you (reverend) even by the hope of my salvation, that there is no living creature touched or to be noted therby. And for the rest you shall find it now in this second imprinting so turquened and turned, so clesned from all unclenly wordes, and so purged from the humor of inhumanitie, as percase you woulde not judge that it was the same tale. For although I have bin heretofore contented to suffer the publication thereof, only to the ende men might see my Methode and maner of writing: yet am I nowe thus desirous to set it forth eftsoones, to the ende all men might see the reformation of my minde: And that all suspitions may be suppressed and throughly satisfied, by this mine unfeined protestation which I make unto you in that behalfe. Finally, were it not that the same is alreadie extant in such sort as hath moved offence, I should rather be



## THE EPISTLE

cōtent to cancel it utterly to oblivion, than thus to returne it in a new patched cote. And for full prooфе of mine earnest zeale in Gods service, I require of you (reverende) most instantly, that if hereby my skill seeme sufficient to wade in matters of greater importance, you will then vouchsafe to employ mee accordingly. Surely you shall finde me no lesse readie to undertake a whole yeaeres travaile in anie worke which you shall thinke me able to overcome, than I have beene willing heretofore to spende three houres in penning of an amorous Sonnet. Even so being desirous that all men generally (and you especially) should conceive of me as I meane, I have thus farre troubled your lerned eies with this plaine Epistle, written for my purgation, in matters whiche (else) might both have offendēd you, and given great batterie to the ramparts of my poore credite. The God of peace vouchsafe to governe and product you, and me, and all his, in quiet of conscience, and strength of spirit. Amen. From my poore house at Waltamstow in the Forest, this last day of Januarie. 1574.

To al yong Gentlemen, and general-  
*ly to the youth of England, George Gas-*  
coigne Esquire by birth, and Souldiour by  
profession, wisheth increase of knowledge in  
all vertuous exercises.

Allant Gentlemen, and lustie youthes of this my native Countrey, I have here (as you see) published in print suche Posies and rymes as I used in my youth, the which for the barbarousnesse of the stile may seeme worthlesse, and yet for the doubtfulnesse of some darke places they have also seemed (heretofore) daügerous. So that men may justly both condemne me of rashnesse, and wonder at my simplicitie in suffering or procuring the same to be imprinted.

A yong man well borne, tenderly fostered, and delicately accompanied, shall hardly passe over his youth without falling into some snares of the Divell, and temptations of the flesh. But a man of middle yeares, who hath to his cost experimented the vanities of youth, and to his perill passed them: who hath bought repentance deare, and yet gone through with the bargaine: who seeth before his face the tyme past lost, and the rest passing away in post: Such a man had more neede to be well advised in his doings, and resolute in his determinations. For with more ease and greater favour may we answere for tenne madde follies committed in grene youth, than one sober oversight escaped in yeares of discretion. *Lycurgus* the good princely Philosopher, ordeyned that if an olde man perceiving a yong man to commit any dishonestie, did not rebuke but suffer him: the aged shoulde be chastised, and the yong man should be absolved.

All this rehearsed and considered, you may (as I say) growe

## THE EPISTLE TO

in some doubt, whether I were worse occupied in first devising, or at last in publishing these toies & pamphlets: and much the rather, for that it is a thing commonly seene, that (nowe adayes) fewe or no things are so well handled, but they shall bee carped at by curious Readers, nor almost any thing so well ment, but may bee muche misconstrued.

And heerewithall I assure my selfe, that I shall bee generally condemned as a man verie lightly bent, and rather desyrous to continue in the freshe remembraunce of my follyes, than content too cancell them in oblivion by discontinuance: especially since in a house where many yong childrē are, it hath bene thought better pollicie quite to quench out the fire, than to leave any loose cole in the imbers, wherewith Babes may play and put the whole edifice in daunger.

But my lustie youthes, and gallant Gentlemen, I had an intent farre contrarie untoo all these supposes, when I fyrist [permitted] the publication heereof. And bycause the greatest offence that hath beene taken therat, is, least your mindes might heereby become envenomed with vanities, therefore unto you I will addresse my tale, for the better satisfying of common judgements. And unto you I will explane, that which being before mistically covered, and commonly misconstrued, might be no lesse perillous in seducing you, than greevous evidence for to prove mee guiltie of condemnation.

Then to come unto the matter, there are three sortes of men which (beeing wonderfully offended at this booke) have founde therein three maner of matters (say they) verie reprehensible. The men are these: curious Carpers, ignorant Readers, and grave Philosophers. The faults they finde are, *Iudicare* in the Creede: Chalke for Cheese: and the cōmon infection of Love. Of these three sorts of men and matters, I do but very little esteeme the two first. But I deeply regarde the thirde. For of a verie troth, there are one kinde of people nowadayes which will mislyke any thing, being bred (as I thinke) of the spawne of a Crab or Crevish, which in all streames and waters will swimme eyther sidewayes, or flat backwards: and when they can indeede finde none other fault, will yet thinke *Iudicare* verie untowardlye placed in the Creede. Or (beeing a simple Sowter) will finde fault at the shape of the legge: or if they be not there stopped, they wil not spare to

## THE YONG GENTLEMEN

step up higher, and say, that *Apelles* paynted Dame *Venus* verie deformed or evill favoured.

Of this sort I make small accounte, bycause indeede they seeke a knotte in the Rushe, and woulde seeme to see verie farre in a Mylstone.

There are also certaine others, who (having no skill at all) will yet be verie busie in reading all that may bee read, and thinke it sufficient if (Parrot like) they can rehearse things without booke: when within booke they understande neyther the meaning of the Authour, nor the sense of the figurative speeches, I will forbearre to recyte examples by any of mine owne doings. Since all comparisons are odious, I will not say how much the areignment and divorce of a Lover (being written in jeast) have bene mistaken in sad earnest. It shall suffice that the contentions passed in verse long sithence, betwene maister *Churchyard* and *Camell*, were (by a block-headed reader) cōstrued to be indeed a quarell betwene two neighbors. Of whom that one having a *Camell* in keping, and that other having charge of the *Churchyard*, it was supposed they had grown to debate, bicause the *Camell* came into the *Churchyarde*. Laugh not at this (lustie yonkers) since the pleasant dittie of the noble Erle of Surrey (beginning thus: *In winters just returne*) was also construed to be made indeed by a Shepeherd. What shoulde I stande much in rehersall how the *L. Vaux* his dittie (beginning thus: *I loth that I did love*) was thought by some to be made upō his death bed? and that the *Soulknill* of M. Edwards was also written in extremitie of sicknesse? Of a truth (my good gallants) there are such as having only lerned to read English, do interpret Latin, Greke, French and Italian phrases or metaphors, evē according to their owne motherly conception and childish skill. The which (bicause they take Chalke for Cheese) shall never trouble me, what-soever fault they finde in my doings.

But the third sort (beeing grave Philosophers, and finding just fault in my doings at the common infection of love) I must needs alledge suche juste excuse as may countervayle their juste complaynts. For else I shoulde remayne woorthie of a severe punishment. They wysely considering that wee are all in youth more apt to delight in harmefull pleasures, than to digest wholesome and sounde advice, have thought meete to

## THE EPISTLE TO

forbid the publishing of any ryming tryfles which may serve as whetstones to sharpen youth unto vanities.

And for this cause, finding by experiance also, how the first Copie of these my Posies hath beene verie much i[n]quired for by the yonger sort: and hearing likewise that (in the same) the greater part hath beene written in pursute of amorous enterpryses, they have justly conceyved that the continuance thereof hath beene more likely to stirre in all yong Readers a venemous desire of vanitie, than to serve as a common myrrour of greene and youthfull imperfeccions. Whereunto I must confesse, that as the industrious Bee may gather honie out of the most stinking weede, so the malicious Spider may also gather poyson out of the fayrest floure that growes.

And yet in all this discourse I see not proved, that either that Gardener is too blame which planteth his Garden full of fragrant floures: neyther that planter to be disprayed, which soweth all his beddes with seedes of wholesome herbes: neyther is that Orchard unfruitfull, which (under shew of sundrie weedes) hath medicinable playsters for all infirmities. But if the Chirurgian which should seeke Sorrell to rypen an Ulcer, will take Rewe which may more inflame the Impostume, then is hee more to blame that mistooke his gathering, than the Gardener which planted aright, and presented store and choyse to be taken. Or if the Phisition will gather hote Perceley in stead of cold Endive, shall he not worthily beare the burthen of his owne blame?

To speake English it is your using (my lustie Gallants) or misusing of these Posies that may make me praysed or disprayed for publishing of the same. For if you (where you may learne to avoyd the subtile sandes of wanton desire) will runne upon the rockes of unlawfull lust, then great is your folly, and greater will growe my rebuke. If you (where you might gather wholesome hearbes to cure your sundrie infirmities) will spende the whole day in gathering of sweete smelling Posies, much will be the time that you shal mispende, and much more the harme that you shall heape upon my heade. Or if you will rather beblister your handes with a Nettle, than comfort your senses by smelling to the pleasant Marjoram, then wanton is your pastime, and small will be your profite.

I have here presented you with three sundrie sortes of

## THE YONG GENTLEMEN

Posies: *Floures, Hearbes, and Weedes.* In which division I have not ment that onely the *Floures* are to be smelled unto, nor that onely the *Weedes* are to be rejected. I terme some *Floures*, because being indeed invented upon a verie light occasion, they have yet in them (in my judgement) some rare invention and Methode before not commonly used. And therefore (beeing more pleasant than profitable) I have named them *Floures*.

The seconde (being indeede morall discourses, and reformed inventions, and therefore more profitable than pleasant) I have named *Hearbes*.

The third (being *Weedes*) might seeme to some judgments, neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast away. But as many *weedes* are right medicinable, so may you find in this none so vile or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled. Maray you must take heede how you use the. For if you delight to put Hemlocke in your fellowes pottage, you may chaunce both to poysone him, and bring your selfe in perill. But if you take example by the harmes of others who have eaten it before you, then may you chaunce to become so warie, that you will looke advisedly on all the Perceley that you gather, least amongst the same one braunch of Hemlocke might annoy you.

I assure you, my yong blouds, I have not published the same to the intent that other men hereafter might be infected with my follies forepassed. For though it be a comfort in *miseris babere consorem*, yet is it small consolation to a felon, to have a Coyner hanged in his companie. And I assure you (although you will think it straunge) that I have not caused them to bee imprinted for anie vaine delight which I have (my selfe) therein conceyved. For the most of them being written in my madnesse, might have yeeded then more delight to my frantike fansie to see them published, than they now do accumulate cares in my minde to set them forth corrected: and a deformed youth had bene more likely to set them to sale long sithence, than a reformed man can be able now to protect them with simplicitie.

The scope of mine intent, and the marke whereat I shoothe is double. I meane grounded upon two sundrie causes: the one that being indebted unto the worlde (at the least five

## THE EPISTLE

thousande dayes verie vainly spent) I may yeld him yet some part of mine account in these Poemes. Wherein as he may finde great diversitie both in stile and sense, so may the good bee encouraged to set mee on worke at last, though it were noone before I sought service. The other reason is, that bicause I have (to mine owne great detriment) misspent my golden time, I may serve as ensample to the youthfull Gentlemen of England, that they runne not upon the rocks which have brought me to shipwracke. Beware therefore, lustie Gallants, howe you smell to these Posies. And learne you to use the talent which I have highly abused. Make me your myrrour. And if hereafter you see me recover mine estate, or reedifie the decayed walls of my youth, then beginne you sooner to builde some foundation which may beautifie your Pallace. If you see me sinke in distresses (notwithstanding that you judge me quick of capacitie) then lerne you to mainteyne your selves swimming in prosperitie, and eschue betymes the whirlepoole of misgovernment.

Finally, I beseech you, and conjure you, that you rather encourage me to accomplish some worthier travaile, by seeing these Posies right smelled unto, than discourage me from attempting other labours, when I shall see these first fruities rejected or misused. I have corrected them from sundrie faultes. Which if they had not brought suspition in the first copie, be you then out of doubt you had never bene troubled with these seconde presents, nor persuaded to flourishe wisely with a two edged swoorde in your naked hands. But as I have ment them well, so I crave of God, that they may both pleasure and profit you for the furtherance of your skill in any commendable enterprise. From my poore house at Waltamstow in the Forest the second of Januarie. 1575.

To the Readers generally a gene-  
*rall advertisement of the*  
Authour.

**A**ll that is written is written for our instruction, as the holy —  
Apostle witnesseth to the Romaines in his .xv. Chapter.  
And in his ninth Chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians,  
hee glorieth that hee coulde (as it were) transforme himself  
into all professions; therby to winne all kinde of men to God:  
saying that with the Jewes he became a Jew: with them that  
were under the law, he seemed also under the lawe: with the  
feeble, he shewed himselfe feeble. And to conclude, he became  
all things to all men, to the ende that hee might thereby winne  
some to salvation. My Schoolemaster which taught me Gram-  
mer, woulde alwayes say that some schollers he woonne to  
studie by strypes, some other by fayre meanes, some by  
promises, some other by prayses, some by vainglorie, and some  
by verie shame. But I never hard him report him that ever  
he had persuaded any scholler to become studious, in what sort  
soever it were that hee woonne him. For whether the brave  
Gennet be broken with the bitte, or with the snaffle, whither  
he be brought in awe with a Spurre, or with a wand, all is one  
if he prove readie and well mouthed.

Thus much I write (gentle Reader) to the ende that myne  
intent may appeare in publishing of these Posies. Wherein as  
there are many things morall, so are there also some verses more  
sauced with wantonnesse than with wisedome. And as there  
are some ditties which may please and delight the godly and  
graver sort, so are there some which may allure the yonger sort  
unto fond attempts. But what for that? Hath *Terence* bene  
forbidden to be read, bicause his Comedies are rehearsals of  
many madde prankes played by wanton youthes? No surely.

## TO THE READER

*Paracelsus*, and sundrie other Phisitions and Philosophers, declare, that in everie thing naturall there is to be founde Salt, Oyle, and Brimstone. And I am of opinion, that in every thing which is written (the holy scriptures excepted) there are to be founde wisedome, follie, emulation, and detraction. For as I never yet saw any thing so clerkly handled, but that therein might be found some imperfections: So coulde I never yet reade fable so ridiculous but that therein some morallitie might be gathered. And as the good writer shall be sure of some to bee maliced: so the bad shall never escape the byting tongues of slanderers.

But to returne to my purpose: If in the hardest flint there may be found sparkes of lively fire, and the most knottie peece of Box, may be wrought to a fayre Doogen hafte: let these fewe suffice to persuade thee, that I have not procured the publication heereof to any ende, so much as that the youthful sort might therein take example, and the aged recreation.

Nowe if any (misgoverning their owne wittes) doe fortune to use that for a Spurre, which I had heere appoynted for a Brydle, I can none otherwise lamēt it, but to say that I am not the first which hath bene misjudged. Truely (gentle Reader) I protest that I have not ment heerein to displease any man, but my desire hath rather bene to cōtent most men: I meane the divine with godly Hymnes and Psalms, the sober minde with morall discourses, and the wildest will with sufficient warning. The which if it so fall out, then shall I thinke my selfe right happie. And if it fall out otherwise, I shall yet never bee ashamed to become one of their corporation which reape floutes and reprehension for their travayles.

But bicause these Posies growe to a great bundell, and thereof also the number of loving lynes exceedeth in the Superlative, I thought good to advertise thee, that the most part of them were written for other men. And out of all doubt, if ever I wrote lyne for my selfe in causes of love, I have written tenne for other men in layes of lust. For I counte greater difference betweene love and lust, than there is diversitie betweene witte and wisedome: and yet witte and I did (in youth) make such a fray, that I feare his cosen wisedome will never become freendes with me in my age. Well,

## TO THE READER

though my folly bee greater than my fortune, yet overgreat were mine unconstancie, if (in mine owne behalfe) I shoulde compyle so many sundrie Songs or Sonets. I have heard of an honest plaine meaning Citizen, who (being overcharged with many matters in the lawe, and hearing of a common solicitor of causes in the Citie) came home to comfort his wife, and tolde hir that he had heard of one which dwelt at Billingsgate, that coulde helpe all men. Even so (good Reader) I was a great while the man which dwelt at Billingsgate. For in wanton delightes I helped all men, though in sad earnest I never furthered my selfe any kinde of way. And by that it proceedeth, that I have so often chaunged my Posie or worde. For when I did compile any thing at the request of other men, if I had subscribed the same with mine owne usuall mot or devise, it might have bewrayed the same to have beeene of my doing. And I was ever curious in that behalfe, as one that was lothe to bewray the follies of other men. And yet (as you see) I am not verie daungerous to lay my selfe wide open in view of the worlde. I have also sundrie tymes chaunged mine owne worde or devise. And no mervaile: For he that wandereth much in those wildernesses, shall seldome continue long in one minde.

Well, it were follie to bewayle things which are unpossible to be recovered, sithence Had I wist doth seldome serve as a blasone of good understanding. And therefore I will spende no more wordes in this Preface, but I pray thee to smell unto these Posies, as *Floures to comfort, Herbes to cure, and Weedes to be avoyded.* So have I ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them.  
Farewell.

## COMMENDATORY

### T.B. In prayse of Gasco[ig]nes Posies.

WE prayse the plough, that makes the fruitelesse soyle  
To bring forth corne, (through helpe of heavenly might)  
And eke esteeme the simple wretches toyle,  
Whose painefull handes doe labour day and night.  
We prayse the ground, whereon the herbes do grow,  
Which heale or helpe, our greeves and mortall paine,  
Yea weedes have worth, wherein we vertue know,  
For natures Art, nothing hath made in vaine.  
We prayse those floures which please the secrete sense,  
And do content, the tast or smell of man,  
The Gardners paynes and worke we recompence,  
That skilfull is, or aught in cunning can.  
But much more prayse to *Gascoignes* penne is due,  
Whose learned hande doth here to thee present,  
A Posie full of Hearbes, and Flowers newe,  
To please all braynes, to wit or learning bent.  
Howe much the minde doth passe the sense or smell,  
So much these Floures all other do excell.

### E.C. In prayse of Gascoignes Posies.

IN gladsome Spring, when sweete and pleasant shoures  
Have well renued, what winters wrath hath torne,  
And that we see, the wholesome smelling Floures,  
Begin to laugh rough winters wracke to scorne:  
If then by chaunce, or choyce of owners will,  
We roame and walke in place of rare delights,  
And therein finde, what Arte or natures skill  
Can well set forth, to feede our hungrie sightes:

## VERSES

Yea more, if then the owner of the soyle,  
Doth licence yelde to use all as our owne,  
And gladly thinkes, the fruites of all his toyle,  
To our behoofe to be well set and sowne.  
It cannot be, but this so great desart  
In basest breast doth breed this due regarde,  
With worlde of thankes, to prayse this friendly part,  
And wish that woorth mought pay a just rewarde.  
Good Reader then, beholde what gallant spring  
This booke brings forth, of fruites of finest sortes,  
Be bolde to take, thy list of euerie thing,  
For so is ment. And for thy glad dispores  
The paine was tane: therefore lo this I crave,  
In his behalfe, that wrote this pleasant worke,  
With care and cost, (and then most freely gave  
His labours great, wherein great treasures lurke:  
To thine avayle) let his desartes now bind thee,  
In woerde and deede, he may still thankfull finde thee.

### M.C. commanding the correction of Gascoignes Posies.

**T**He Beares blinde whelpes, which lacke both nayles and heare,  
And lie like lumpes, in filthie farrowed wise,  
Do (for a time) most ougly beastes appeare,  
Till dammes deare tongue, do cleare their clozed eyes.  
The gadde of steele, is likewise blunt and blacke,  
Till file and fire, do frame it sharpe and bright:  
Yea precious stones, their glorious grace do lacke,  
Till curious hand do make them please the sight.  
And so these floures, although the grounde were gay,  
Whereon they grew, and they of gallant hew,  
Yet till the badde were culld and cast away,  
The best became the worse by such a crew.  
(For my part) then: I lyked not their smell,  
But as they be, I like them prettily well.

## COMMENDATORY

R.S. In prayse of Gascoignes  
Posies.

**T**He pleasant plot wherein these Posies grew,  
May represent *Parnassus* springs indeede.  
Where *Pallas* with his wise and learned crew,  
Did plant great store, and sow much cunning seede.  
That Goddess then, on whom the *Muses* wayte,  
To garde his grounde from greedie gathrys spoyle,  
Hath here ordeynde, by fine and close conceyte,  
A greene knight chife, and master of the soyle.  
Such badge beares he that beautified this booke  
With glorious shew, of sundrie gallant flowers.  
But since he first this labor undertooke,  
He gleand thereout, (to make the profite ours)  
A heape of Hearbes, a sort of fruitfull seedes,  
A needfull salve, compound of needlesse weedes.

### Appendix.

All these (with more) my freend here freely gives:  
Nor naked wordes, nor streyne of straunge devise.  
But *Gowers* minde, which now in *Gascoigne* lives,  
Yeeldes heire in view, (by judgement of the wise)  
His penne, his sworde, himselfe, and all his might,  
To *Pallas* schoole, and *Mars* in Princes right.

T.Ch. In prayse of Gascoignes  
Posies.

**T**Hough goodnessse of the gold, needes no mans praise ye know,  
(And every coyne is judge and found, by weight, by  
stamp, or show)  
Yet doth the prayse of men, give gold a double grace,  
And makes both pearls and Jewels rich desirde in every place.

## VERSES

The horse full finely formde, whose pace and traine is true,  
Is more esteemde for good report, than likte for shape and view.  
Yea sure, ech man himselfe, for all his wit and skill,  
(If world bestow no lawde on him) may sleepe in silence still.  
Fame shewes the value first, of everie precious thing,  
And winnes with lyking all the brute, that doth the credit bring.  
And fame makes way before, to workes that are unknowne,  
And peoples love is caried ther, where fame hir trump hath blown.

A cunning workman fine, in Cloyster close may sit,  
And carve or paint a thousand things, and use both art and wit,  
Yet wanting worldes renowne, may scape unsought or seene:  
It is but fame that outruns all, and gets the goall I weene.  
The learned Doctors lawd, that heales where other harmes,  
By cōmon prayse of peoples voyce, brings pacients in by swarmes.

A goodly stately house, hath seldome any fame,  
Till world behold the buildings through, and people see the same.  
The Flowers and Posies sweete, in better price are held,  
When those have prayse their vertues rare, that have their odor smeld.

So by these foresayd proofes, I have a pardon free,  
To speake, to write, and make discourse, of any worke I see,  
That worthie is of prayse: for prayse is all we get.  
Present the worlde with labors great, the world is in your det,  
It never yeeldes rewarde, nor scarce just prayse will give:  
Then studie out to stand on fame, and strive by fame to live.  
Our olde forefathers wise, saw long before these dayes,  
How sone faint world would fail deserts, and cold would wax our prayse.

And knowing that disdeyne, for toyle did rather rise,  
Than right renowne (whose goldē buds, growes up to starry skies)

Betooke their labors long, and every act they did,  
Unto the Gods, from whose deepe sight, no secret can be hid.  
And these good gracious Gods, sent downe from heavens hie,  
(For noble minds) an endlesse fame, that throw the world doth flie.

Which fame is due to those, that seeke by new device,  
To honor learning every way, and Vertue bring in price.

## COMMENDATORY

From Knowledge gardeyn gay, where science sowes hir seeds,  
A pretie Posie gathered is, of *Flowers*, *Hearbes*, and *Weedes*.  
The Flowers by smel are found, the hearbs their goodnes  
showes,  
The Weedes amid both hearbs & flowers, in decēt order growes.  
The soft and tender nose, that can no weedes abide,  
May make his choise of holesome hearbes, whose vertues  
well are tride.  
The fine and flowing wittes, that feede on straunge delites,  
May tast (for seassing daintie mouthes) the bitter weede that  
bites:  
The well disposed minde, and honest meaning man,  
Shall finde (in floures) proude Peacoks plumes, and feathers  
of the Swan.  
The curst and crabbed Carle, that Posies flings away,  
By this (perhaps) may find some cause, with prettie floures  
to play.  
The kinde and loving worme, that woulde his ladie please,  
M[a]y light on some such medcin here, shal do them both  
much ease.  
The Lad that lykes the schoole, and will good warning take:  
May snatch some rules oute of this booke, that may him  
doctor make.  
The hastie travayling head, that flies to foreyne place,  
May wey by this what home is woorth, and stay his roving  
race.  
The manly courage stoute, that seeketh fame full farre,  
Shall find by this how sweete is peace, and see how soure  
is warre.  
This Posie is so pickt, and choyseley sorted throw,  
There is no Flower, Herbe, nor Weede, but serves somē  
purpose now.  
Then since it freely comes, to you for little cost,  
Take well in worth these paynes of him, that thinkes no  
labor lost:  
To do his countrie good, as many others have,  
Who for their toyles a good report, of worlde did onely crave.  
Grudge not to yeeld some fame, for fruities that you receyve,  
Make some exchaunge for franke good will, some signe or  
token leave,

## VERSES

To shew your thankfull harts. For if you love to take,  
And have a conscience growne so great, you can no gift  
forsake,  
And cannot give againe, that men deserve to reape,  
Adieu we leave you in the hedge, and ore the stile we leape.  
And yet some stile or verse, we after shape in ryme,  
That may by arte shewe you a Glasse, to see your selves  
in tyme.  
Thus wish I men their right: and you that judge amissee,  
To mend your minds, or frame your Muse, to make the  
like of this.

### G.W. In prayse of Gascoigne, and his Posies.

**R**eader rewarde nought else, but onely good report,  
For all these pleasant Posies here, bound up in sundrie  
sort.

The flowers fayre and fresh, were set with painefull toyle,  
Of late in *Gascoignes* Garden plot, a passing pleasant soyle.  
Now weedes of little worth, are culde from out the rest,  
Which he with double paine, did work, to gleane the bad  
frō best.

The state is very straunge, and fortune rare in use,  
Whose heavie happe he neither helps, nor blazeth their abuse.  
In thundring verse he wrayes, where highest mindes be thrall,  
Where mischeefe seekes to rayse it selfe, by force of others fall.  
He pluckes the visour of, from maskes of peevish pride,  
And wrayes what sowre (in sweet pretēce) the coustly corts  
cā hide.

In everie gallant flower, he setteth forth to show,  
Of *Venus* thralles, the hap, the harme, the want, the weale,  
the woe.

He finely findes their faultes, whose welth doth foster wrong,

## COMMENDATORY

Who toucheth sinne (without offence) must plainly sing his song.

His loftie vaine in verse, his stately stile in prose,  
Foretelles that *Pallas* ment by him, for to defende hir foes.  
Wherwith to *Mars* his might, his lustie limmes are knit,  
(A sight most rare) that *Hectors* mind, should match with *Pallas* wit.

By prooфе of late appeared (how so reportes here ran)  
That he in field was formost still, in spoyle the hynmost man.  
No backward blastes could bruse the valour of his thought,  
Although slie hap, forestoode his hope, in that he credite sought.

In fortunes spight he strave, by vertues to aspire,  
Resolvde when due deserts might mount, then he should have his hire.

Thus late with *Mars* in field, a lustie Souldiour shewde,  
And now with peace in *Pallas* schoole, he freendly hath bestowde,

On thee this heape of flowers, the fruites of all his toyle,  
Whereof if some but simple seeme, consider well the soyle.  
They grew not all at home, some came from forreyne fieldes,  
The which (percase) set here againe, no pleasant savour yeedes.  
Yet who mislyketh most, the worst will hardly mend,  
And he were best not write at all, which no man will offend.

P.B. to such as have heretofore found fault  
with Gascoignes Posies.

**G** Aynst good deserts, both pride and envie swell,  
As neede repines, to see his neighbour ritche:  
And slander chafes, where vertues prosper well,  
As sicke men thinke, all others health to mitch:  
Such filthie faultes, mens harts ofttymes inflame,  
That spight presumes, to stayne the worthies name.

## VERSES

Are brutall things, transferred so to men ?  
Or men become more savage than the beast ?  
We see the dogge, that kenes in his den,  
(For onely foode) obeys his Lordes behest :  
Yea more than that, remembers so reliefe,  
As (in his kinde) he mournes at masters grieve.

If thou perceyve, whereto my tale intendes,  
Then (slander) cease to wrong a frendly wight,  
Who for his countreys good, his travayle spendes,  
Sometime where blowes are given in bloudie fight :  
And other tymes he frames with skilfull pen,  
Such verse, as may content eche moulde of men.

As nowe beholde, he here presentes to thee,  
The blossoms fayre, of three well sorted seedes.  
The first he feynes, fresh Flowers for to bee :  
The second Herbes, the last he termeth Weedes.  
All these, the soyle of his well fallowed brayne,  
(With *Pallas* dropes bedewde) yeeldes for thy gaine.

The Hearbes to grave conceyt, and skilfull age,  
The fragrant Flowers to sent of yonger smell :  
The worthlesse Weedes, to rule the wanton rage  
Of recklesse heades, he gives : then use them well :  
And gather (friend) but neyther spight nor spoyle,  
These Posies made, by his long painfull toyle.

### A.W. In commendation of Gascoigne and his Posies.

I Prayed once a booke (whereby I purchast blame)  
And venturde for to write a verse, before I knewe the  
same.  
So that I was deceyvde, for when it came to light,  
The booke deserved no such worde, as I therein did wright.

## COMMENDATORY

Thus leapt I ere I lookt, and wandred ere I wist,  
Which gives (me haggard) warning since, to trust no falkners  
fist.

And yet the booke was good, (by hap and not my skill)  
But not a Booke of such contentes, as might my wordes fulfill.  
Well now I neede not feare, these Posies here to prayse,  
Because I knew them every flower, and where they grew  
alwayes.

And sure for my conceyt, even when they bloomed first,  
Me thought they smelt not much amisse, no not the very  
worst.

Perhappes some daintie nose, no Batchlers button lykes,  
And some at Pimpernell and Pinkes, a slender quarell pykes.  
Some thinke that Gillyflowers, do yeeld a gelous smell,  
And some (which like none herbe but Sage) say Finkell  
tastes not well.

Yet Finkell is of force, and Gillyflowers are good,  
And Pinks please some, and Pimpernell doth serve to steynch  
the blood:

And Batchlers buttons be, the bravest to beholde,  
But sure that flower were best not grow, which can abide  
no colde.

For slander blowes so shrill, with easterne envious windes,  
And frosts of frumps so nip the rootes, of vertuous meaning  
minds

That few good flowers can thrive, unlesse they be protected,  
Or garded from suspitious blastes, or with some propes erected.  
So seemeth by the wight, which gardened this grounde,  
And set such flowers on every bed, that Posies here abounde.  
Yet some tongues cannot well, affoerde him worthie prayse,  
And by our Lorde they do him wrong, for I have sene his  
wayes,

And marked all his moods, and have had prooife likewise,  
That he can do as well in field, as pen can here devise.  
Not many Monthes yet past, I saw his doughtie deedes,  
And since (to heare what slander sayes) my heavie hart it  
bleedes.

Yet Reader graunt but this, to trie before thou trust,  
So shalt thou find his flowers and him, both gallant, good  
and just.

## VERSES

### I.B. In commendation of Gascoignes Posies.

**T**He saverie sappes in *Gascoignes* Flowers that are,  
Which strayned were by loftie learnings lore:  
Could not content the surly for their share,  
Ne cause them once, to yeld him thankes therefore:  
Such was his hap, when first in hande he tooke,  
By labor long, to bring to light this Booke.

Yet hath he not (for all this) seemde to cease,  
Those Flowers fresh againe in ground to set,  
And yeld them earth to bring forth their increase,  
With other slippes from forraine soyle yfet.  
Which he hath gaynde by hazarde of his life,  
In bloudie broyles, where pouldred shot was rife.

This endlesse toyle, contented well his minde,  
Hope helde the helme, his Fame on shore to set:  
His deepe desire, was friendship for to finde,  
At readers handes, he nought else sought to get:  
Wherfore (doubtlesse) they did him double wrong,  
Which F. and J. mysconstrued have so long.

Yet least I should passe from the golden ground,  
Of *Gascoignes* plat, wherein those Posies grew,  
I list to tell what Flowers there I found,  
And paint by penne, the honour to him dew:  
Since that his toyle doth well deserve the same,  
And sacred skill hath so advaunst his name.

First did I finde the Flower of Fetteres frute,  
Whereof my selfe have tasted to my paine:  
Then might I see the Greene knight touch the Lute,  
Whose cordes were coucht on flettes of deepe disdaine:  
And likewise there, I might perceyve full well,  
That fragrant Flower which Fansie bad farewell.

## COMMENDATORY

In fine I found the flowre that *Bellum* hight,  
Sweete unto those, of sillie simple sense,  
Yet sharpe and sowre, to those that do delight  
In martiall martes, for gaine of pevish pense.  
Such buddes full brave, good *Gascoignes* Garden gave  
To all estates, which list the same to have.

Wherefore (good friend) flie envies yrkesome yre,  
And tred the trace, which Reasons rule hath wrought,  
Yeeld not disdeyne to *Gascoigne* for his hyre,  
Whose brused braine for thee these flowers hath sought.  
Least if thou do, the blame on thee do light,  
Such friendly paynes to recompence with spight.

### I.D. In prayse of Gascoigne and his Posies.

**I**F *Virgill* how to till the Earth, to every man doth tell,  
And *Galen* he in Phisicks arte doth many men excell,  
If Poets olde deseruen prayse, by paynting out aright,  
The frutes of vice, as *Ovid* doth, and many mo that wright,  
By learned skill of many things: If such exalt their name,  
And for their hyre, deserved prayse by trumpe of Ladie Fame:  
Why should the Authour of this booke then leese his due  
desart,  
Sith he so frendly here to us, hath shewed his skilfull arte?  
The healthsome herbs and flowers sweet, frō weedes he  
hath divided,  
The fruits of Gives in prison strōg he hath right wel decided.  
Of warres also, and warriours to, even like a Martiall knight,  
He hath discourt, and shewed the lottes, that thereupon do  
light:  
*Virgill* is dead, and *Galen* gone, with Poets many more:  
Yet workes of theirs be still alive, and with us kept in store.  
This Authour lives, and *Gascoigne* hights, yet once to die  
most sure,  
Alas the while that worthie wightes may not alwayes endure,  
But workes of his among the best, for ever more shall rest,  
When he in heaven shall take a place prepared for the blest.

## VERSES

*short little  
of man*

### The Printer in commendation of Gascoigne and his workes.

✓ *C*awcer by writing purchast fame,  
And Gower got a worthie name:  
Sweete Surrey, suckt Pernassus springs,  
And Wiat wrote of wondrous things:  
Olde Rochfort clambe the stately Throne,  
Which Muses holde, in *Hellicone*.  
Then thither let, good Gascoigne go,  
For sure his verse, deserveth so.

M.A. Perugino, a i lettori.

*C*onsiglio la cosa che a'l bono vino, non ci bisogna la ghirlanda  
niente di meno l'opere virtuose meritano sempremai ogni laude,  
honore, & mercede. Tanto per essersi (nella natura loro, & di se  
stesse) piacevole, grata, & piene d'ogni contento, come per dare  
stimoli ad altri d'imitar' i loro vestigii. In tanto Io stimo  
l'opera presente un'esempio chiaro & raro della gloria Ing[li]ese.  
Quando vi si trovano non solamente Sonetti, Rime, Canzoni, &  
altre cose infinitamente piacevole, ma con ciò non vi mancano discorse  
tragiche, moderne, & phylosophiche, della Guerra, degli stati, &  
della vera Sapienza. Tutte procedute d'un tal II[n]chiostro, che Io  
(sendo forastiero) lo troovo un' Immitatore di Petrarcha, Amico  
d'Ariosto, & Paragon di Boccaccio, Aretino, & ogni altro Poeta  
quanto sia più famoso & eccellente dell' età nostra.

\*

### I. de B. aux lecteurs.

*C*EUX qui voiront les Rymes de Gascoigne,  
(Estants François) se plaindront nuicts & jours  
Que la Beauté & l'odeur de ces fleurs,  
A cest heur (de France) par Gascoign, tant s'esloigne.



## COMMENDATORY

### H.M. In Poemata Gascoigni Carmen.

**S**I iam vena viris eadem, quæ vatibus olim,  
Ingenioḡ pari possunt disponere partas  
Materias, pedibus si incedunt Carmina certis,  
Claudunturḡ suis numeris: Si turba sororum  
Supplicibus potis est priscos inflare furores,  
Sed si quod magis est, nostri sua themata texant,  
Consona scripturis sacris, nec dissona rectis  
Moribus: amænos sed quæ cognoscere flores  
Virtutis, quæ docent dulces colligere fructus:  
Si fietas fabulas, falsioḡ Cupidinis artes  
Cum Venere excludunt, (ut docta indigna poesi)  
Cur non censemus celebrandos iure Coronis  
Æquales virtute viros æqualibus esse?  
O ingrata tuis non reddere tanta peritis  
Præmia, quanta suis dignarunt prima Poetis  
Sæcula. num laudes tantas licet addere lingua[ae]  
Romanæ primum, (quæ nil tamen attulit ultra  
Utile) germanas ut fas sit spernere gemmas?  
Sed vitium hoc patriæ est & peculiariter Anglis  
Convenit, externis quecunq̄ feruntur ab oris,  
Anteferre suis. Age si sic sapitis, Ecce,  
Anglia quos profert flores Gasconia pressit.

### B.C. In Poemata Gasconi Carmen.

**M**Ens generosa solet generosos edere flores  
Incassumq̄ suos non sinit ire dies:  
Hæc tua Gasconi laus est, mercede remota  
Hac, friget virtus, hæc tibi sufficiat.  
Hæc tibi (seu Belgas repetas, Martemq̄ ferocem,  
Seu patriam & Musas) inviolata Comes.

## VERSES

### K.D. In eundem, Carmen.

**V**iderat huius: [F]. I. Titulum nomenque Poeta,  
Lætaque vix potuit dic[e]re lingua, bene est:  
Mox ubi quæ voluit, libro non vidit in illo,  
Magnaque quæ fuerat, pars ibi parva fuit,  
Quam male, ait, socio Martem secrevit [A]more!  
Qui bene amat pugnat, qui bene pugnat amat.

### Eiusdem de eodem.

**Q**ui quondam grave Martis opus, sub gente nefanda,  
Militiamque tuli, non uno nomine duram,  
Arma quibus letabar Ego, Tritonia Pallas,  
Pallas, ego trado arma tibi, & nunc per iuga Cyntbi  
Per sacrum te Hellicona tuus, per Thessala Tempe  
Insequor, æternumque separar, dum sydera mundum,  
Dum deus æternos certo moderamine Cælos  
Dirigat, æthereasque animas & sydera Cæli.  
O quæ felices cœlesti nectare mentes  
Perfundis, Divumque doces nos dicere Cantus,  
Quales Aonias inter cel[e]berrima turbas  
Calliopæa canit, vel gestis Clio loquendis  
Nata, (Novenarum pars ingens Clio sororum,)  
Da, Regina, tuis adytis antrisque recepto  
Cantari vates inter dicique Britannos.

### P.W. In Gascoignum, Carmen.

**S**unt quorum mentes tenebræ Caligoque turpis  
Infuscant, vates qui tetigisse timent.  
Tu pete florentem, facunde Poeta, Corollam,  
Excultis pateat versibus iste locus.



## COMMENDATORY

G.H. pro eodem.

**Q**uisquis es bac nostri qui gaudes parte laboris,  
Iudicio nobis, ca[u]tus adesto precor.  
Perlege scripta prius, quam pergas scripta probare,  
Et bene perleatis, inde videbis opus.  
Nam nihil in titulum iuvat inspexisse libelli,  
Si vis materiae sit tibi nota minus.  
Non etenim primò veniunt fundamina rerum,  
Sed sunt in variis inspicienda locis.  
Perge igitur quo sit pergendum, fine reperto,  
In tenebris tum quæ d[e]litiuere proba.

E.H. in poëmata Ga-  
scoigni, Carmen.

**S**i quam Romani laudem m[e]ruere Poëtæ  
Sig[ne] fuit Graiis debitus ullus bonos,  
Græcia si quondam vatem suspexit Homerum,  
Si domitrix magni Roma Maronis opus,  
Cur non Gasconii facunda poëmata laudat  
Anglia? & ad cæli sydera summa ferat?  
Carmina nam cum re sic consentire videntur,  
Egregium & præstans ut videatur opus.  
Dixerit has aliquis Musas nimis esse iocosas,  
Et iuvenum facile posse nocere animis.  
Non ita, ni forsan velit iisdem lector abutī:  
Non obsunt, pura si modò mente legas.

## VERSES

The opinion of the auuthor himself after  
all these commendations.

**W**Hat neede I speake my self, since other say so much?  
Who seeme to praise these poesies so, as if ther wer  
none such?

But sure my silly self, do find therein no smell,  
Which may deserve such passing prayse, or seeme to taste  
so well.

This boone I onely crave, that Readers yet will deigne  
(If any weede herein do seeme, his fellow flowres to stayne)  
Then reade but others workes, and marke if that they finde,  
No toyes therein which may dislike, some modest readers  
minde?

Reade *Virgills Pryapus*, or *Ovids* wanton verse,  
Which he about *Corinnaes* couche, so clerky can rehearse.  
Reade *Faustoes* filthy tale, in *Ariostoes* ryme,

And let not *Marots Alyx* passe, without impeach of crime.  
These things considred well, I trust they will excuse  
This muze of mine, although she seem, such toyes somtimes  
to use.

Beleeve me Lordings all, it is a Poetes parte,  
To handle eche thing in his kinde, for therein lieth his arte:  
*Lucillius* ledde the daunce, and *Horace* made the lawe,  
That poetes by Auctoritie, may call (A dawe) *A Dawe*,  
And eke (a hore) *A Hore*, but yet in cleanly wordes,  
So that the vice may be rebukt, as though it were in bourdes:  
This phrase sometimes I use, which (if it be a faute)  
Condempne not all the rest therfore, that here in verse is  
taught,

Smell every poesie right, and you therein shall finde,  
Fresh flowres, good hearbes, & holsome weedes, to please a  
skilfull minde.

FINIS. *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*



## COMMENDATORY VERSES

*His ultimum vale to Amorous verse.*

**K**Inde *Erato*, and wanton *Thalia*,  
(Whose name my muze, devoutly did invoke)  
*Adieu* deare dames, *Caliope* sings *alia*,  
Which are more worth, and smell not of the smoke.  
And if blinde *Cupide*, chaunce to stryke a stroke,  
I vowe my verse, *Apocrypha* shalbe,  
In silence shutte, that none (but you) may see.

FINIS.

*Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

# ſet FLOWERS.

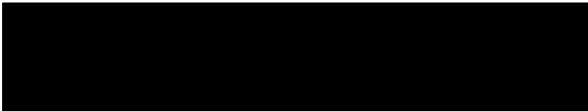
*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*

¶ In this division are conteyned :

The Anotamie of a Lover.	i.	Gascoig. memories.	xxxiii.
The areignemente of a Lover.	Fol. ii.	An Epitaph upon Captaine Bour- cber.	xli.
The passions of a Lover.	iii.	A devise of a Maske.	xliii.
The divorce of a Lover.	vii.	The refusall of a Lover.	lv.
The Lullabie of a lover.	viii.	Pryde in Court.	lvi.
The lamentation of a Lover.	x.	Despised things mai live.	58
The lookes of a Lover enamored.	xi.	In trust is treason.	lix.
The lookes of a Lover forsaken.	xvii.	The constancie of a Lover.	Fol. lx.
The recātatiō of a lover.	xvii.	The frute of Foes.	lxii.
Praise of Lady Sands.	xviii.	A Lover once warned and twice taken.	lxii.
Praise of the Lady Grey.	xx.	A Lover encoraged by former examples.	lxiii.
Praise of the Authors mistresse.	xx.	The Historie of Dan Bartholmewe of Bathe.	lxv.
Gascoigns good morow.	xxi.	The frutes of Warre.	cxiii.
Gascoigns good night.	xxiiii.		
Gascoigns <i>De profundis</i> .	xxvi.		

Faultes escaped in the Weedes:

Fol.	Line.	Faultes.	Correction.
204	13	allgiance	allegeaunce
211	17	like I hope	I like hope
214	24	contation	contentation
216	28	merrye	married
Ibid.	31	flattring	flitting
218	4	had shewed	had to plainly shewed
Ibid.	7	called	calling
Ibid.	30	disdaned	distayned
220	14	had	and
222	30	in	of
223	7	And	So
224	7	cape	cappe
Ibid.	8	Crowe	Crowne
229	16	still	foyle
232	34	braunce	braunche
235	19	possessed	professed
238	11	that	other
240	5	<i>Elaminia</i>	<i>Flaminia</i>
242	11	and	an
Ibid.	30	zoreactes	Zoroastes
Ibid.	20	doe	did
249	13	builded	blinded
Ibid.	16	pricke	pricke such
258	5	gentelman	gentlewoman
[2]61	6	quibbes	quippes
271	31	<i>la mano</i>	<i>las manos</i>
275	2	swell	aswell
276	4	<i>Fraunces china</i>	<i>Frauncischina</i>
Ibid.	8	occurments	occurrentes
278	6	that I	I that
284	8	But	that
285	14	this	those



## *The Anatomye of a Lover.*

**T**O make a Lover knowne, by plaine Anatomie,  
You lovers all that list beware, loe here behold you me.  
Who though mine onely lookes, your pittie wel might move,  
Yet every part shall playe his part, to paint the panges of love.  
If first my feeble head, have so much matter left,  
If fansies raging force have not, his feeble skill bereft.  
These lockes that hang unkempt, these hollowe dazled eyes,  
These chattering teeth, this trebling tongue, well tewed with  
carefull cries.

These wan and wrinkled cheeke, wel washt with waves  
of woe,  
Maye stand for patterne of a ghost, where so this carkasse goe.  
These shoulders they sustaine, the yoake of heavy care.  
And on my brused broken backe, the burden must I beare.  
These armes quite braunfalne are, with beating on my brest,  
This right hand weary is to write, this left hand craveth rest:  
These sides enclose the forge, where sorrowe playes the smith,  
And hote desire, hath kindled fire, to worke this mettall with.  
The Anvile is my heart, my thoughtes they strike the stroake,  
My lights and lunges like bellowes blow, & sighes ascend for  
smoake.

My secreete partes are so with secreete sorrowe soken,  
As for the secreete shame thereof, deserves not to be spoken,  
My thighes, my knees, my legges, and last of all my feete,  
To serve a lovers turne, are so unable and unmeete,  
That scarce they sustaine up, this restlesse body well,  
Unlesse it be to see the boure, wherein my love doth dwell,  
And there by sight eftsoone, to feede my gazing eye,  
And so content my hungrie corps, tyll dollours doe me dye:  
Yet for a just reward of love so dearely bought,  
I pray you saye, loe this was he, whome love had worne to  
nought.

*Ever or never.*

## FLOWERS

✓ ¶ *The arraig[n]ment of a Lover.*

AT Beautyes barre as I dyd stande,  
When false suspect accused mee,  
*George* (quod the Judge) holde up thy hande,  
Thou art arraignde of Flatterye:  
Tell therefore howe thou wylt bee tryde?  
Whose judgement here wylt thou abyde?

My Lorde (quod I) this Lady here,  
Whome I esteeme above the rest,  
Doth knowe my guilte if any were:  
Wherefore hir doome shall please me best,  
Let hir bee Judge and Jurour boathe,  
To trye mee guiltlesse by myne oathe.

Quod Beautie, no, it fitteth not,  
A Prince hir selfe to judge the cause:  
Wyll is our Justice well you wot,

dame  
us-  
Dyre

## FLOWERS

Downe fell I then upon my knee,  
All flatte before Dame Beauties face,  
And cryed, good Ladye pardon mee,  
Which here appeale unto your grace,  
You knowe if I have beene untrue,  
It was in too much praysing you.

And though this Judge doe make suche haste,  
To shead with shame my guiltlesse blood:  
Yet let your pittie first bee plaste,  
To save the man that meant you good,  
So shall you shewe your selfe a Queene,  
And I maye bee your servaunt seene.

(Quod Beautie) well: because I guesse,  
What thou dost meane henceforth to bee,  
Although thy faultes deserve no lesse,  
Than Justice here hath judged thee,  
Wylt thou be bounde to styt all strife,  
And be true prisoner all thy lyfe?

Yea Madame (quod I) that I shall,  
Loe fayth and trueth my suerties:  
Why then (quod shee) come when I call,  
I aske no better warrantise.  
Thus am I Beauties bounden thrall,  
At hir commaunde when shee doth call.

*Ever or never.*

Common  
Bayl.

### *The passion of a Lover.*

I Smyle sometimes although my griefe be great,  
To heare and see these lovers paint their paine,  
And how they can in pleasaunt rimes repeate,  
The passing pangs, which they in fancies faine.  
But if I had such skyll to frame a verse,  
I could more paine than all their panges rehearse.

## FLOWERS

Some saye they finde nor peace, nor power to fight,  
Which seemeth strange: but stranger is my state:  
I dwell in dole, yet sojorne with delight,  
Reposde in rest, yet weryed with debate.  
For flatte repulse, might well appease my wyll,  
But fancie fightes, to trye my fortune styll.

Some other saye they hope, yet live in dread,  
They friese, they flame, they flie aloft, they fall,  
But I nor hope with happe to rayse my head,  
Nor feare to stoupe, for why my gate is small.  
Nor can I friese, with cold to kyll my heart,  
Nor yet so flame, as might consume my smart.

How live I then, which thus drawe foorth my dayes?  
Or tell me howe, I found this fever first?  
What fits I feele? what distance? what delayes?  
What grieve? what ease? what lyke I best? what worst?  
These thinges they tell, which seeke redresse of paine,  
And so wyll I, although I coumpt it vaine.

I live in love, even so I love to live,  
(Oh happie state, twise happie he that findes it)  
But love to life this cognisance doth geve,  
This badge this marke, to every man that mindes it,  
Love lendeth life, which (dying) cannot dye,  
Nor lyving live: and such a life leade I.

The Sunny dayes which gladdie the saddest wightes,  
Yet never shine to cleare my misty moone:  
No quiet sleepe, amidde the mooneshine nightes,  
Can close mine eyes, when I am woe begone.  
Into such shades my peevishe sorrowe shrowdes,  
That Sunne and Moone, are styll to me in clowdes.

And feverlike I feede my fancie styll,  
With such repast, as most empaires my health,  
Which fever first I caught by wanton wyll,  
When coles of kind dyd stirre my blood by stealth:  
And gazing eyes, in bewtie put such trust,  
That love enflamld my liver al with lust.

## FLOWERS

My fits are lyke the fever E&tick fits,  
Which one daye quakes within and burnes without,  
The next day heate within the boosoms sits,  
And shiviring colde the body goes about.  
So is my heart most hote when hope is colde,  
And quaketh most when I most heate behold.

There is in  
deede such  
a kinde of  
fever.

Tormented thus without delayes I stand,  
All wayes in one and evermore shalbe,  
In greatest griefe when helpe is nearest hand,  
And best at ease if death might make me free:  
Delighting most in that which hurtes my heart, ↙  
And hating change which might relieve my smart.

Yet you deare dame: to whome this cure pertaines,  
Devise by times some drammes for my disease,  
A noble name shall be your greatest gaines,  
Whereof be sure, if you wyll worke mine ease.  
And though fond fooles set forth their fittes as fast,  
Yet graunt with me that my straunge passion past.

Lenvoye.

*Ever or never.*

### ¶ *A straunge passion of a Lover.*

¶ *A* Mid my Bale I bath in blisse,  
I swim in heaven, I sinke in hell: *want for life*  
I find amends for every misse,  
And yet my moane no tongue can tell.  
I live and love, what wold you more:  
As never lover liv'd before.

I laugh sometimes with little lust,  
So jest I oft and feele no joye:  
Myne ease is builded all on trust:  
And yit mistrust breedes myne anoye.  
I live and lacke, I lacke and have:  
I have and misse the thing I crave. | *Leb'li*

## FLOWERS

These things seeme strange, yet are they trew,  
Beleeve me sweete my state is such,  
One pleasure which I wold eschew,  
Both slakes my grief and breedes my grutch.  
So doth one paine which I would shoon,  
Renew my joyes where grief begoon.

Then like the larke that past the night.  
In heavy sleepe with cares opprest:  
Yit when shee spies the pleasaunt light,  
She sends sweete notes from out hir brest.  
So sing I now because I thinke  
How joyes approch, when sorrowes shrinke.

*lothes*  
And as fayre *Philomene* againe,  
Can watch and singe when other sleepe:  
And taketh pleasure in hir payne,  
To wray the woo that makes hir weepe.  
So sing I now for to bewray  
The lothsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee (deare wenche) I write,  
That know'st my mirth, but not my moane:  
I praye God graunt thee deepe delight,  
To live in joyes when I am gone.  
I cannot live, it wyll not bee:  
I dye to thinke to part from thee.

*Ferendo Natura.*

### ¶ The Divorce of a Lover.

**D**IVORCE me nowe good death, from love and lingring  
life,  
That one hath bene my concubine, that other was my wife.  
In youth I lived with love, she had my lustye dayes,  
In age I thought with lingering life to stay my wādering wais,  
But now abusde by both, I come for to complaine,  
To thee good death, in whom my helpe doth wholy now  
remain,

## FLOWERS

My libell loe behold: wherein I doe protest,  
The processe of my plaint is true, in which my grieve doth rest.  
First love my concubine (whome I have kept so trimme,  
Even she for whome I seemd of yore, in seas of joy to swimme:

To whome I dare avowe, that I have served as well,  
And played my part as gallantly, as he that beares the bell) *leman*  
She cast me of long since, and holdes me in disdaine,  
I cannot pranke to please hir howe, my vaunting is but vaine.  
My writhled cheeke bewraye, that pride of heate is past,  
My stagring steppes eke tell the trueth, that nature fadeth fast,  
My quaking crooked joyntes, are combred with the crampe, *lame*  
The boxe of oyle is wasted wel, which once dyd feede my *lame*  
lampe.

The greenesse of my yeares, doth wyther now so sore,  
That lusty love leapes quite awaye, and lyketh me no more,  
And love my leman gone, what lyking can I take?  
In lothsome lyfe that crooked croane, although she be my make?  
Shee cloyes me with the cough, hir comfort is but cold,  
She bids me give mine age for almes, wher first my youth was sold.

Such a self  
there is tha  
desire no  
longer lyfe  
the whiles  
they are in  
love.

No day can passe my head, but she beginnes to brall,  
No mery thoughts conceived so fast, but she confounds them al.  
When I pretend to please, she overthwarts me still,  
When I wou[!]d faynest part with hir, she overwayes my will.  
Be judge then gentle death, and take my cause in hand,  
Consider every circumstaunce, marke how the case doth stand.  
Percase thou wilte aledge, that cause thou canst none see,  
But that I like not of that one, that other likes not me:  
Yes gentle judge give eare, and thou shalt see me prove,  
My concubine incontinent, a common whore is love.  
And in my wyfe I find, such discord and debate,  
As no man living can endure the tormentes of my state.  
Wherfore thy sentence say, devorce me from them both,  
Since only thou mayst right my wronges, good death nowe  
be not loath.

But cast thy pearcing dart, into my panting brest,  
That I may leave both love and life, & thereby purchase rest.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

## FLOWERS



### The Lullabie of a Lover.

Sing lullaby, as women doe,  
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest,  
And lullaby can I sing to,  
As womanly as can the best.  
With lullaby they still the childe,  
And if I be not much beguild,  
Full many wanton babes have I,  
Which must be stild with lullabie.

First lullaby my youthfull yeares,  
It is nowe time to go to bed,  
For croocked age and hoary heares,  
Have wone the haven [within] my head:  
With Lullaby then youth be still,  
With Lullaby content thy will,  
Since courage quayles, and commes behind,  
Go sleepe, and so beguile thy minde.

Next Lullaby my gazing eyes,  
Which wonted were to glaunce apace.  
For every Glasse maye nowe suffise,  
To shewe the furrowes in my face:  
With Lullaby then winke awhile,  
With Lullaby your lookes beguile:  
Lette no fayre face, nor beautie brighte,  
Entice you eft with vayne delighte.

And Lullaby my wanton will,  
Lette reasons rule, nowe reigne thy thought,  
Since all to late I finde by skyll,  
Howe deare I have thy fansies bought:  
With Lullaby nowe tak thyne ease,  
With Lullaby thy doubtes appease:  
For trust to this, if thou be styll,  
My body shall obey thy will.

Eke Lullaby my loving boye,  
My little Robyn take thy rest,  
Since age is colde, and nothing coye,  
Keepe close thy coyne, for so is best:

## FLOWERS

With Lulla[b]y be thou content,  
With Lullaby thy lustes relente,  
Lette others pay which hath mo pence,  
Thou art to pore for such expence.

Thus Lullabye my youth, myne eyes,  
My will, my ware, and all that was,  
I can no mo delayes devise,  
But welcome payne, let pleasure passe :  
With Lullaby now take your leave,  
With Lullaby your dreames deceive,  
And when you rise with waking eye,  
Remember then this Lullabye.

*Ever or Never.*

*The lamentation of a lover.*

**N**ow have I found the waie, to weepe & wayle my fill,  
Now can I ende my dolfull dayes, & so content my will.  
The way to weepe inough, for such as list to wayle,  
Is this: to go abord ye ship, where pleasure beareth sayle.  
And there to marke the jestes, of every joyfull wight,  
And with what winde and wave they fleet, to nourish their  
delight.

For as the striken Deare, that seeth his fellowes feede,  
Amid the lustie [heard] (unhurt), & feeles himselfe to bleede  
Or as the seely byrd, that with the Bolte is brusd,  
And lieth aloofe among the leaves, of al hir pheares refusd,  
And heares them sing full shrill, yet cannot she rejoice,  
Nor frame one warbling note to passe, out of hir mournfull  
voyce.

Even so I finde by prooфе, that pleasure dubleth payne,  
Unto a wretched wounded hart, which doth in woe, remaine.  
I passe where pleasure is, I heare some sing for joye,  
I see som laugh, som other daſice, in spight of darke anoy.  
But out alas my mind, amends not by their myrth,  
I deeeme al pleasures to be paine, that dwell above ye earth.  
Such heavy humors feede, ye bloud that lendes me breath,  
As mery medcins cannot serve, to keepe my corps from death.

*Spræta tamen vivunt.*

## FLOWERS

Certaine verses written to a Gentlewoman whome hee liked very wel, and yet had never any oportunity to discover his affection, being alwayes bridled by jelouse lookes which attended them both, and therefore gessing by hir lokes, that she partly also liked him: he wrote in a booke of hirs as foloweth, being termed with the rest that follow the lokes of a lover enamoured.

**T**Hou with thy lookes on whom I loke full ofte,  
And find there in great cause of deepe delight:  
Thy face is fayre, thy skin is smoth and softe,  
Thy lippes are sweet, thine eyes are cleere and bright,  
And every part seemes pleasant in my sight.  
Yet wote thou well, those lookes have wrought my wo,  
Because I love to looke upon them so.

For first those lookes allurd mine eye to loke,  
And straignt mine eye stird up my hart to love:  
And cruell love with deepe deceitfull hooke,  
Chokt up my mind whom fancie cannot move,  
Nor hope releeve, nor other helpe behove:  
But still to loke, and though I loke to much,  
Needes must I loke because I see none such.

Thus in thy lookes my love and life have hold,  
And with such life my death drawes on a pace:  
And for such death no medicne can be told,  
But loking still upon thy lovely face,  
Wherin are painted pitie, peace, and grace,  
Then though thy lookes should cause me for to dye,  
Needes must I looke because I live therby.

Since then thy lookes my lyfe have so in thrall,  
As I can like none other lookes but thine:  
Lo here I yeelde my lyfe, my love, and all  
Into thy hands, and all things else resigne,  
But libertie to gaze upon thyne eyen.  
Which when I doe, then think it were thy part,  
To looke again, and linke with me in hart.

*Si fortunatus [infælix].*

## FLOWERS

*With these verses you shall judge the quicke capacitie of the Lady:  
for she wrote thereunder this short aunswere.*

Looke as long as you lyst, but surely if I take you looking,  
I will looke with you.

**G** And for a further profe of this Dames quicke understanding, you shall now understande, that sone after this aunswere of hirs, the same Aucthour chansed to be at a supper in his company, where were also his brother, his husband, and an old lover of hirs by whom shee had bene long suspected. Nowe, although there wanted no delicate viandes to content them, yet their chiefe repast was by entreglancing of lokes. For the Aucthour being stong with hotte affection, coulde none otherwyse relieve his passion but by gazing. And the Dame of a curteous inclination deigned (nowe and then) to requite the same with glancing at him. Hir olde lover occupied his eyes with watching: and her brother perceiving all this coulde not abstaine from winking, whereby hee might putte his Syster in remembraunce, least she shoulde too much forget hir selfe. But most of all her husbande beholding the first, and being evyll pleased with the seconde, scarce contented with the thirde, and misconstruing the fourth, was constrainyd to playe the fifth part in frowarde frowning. This royll banquet thus passed over, the Aucthour knowing that after supper they should passe the tyme in propounding of Ryddles, and making of purposes: contrived all this conceipt in a Riddle as followeth. The which was no soner pronoüced, but shee coulde perfectly perceive his intent, and drove out one nayle with another, as also enseweth.

### *His Ryddle.*

**I** Cast mine eye and sawe ten eyes at once,  
All seemelye set upon one lovely face:  
Twoo gaz'd, twoo glanc'd, twoo watched for the nonce,  
Twoo winked wiles, twoo fround with froward grace.  
Thus everye eye was pitched in his place.

## FLOWERS

And everye eye which wrought eche others wo,  
Saide to it selfe, alas why lookt I so?  
And everye eye for jelousie did pine,  
And sigh'd and sayde, I would that eye were mine.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

¶ In all this lovelie company was not one that coulde and would expound the meaning hereof. At last the Dame hir selfe aunswered on this wise. Syr, quod she, because your darke speach is much to curious for this simple company, I wyl bee so bolde as to quit one question with another. And when you have aunswered mine, it maye fall out per-adventure, that I shall somewhat the better judge of yours.

### *Hir Question.*

What thing is that which swimmes in blisse,  
And yet consumes in burning grieve:  
Which being plaste where pleasure is,  
Can yet recover no relieve.  
Which sees to sighe, and sighes to see,  
All this is one, what maye it bee?

¶ He held him selfe herewith contented: and afterwardes when they were better acquainted, he chaunsed once (groping in hir pocket) to find a letter of hir olde lovers: and thynking it were better to wincke than utterlye to put out his eyes, seemed not to understande this first offence: but soone after finding a leman (the which he thought he sawe hir olde leman put there) he devised therof thus, and delivered it unto hir in writing.

I Grooped in thy pocket pretty peate,  
And found a Lemman which I looked not:  
So founde I once (which nowe I must repeate)  
Both leaves and letters which I lyked not.  
Such hap have I to finde and seeke it not,  
But since I see no faster meanes to bind them,  
I wyll (hencefoorth) take Lemmans as I finde them.

## FLOWERS

*The Dame within verie short space dyd aunswere it thus.*

**A** Lymone (but no Lemmane) Syr you found,  
For Lemmans beare their name to broade before:  
The which since it hath given you such a wound,  
That you seeme now offended very sore:  
Content your selfe you shall find (there) no more.  
But take your Lemmans henceforth where you lust,  
For I wyll shewe my letters where I trust.

**¶** *The lookes of a lover forsaken: written by a gentlewoman who passed by him with her armes set bragging by her sides, and left it unfinished as followeth.*

**W** Ere my hart set on hoygh as thine is bent,  
Or in my brest so brave and stout a will:  
Then (long ere this) I coulde have bene content,  
With sharpe reveng thy carelesse corpes to kill.  
For why thou knowest (although thou know not all)  
What rule, what raygne, what power, what segnory,  
Thy melting minde did yeeld to me (as thrall)  
When first I please thy wandring fantisie.  
What lingring lookes bewray'd thyne inward thought,  
What panges were publisch by perplexicte,  
Such reakes the rage of love in thee had wrought  
And no gramercie for thy curtesie.  
I list not vaunt, but yet I dare avowe  
(Had bene my harmellesse hart as harde as thine)  
I coulde have bounde thee then for starting nowe,  
In bondes of bale, in pangs of deadly pyne.  
For why by prose the field is eath to win,  
Where as the chiefteynes yeeld them selves in chaynes:  
The port or passage plaine to enter in,  
Where porters list to leave the key for gaynes.  
But did I then devise with crueltie,  
(As tyrants do) to kill the yeelding pray?  
Or did I bragge and boast triumphantly,  
As who should saye the field were mine that daye?

## FLOWERS

Did I retire my selfe out of thy sight  
To beat afresh the bulwarkes of thy brest?  
Or did my mind in choyce of change delight,  
And render thee as reffuse with the rest?  
No Tygre no, the lyon is not lewd,  
He shewes no force on seely wounded sheepe, &c.

Whiles he sat at the dore of his lodging, devising these verses  
above rehersed, the same Gentlewoman passed by againe,  
and cast a longe looke towrdes him, whereby he left his  
former invention and wrote thus.

**H**owe long she lookt that lookt at me of late,  
As who would say, *hir lookes were all for love*:  
When God he knowes they came from deadly hate,  
To pinch me yit with pangs which I must prove.  
But since my loikes *hir liking maye not move*,  
Looke where she likes, for lo this looke was cast,  
Not for my love, but even to see my last.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

*An other Sonet written by the same Gentlewoman,  
uppon the same occasion.*

**I**Lookt of late and sawe thee loke askance,  
Upon my dore, to see if I satte there.  
As who should say: If he be there by chance,  
Yet maye he thinke I loke him every where,  
No cruell, no, thou knowest and I can tell,  
How for thy love I layd my loikes a side:  
Though thou (par case) hast lookt and liked wel,  
Some newe founde lookes amide this world so wide.  
But since thy lookes my love have so in chaynd  
That to my loikes, thy liking now is past:  
Loke where thou likest, and let thy hands be staynd,  
In true loves blood, which thou shalt lack at last,  
So looke, so lack, for in these toyes thus tost,  
My lookes thy love, thy lookes my life have lost.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

## FLOWERS

¶ *To the same gentlewoman because she challenged the Aucthour  
for holding downe his head alwaies, and for that hee  
looked not uppon hir in wonted manner.*

¶ **Y**ou must not wonder though you thinke it straunge,  
To see me holde my lowring head so lowe:  
And that myne eyes take no delyght to raunge,  
About the gleames which on your face doe growe.  
The mouse which once hath broken out of trappe,  
Is sildome tysed with the trustlesse bayte,  
But lyes aloofe for feare of more mishappe,  
And feedeth styl in doubte of deepe deceipte.  
The skorched flye which once hath scapt the flame,  
Wyll hardlye come to playe againe with fyre.  
Whereby I learne that greevous is the game,  
Which followes fansie dazled by desire.  
So that I wynke or else holde downe my head,  
Because your blazing eyes my bale have bred.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

### ¶ *The Recantacion of a Lover.*

**N**ow must I needes recant the wordes which once I spoke,  
Fond fansie fumes so nie my noose, I nedes must smel  
y<sup>e</sup> smoke:  
And better were to beare a Faggot from the fire,  
Than wylfully to burne and blaze, in flames of vaine desire.  
You Judges then give eare, you people marke me well,  
I saye, both heaven and earth record the tale which I shall tell  
And knowe that dread of death, nor hope of better hap,  
Have forced or perswaded me to take my turning cap,  
But even that mightye *Jove*, of his great clemencie,  
Hath given me grace at last to judge, the trueth from heresie:  
I saye then and professe, with free and faithfull heart,  
That womēs vowes are nothing els, but snares of secret smart:

## FLOWERS

Their beauties blaze are baites which seeme of pleasant taste,  
But who devoures the hidden hooke, eates poysone for repast:  
Their smyling is deceipt, their faire wordes traines of treason,  
Their wit alwaies so full of wyles, it skorneth rules of reason.  
Percase some present here, have heard my selfe of yore,  
Both teach & preach the contrary, my fault was then the  
more:

I graunt my workes were these, first one *Anatomie*,  
Wherein I painted every pang of [loves] perplexitye:  
Next that I was araignde, with *George* holde up thy hand,  
Wherein I yeelded Bewties thrall, at *hir commaund* to stand:  
Myne eyes so blinded were, (good people marke my tale)  
That once I song, I *Bathe in Blisse*, amidde my weary *Bale*:  
And many a frantike verse, then from my penne dyd passe,  
In waves of wicked heresie, so deepe I drowned was.  
All which I now recant, and here before you burne  
Those trifling bookees, from whose lewde lore my tippet here  
I turne.

And henceforth wyl I write, howe mad is that mans minde,  
Which is entist by any traine to trust in womankind.

Astolf being the goodliest personne in the worlde founde a dwarfe lying with his wife  
I spare not wedlocke I, who lyt that state advance,  
Aske *Astolfe* king of *Lumbardie*, howe trim his dwarfe coulde  
daunce.

Wherfore fayre Ladies you, that heare me what I saye,  
If you hereafter see me slippe, or seeme to goe astraye:  
Or if my tongue revolte from that which nowe it sayth,  
Then plague me thus, *Believe it not*, for this is nowe my faith.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

¶ In prayse of *Bridges*, nowe Lady *Sandes*.

I N Court who so demaundes what Dame doth most excell,  
For my conceyty I must needs say, faire *Bridges* beares  
ye bell:  
Upon whose lively cheeke, to proove my judgement true,  
The Rose and Lillie seeme to strive for equall change of hewe:  
And therewithall so well her graces all agree,  
No frowning cheere dare once presume in *hir sweete face to bee*.

## FLOWERS

Although some lavishe lippes, which like some other best,  
Wyll saye the blemishe on hir browe disgraceth all the rest.  
Thereto I thus replie, God wotte they litle know,  
The hidden cause of that mishap, nor how the harme dyd grow.  
For when Dame nature first had framde hir heavenly face,  
And thoroughly bedecked it, with goodly gleames of grace:  
It lyked hir so well: Lo here (quod shee) a peece,  
For perfect shape that passeth all *Apelles* worke in *Greece*.  
This bayte may chaunce to catche the greatest God of love,  
Or mighty thundring *Jove* himself that rules the roast above.  
But out, alas, those wordes were vaunted all in vaine,  
And some unsene were present there (poore *Bridges*) to thy pain.  
For *Cupide* craftie boye, close in a corner stooede,  
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir, I gesse it dyd him good.  
Yet when he felt the flame gan kindle in his brest,  
And hard dame nature boast by hir, to breake him of his rest,  
His hote newe chosen love, he chaunged into hate,  
And sodainly with mighty mace, gan rap hir on the pate.  
It grieved Nature much to see the cruell deede:  
Me seemes I see hir how she wept, to see hir dearling blede.  
Well yet (quod she) this hurt shall have some helpe I trowe,  
And quicke with skin she covered it, that whiter is than  
snowe.  
Wherewith *Dan Cupid* fled, for feare of further flame,  
Whē angel like he saw hir shine, whom he had smit with  
shame.  
Lo thus was *Bridges* hurt, in cradel of hir kind,  
The coward *Cupid* brake hir brow, to wreke his wōuded mind,  
The skar stylly there remaines, no force, there let it be,  
There is no clowde that can eclipse, so bright a sunne as she.

*Ever or never.*

¶ In prayse of *Zouche* late the Lady Greye of Wilton  
whome the auctor found in a homely house.

**T**hese rustie walles whome cankred yeares deface,  
The comely corps of seemely *Zouche* enclose,  
Whose auncient stocke derivde from worthy race,  
Procures hir praise, where so the carkas goes:

## FLOWERS

Hir aungels face declares hyr modest minde,  
Hyr lovely lokes the gazing eyes allure,  
Hyr deedes deserve some endlesse prayse to finde,  
To blaze suche brute as ever might endure.  
Wherfore my penne in trembling feare shall staye,  
To write the thing that doth surmount my skill,  
And I will wish of God both night and daye,  
Some worthier place to guide hir worthy will.  
Where princes peeres hir due desertes maye see,  
And I content hir servaunt there to bee.

*Ever or Never.*

Gascoignes praise of his mistres.

**T**He hap which *Paris* had, as due for his desert,  
Who favord *Venus* for hir face, & skornde *Menervas* art:  
May serve to warne the wise that they no more esteme,  
The glistering glosse of bewties blaze, than reason should it  
deme.  
Dan *Priams* yonger son, found out ye fairest dame,  
That ever trode on *Troyane* mold, what folowed of ye same?  
I list not brut hir bale, let others spread it forth,  
But for his parte to speake my minde his choice was little  
worth,  
My meaning is but this, who markes the outward shewe,  
And never grops for graftes of grace which in ye mind should  
grow:  
May chance upon such choise as trusty *Troilus* had,  
And dwel in dole as *Paris* did, when he would faine be glad.  
How happie then am I whose happe hath bene to finde,  
A mistresse first that doth excell in vertues of the mind.  
And yet therewith hath joynd, such favoure and suche grace,  
As *Pandars* niece (if she wer here) would quickly give hir  
place.  
With in whose worthy brest, Dame Bounty seekes to dwel,  
And saith to beauty, yeeld to me, since I doe thee excell.  
Betwene whose heavenly eyes, doth right remorse appeare,  
And pitie placed by the same, doth muche amende hir cheere.

## FLOWERS

Who in my daungers deepe, dyd deigne to doe mee good,  
Who did relieve my heavy heart, and sought to save my blood.  
Who first encreast my friendes, and overthrew my fooes,  
Who loved al them that wisht me wel, & liked none but those.  
O Ladies give me leave, I prayse not hir to farre,  
Since she doth pas you al, as much, as *Titan* staines a starre.  
You hold such servauntes deare, as able are to serve.  
She held me deare, when I poore soule, could no good  
thing deserve.

You set by them that swim in all prosperitie,  
She set by me when as I was in great calamitie.  
You best esteeme the brave, and let the poorest passe,  
Shee best esteemde my poore good wyll, all naked as it was.  
But whether am I went? what humor guides my braine?  
I seeke to wey ye woolsack down, with one poore pepper grain.  
I seeme to penne hir praise, that doth surpassee my skill,  
I strive to rowe against the tide, I hoppe against the hill.  
Then let these fewe suffise, shee *Helene* staines for hewe,  
*Dydo* for grace, *Cresyde* for cheere, and is as *Thisbye* true.  
Yet if you furder crave, to have hir name displaide,  
Dame *Favor* is my mistres name, dame *Fortune* is hir maid.

*Attamen ad solitum.*

Gascoignes good morrow.

**Y**Ou that have spent the silent night,  
In sleepe and quiet rest,  
And joye to see the cheerefull lyght  
That ryseth in the East:  
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,  
Come helpe me nowe to sing:  
Eche willing wight come beare a part,  
To prayse the heavenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,  
Or sickenes doth suppresse,  
Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,  
Or dolours doe distresse:

## FLOWERS

Yet beare a parte in dolfull wise,  
Yea thinke it good accorde,  
And [ac]ceptable sacrifice,  
Eche sprite to prayse the lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesomnesse,  
Had over spread the light,  
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,  
Had over prest our might:  
A glasse wherin you may beholde,  
Eche storme that stopes our breath,  
Our bed the grave, our clothes lyke molde,  
And sleepē like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,  
But for a little space,  
And heavenly daye nowe night is past,  
Doth shewe his pleasaunt face:  
So must we hope to see Gods face,  
At last in heaven on hie,  
When we have chang'd this mortall place,  
For Immortalitie.

And of such happenes and heavenly joyes,  
As then we hope to holde,  
All earthly sightes and wor[ll]dly toyes,  
Are tokens to beholde.  
The daye is like the daye of doome,  
The sunne, the Sonne of man,  
The skyes the heavens, the earth the tombe  
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,  
Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,  
Is like the seate of God on hye,  
And seemes to tell these newes:  
That as thereby he promised,  
To drowne the world no more,  
So by the blood which Christ hath shead,  
He will our helth restore.

## FLOWERS

The mistie cloudes that fall somtime,  
And overcast the skyes,  
Are like to troubles of our time,  
Which do but dymme our eyes:  
But as suche dewes are dried up quite,  
When *Phœbus* shewes his face,  
So are such fansies put to fligthe,  
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,  
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,  
Both for hir hewe and for the rest,  
The Devill resembleth playne:  
And as with gonne we kill the Crowe,  
For spoylng our releefe,  
The Devill so must we overthrowe,  
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrde[s] which sing so swete,  
Are like the angelles voyce,  
Which render God his prayses meete,  
And teache us to rejoyce:  
And as they more esteeme that myrth,  
Than dread the nights anoy,  
So mu[ste] we deeme our days on earth,  
But hell to heavenly joye.

Unto which Joyes for to attayne  
God graunt us all his grace,  
And sende us after worldly payne,  
In heaven to have a place.  
Where wee maye still enjoy that light,  
Which never shall decaye:  
Lorde for thy mercy lend us might,  
To see that joyfull daye.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

## FLOWERS

✓ Gascoynges good night.

When thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure  
and delight,  
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to rest at nighte:  
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this one labour yet,  
Ere sleepe close up thyne eye to fast, do not thy God forget,  
But searche within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee  
befal:  
And if thou find amisse in ought, to God for mercy call.  
Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal  
to mind,  
Yet ever more remember this, there is the more behind:  
And thinke how well so ever it be, that thou hast spent the  
daye,  
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy waye.  
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this Payne,  
Thy life shall clese thy corne from weeds, & thine shal be  
ye gaine:  
But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venter for to winke,  
Before thy wading will maye trye, how far thy soule maye sinke,  
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft & smoth  
is made,  
May heape more harm upō thy head, than blowes of enmies  
blade.  
Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed as thou doest lye,  
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly:  
I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my wearye bones,  
As death at laste shall eke appeere, to ease my greevous grones.  
My dayly sportes, my panch full fed, have causde my  
drousie eye,  
As carelesse life in quiet led, might cause my soule to dye:  
The stretching armes, ye yauning breath, which I to bed-  
ward use,  
Are patternes of the pangs of death, when life will me refuse:  
And of my bed eche sundrye part in shaddowes doth resemble,  
The sundry shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my flesh to  
treble.

## FLOWERS

My bed it selfe is like the grave, my sheetes the winding sheetes,  
My clothes the mould which I must have, to cover me when  
meete:

The hungry fleas which friske so freshe, to worms I can compare,  
Which greedily shall gnaw my fleche, & leave the bones  
ful bare:

The waking Cock that early crowes to weare the night away,  
Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes before the latter day,  
And as I ryse up lustily, when sluggish sleepe is past,  
So hope I to rise joyfully, to Judgement at the last.

Thus wyl I wake, thus wyl I sleepe, thus wyl I hope to ryse,  
Thus wyl I neither waile nor weepe, but sing in godly wyse.  
My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule in God  
shall trust,

By whome I hope to ryse againe from death and earthly dñe.

*Haud ictus sapi.*

✓ The introduction to the Psalme of De profundis.

T He Skies gan scowle, orecast with misy clowdes,  
When (as I rode alone by London waye,  
Cloakelesse, unclad) thus did I sing and say:  
Behold quoth I, bright *Titan* how he shroudes  
His head abacke, and yelds the raine his reach,  
Till in his wrath, *Dan Jove* have soust the sole,  
And washt me wretch which in his travaile tolde.  
But holla (here) doth rudenesse me impeach,  
Since *Jove* is Lord and king of mighty power,  
Which can commaund the Sunne to shewe his face,  
And (when him lyst) to give the raine his place.  
Why doe not I my wery muses frame,  
(Although I bee well souzed in this showre,)  
To write some verse in honour of his name?

## FLOWERS

✓ ~~XV~~ Gascoignes De profundis.

F Rom depth of doole wherein my soule doth dwell,  
From heavy heart which harbours in my brest,  
From troubled sprite which sildome taketh rest.  
From hope of heaven, from dreade of darkesome hell.  
O gracious God, to thee I crye and yell.  
My God, my Lorde, my lovely Lord aloane,  
To thee I call, to thee I make my moane.  
And thou (good God) vouchsafe in gree to take,  
This woefull plaint,  
Wherein I faint.  
Oh heare me then for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentively to heare,  
Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,  
O hearken Lord, give eare for mine availe,  
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare :  
See howe I sinke in sorrowes everye where.  
Beholde and see what dollors I endure,  
Give eare and marke what plaintes I put in ure.  
Bende wylling eare : and pittie therewithall,  
My wayling voyce,  
Which hath no choyce.  
But evermore upon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde shouldest take thy rod in hande,  
If thou regard what sinnes are daylye done,  
If thou take holde where wee our workes begone,  
If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,  
And be extreame to see our scuses skande,  
If thou take note of every thing amysse,  
And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,  
O glorious God, O King, O Prince of power,  
What mortall wight,  
Maye then have lyght,  
To feele thy frowne, if thou have lyst to lowre ?

## FLOWERS

But thou art good, and hast of mercye store,  
Thou not delygh[t]st to see a sinner fall,  
Thou hearknest first, before we come to call.  
Thine eares are set wyde open evermore,  
Before we knocke thou commest to the doore.  
Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,  
Then he is quicke to climbe to thee on hye.  
Thy mighty name bee prayded then alwaye,  
Let fayth and feare,  
True witnesse beare.  
Howe fast they stand which on thy mercy staye.

I looke for thee (my lovelye Lord) therefore.  
For thee I wayte for thee I tarrye stylle,  
Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll.  
For thee I watche, for thee I prye and pore.  
My Soule for thee attendeth evermore.  
My Soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,  
My Soule desires with thee for to bee plaste.  
And to thy worde (which can no man deceyve)  
Myne onely trust,  
My love and lust  
In cq[n]fidence contin[u]allye shall cleave.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,  
Before the lyght be scene in loftye Skyes,  
Before the Sunne appeare in pleasaunt wyse,  
Before the watche (before the watche I saye)  
Before the warde that waytes therefore alwaye :  
My soule, my sense, my secreete thought, my sprite,  
My wyll, my wishe, my joye, and my delight :  
Unto the Lord that sittes in heaven on highe,  
With hastye wing,  
From me doeth fling,  
And stryveth stylle, unto the Lorde to flye.

O Israell, O housholde of the Lorde,  
O Abrahams Brattes, O broode of blessed seede,  
O chosen sheepe that love the Lord in deede :  
O hungrye heartes, feede stylle upon his worde,  
And put your trust in him with one accorde.

## FLOWERS

For he hath mercye evermore at hande,  
His fountaines flowe, his springes doe never stande.  
And plenteouslye hee loveth to redeeme,  
Such sinners all,  
As on him call,  
And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowping state,  
He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe astraye,  
He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye:  
He wyll appease our discorde and debate,  
He wyll soone save, though we repent us late.  
He wyll be ours if we continewe his,  
He wyll bring bale to joye and perfect blisse.  
He wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,  
From all that is,  
Or was amisse.  
Since *Abrahams* heyres dyd first his Lawes reject.

*Ever or never.*

*¶ Gascoignes Memories, written upon this occasion.* Hee had (in mydest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne unto Greyes Inne, there to undertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by five sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred, before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these five sundrie sortes of metre uppon five sundrye theames, whiche they delivered unto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who delivered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna juvat.* And thereuppon hee wrote this Sonnette following.

*I* F yelding feare, or cancred villanie,  
In *Cæsars* haughtie heart had tane the charge,  
The walles of *Rome* had not bene rearde so hye,  
Nor yet the mightye Empire left so large.  
If *Menelaus* could have ruld his wyll,  
With fowle reproche to loose his faire delight,

## FLOWERS

Then had the stately towres of *Troy* stoode styll,  
And *Greekes* with grudge had dronke their owne despight.  
If dread of drenching waves or feare of fire,  
Had stayde the wandring Prince amydde his race,  
*Ascanius* then, the fruite of his desire,  
In *Lavine* Lande had not possessed place.  
But true it is, where lottes doe lyght by chaunce,  
There Fortune helps the boldest to aduaunce.

*Sic tuli.*

The nexte was at request of *Antony Kinwelmarshe*, who  
delivered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*, and thereupon  
he wrote as followeth.

 **T**He vaine excesse of flattering fortunes giftes,  
Envenometh the minde with vanitye,  
And beates the restellesse braine with endlesse driftes,  
To staye the staffe of worldly dignitie:  
The begger standes in like extremitie.  
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,  
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

By too too much *Dan Cræsus* caught his death,  
And bought with bloud the price of glittering gold,  
By too too little many one lackes breath  
And sterves in stretes a mirroure to beholde:  
So pride for heate, and povertye pynes for colde.  
Wherfore to lacke the most, and leave the least  
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

**Store makes no sore:** loe this seemes contrarye,  
**And mo the merier is a Proverbe eke,**  
But store of sores maye make a maladye,  
And one to many maketh some to seeke,  
**When two be mette that bankette with a lelke:**  
Wherfore to lacke the most and leave the least,  
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

## FLOWERS

The rych man surfetteth by glottony,  
Which feedeth still, and never standes content,  
The poore agayne he pines for penurye,  
Which lives with lacke when all and more is spente:  
So to much and to little bothe bee shente.  
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,  
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

The conquerour with uncontented swaye,  
Doth rayse up rebelles by his avarice,  
The recreaunt dothe yeeld himselfe a praye,  
To forraine spoyle by slouth and cowardyce:  
So too much and to little both be vyce.  
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leave the least,  
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

If so thy wife be too too fayre of face:  
It drawes one gest too many to thine inne:  
If she be fowle, and foyled with disgrace,  
In other pillowes prickst thou many a pinne:  
So fowle [prove] fooles, and fayrer fall to sinne.  
Wherfore to lacke the moste, and leave the least  
I coumpt enough as good as any feast.

And of enough, enough, and nowe no more,  
Bycause my braynes no better can devise,  
When things be badde, a small summe maketh store,  
So of suche verse a fewe maye soone suffice:  
Yet still to this my weary penne replyes.  
That I sayde last, and though you like it least,  
It is enough and as good as a feast.

*Sic tuli.*

*John Vaughan delivered him this theame. Magnum vestigal  
parcimonia, where upon he wrote thus.*

**T**He common speech is, spend and God will send,  
But what sendes he? a bottell and a bagge,  
A staffe a wallet and a wofull ende,  
For such as list in bravery so to bragge.

## FLOWERS

Then if thou covet coyne enough to spend,  
Learne first to spare thy budget at the brinke,  
So shall the bottome be the faster bound :  
But he that list with lavish hand to linke,  
(In like expence) a pennye with a pound,  
May chaunce at last to sitte a side and shrinke  
His harbraind head with out dame dainties dore.  
Hick, [H]obbe, and Dick, with clouts upon their knee,  
Have many times/ more goonhole grotes in store  
And change of crownes/ more quicke at cal then he,  
Which let their lease and take their rent before.  
For he that rappes a royall on his cappe,  
Before he put one penny in his pursse,  
Had neede turne quicke and broch a better tappe,  
Or els his drinke may chance go downe the wursse.  
I not denie but some men have good hap,  
To climbe a lotte by scales of courtly grace,  
And winne the world with liberalitye :  
Yet he that yerks old angells out apace,  
And hath no newe to purchase dignitey,  
When orders fall, may chaunce to lacke his grace.  
For haggard hawkes mislike an emptie hand :  
So stiffly some sticke to the mercers stall,  
Till sutes of silke have swet out all their land.  
So ofte thy neighbours banquet in thy hall,  
Till Davie *Debet* in thy parler stand,  
And bids the welcome to thine owne decay.  
I like a Lions lookes not worth a leeke  
When every Foxe beguiles him of his praye :  
What sauce but sorrow serveth him a weeke,  
Which all his cates consumeth in one daye ?  
First use thy stomacke to a stand of ale,  
Before thy Malmesey come in Marchantes bookees,  
And rather were (for shifte) thy shirte of male,  
Than teare thy silken sleves with teynter hokes,  
Put feathers in thy pillowes great and small,  
Let them be princkt with plumes, that gape for plummes,  
Heape up bothe golde and silver safe in hooches,  
Catche, snatche, and scratche for scrapings and for crommes  
Before thou decke thy hatte (on high) with brooches.

## FLOWERS

Lette first thyne one hand hold faste all that commes,  
Before that other learne his letting flie:  
Remember still that soft fire makes sweet malte,  
No haste but good (who meanes to multiplye :)  
Bought witte is deare, and drest with sower salte,  
Repentaunce commes to late, and then saye I,  
Who spares the first and keepes the last unspent,  
Shall finde that sparing yeldes a goodly rent.

*Sic tuli.*

*Alexander Nevile* delivered him this theame, *Sat cito, si sat bene*, whereupon hee compiled these seven Sonets in seq[u]ence, therin bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*: and therwith his *Vix bene*, as foloweth.

1. N haste poste haste, when first my wandring minde,  
Behelde the glistring Courte with gazing eye,  
Suche deepe delights I seemde therin to finde,  
As might beguile a graver guest than I.  
The stately pompe of Princes and their peers,  
Did seeme to swimme in flouddes of beaten goulde,  
The wanton world of yong delightfull yeres,  
Was not unlyke a heaven for to behould.  
Wherin dyd swarme (for every saint) a Dame,  
So faire of hue, so freshe of their attire,  
As might excell dame *Cinthia* for Fame,  
Or conquer *Cupid* with his owne desire.  
These and suche lyke were baytes that blazed still  
Before myne eye to feede my greedy will.

2. Before mine eye to feede my greedy will,  
Gan muster eke mine olde acquainted mates,  
Who helpt the dish (of vayne delighte) to fill  
My empty mouth with dayntydelicates:  
And folishe boldenesse toke the whippe in hande,  
To lashe my life into this trustlesse trace,  
Til all in haste I leapt a loofe from lande,  
And hoyste up soyle to catche a Courtly grace:

## FLOWERS

Eche lingring daye did seeme a world of wo,  
Till in that haplesse haven my head was brought :  
Waves of wanhope so tost me to and fro,  
In deepe dispayre to drowne my dreadfull thought :  
Eche houre a day eche day a yeare did seeme,  
And every yeare a worlde my will did deeme.

3. And every yeare a worlde my will did deeme,  
Till lo, at last, to Court nowe am I come,  
A seemly swayne, that might the place beseeme,  
A gladsome guest embraste of all and some :  
Not there contente with common dignitie,  
My wanding eye in haste, (yea poste poste haste)  
Behelde the blazing badge of braverie,  
For wante wherof, I thought my selfe disgraste :  
Then peevishe pride puffte up my swelling harte,  
To further foorth so hotte an enterprise :  
And comely cost beganne to playe his parte,  
In praysing patternes of mine owne devise.  
Thus all was good that might be got in haste,  
To princke me up, and make me higher plaste.

4. To princke me up and make me higher plaste,  
All came to late that taryed any time,  
Pilles of provision pleased not my taste,  
They made my heeles to heavie for to clime :  
Mee thought it best that boughes of boystrous oake,  
Should first be shread to make my feathers gaye.  
Tyll at the last a deadly dinting stroake,  
Brought downe the bulke with edgetooles of decaye :  
Of every farme I then let flye a lease,  
To feede the purse that payde for peeviousnesse,  
Till rente and all were faine in suche disease,  
As scarce coulde serve to mayntayne cleanlynesse :  
They bought, the bodie, fine, ferme, lease, and lande,  
All were to little for the merchauntes hande.

5. All were to little for the merchauntes hande,  
And yet my braverye bigger than his booke :  
But when this hotte accompte was coldly scande,  
I thought highe time about me for to looke :

## FLOWERS

With heavie cheare I caste my head abacke,  
To see the fountaine of my furious race.  
Comarde my losse, my living, and my lacke,  
In equall balance with my jolye grace.  
And sawe expences grating on the grounde  
Like lumpes of lead to presse my pursse full ofte,  
When light rewarde and recompence were founde,  
Fleeting like feathers in the winde alofte:  
These thus comparde, I left the Courte at large,  
For why? the gaines doth seeldome quitt the charge.

6. For why? the gaines doth seldome quitt ye charge,  
And so saye I, by prooфе too dearely bought,  
My haste mad wast, my brave and brainsicke barge,  
Did float to fast, to catch a thing of nought:  
With leisure, measure, meane, and many mo,  
I mought have kept a chayre of quiet state,  
But hastic heads can not bee setled so,  
Till crooked Fortune give a crabbed mate:  
As busie braynes muste beate on tickle toyes,  
As rashe invention breedes a rawe devise,  
So sodayne falles doe hinder hastie joyes,  
And as swifte baytes doe fleetest fyshe entice.  
So haste makes waste, and therefore nowe I saye,  
*No haste but good*, where wisdome makes the waye.

7. *No haste but good*, where wisdome makes the waye,  
For profe whereof, behold the simple snayle,  
(Who sees the souldiers carcasse caste a waye,  
With hotte assaulte the Castle to assayle,)  
By line and leysure clymes the loftye wall,  
And winnes the turrettes toppe more conningly,  
Than doughtye Dick, who loste his life and all,  
With hoysting up his head to hastilye.  
The swiftest bitche brings foorth the blyndest whelpes,  
The hottest Fevers coldest crampes ensue,  
The nakedst neede hathe over latest helpes:  
With *Nevyle* then I finde this proverbe true,  
That *haste makes waste*, and therefore still I saye,  
*No haste but good*, where wisdome makes the waye.

*Sic tuli.*

hard houge o miserabile age  
FLOWERS

*Richarde Courtop* (the last of the five) gave him this theame,  
*Durum æneum & miserabile ævum*, and thereupon hee  
wrote in this wise.

W Hen peerelesse Princes courtes were free from flatterie,  
The Justice from unequal doome, the quest from perjurie,  
The pillars of the state, from proude presumption,  
The clearkes from heresie, the commones from rebellion :  
Then right rewardes were given, by swaye of dewe desarte,  
Then vertues derlinges might be plaste aloft to play their part :  
Then might they coumpt it true, that hath beene sayde of olde,  
The children of those happie dayes, were borne in beds of golde,  
And swaddled in the same: the Nurse that gave them sucke,  
Was wife to liberallitie, and leman to good lucke.

When *Cæsar* woon the filde, his captaines caught the Townes,  
And every painful souldiours purse was crammed ful of crownes.  
*Licurgus* for good Lawes, lost his owne libertie,  
And thought it better to preferre common commoditie.  
But nowe the times are turnde, it is not as it was,  
The golde is gone, the silver sunke, and nothing left but brasse.  
To see a King encroache, what wonder should it seeme,  
When commons cannot be content, with countrie *Dyadeeme*?

The Prince maye dye a babe, trust up by trecherie,  
Where vaine ambition doth move trustlesse nobillity.  
Errours in pulpit preache, where faith in priesthood failes,  
Promotion (not devotion) is cause why cleargie quailles.  
Thus is the stage stakt out, where all these partes be plaide,  
And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am afraide.  
First *Cayphas* playes the Priest, and *Herode* sits as king,  
*Pylate* the Judge, *Judas* the Jurour verdict in doth bring,  
Vaine tatling plaies the vice, well cladde in ritche aray,  
And poore Tom Trooth is laught to skorn, with garments  
nothing gay.

The woman wantonnesse, shee commes with ticing traine,  
Pride in hir pocket plaies bo peepe, and bawdry in hir braine.  
Hir handmaides be deceipte, daunger, and dalliaunce,  
Riot and Revell follow hir, they be of hir alliaunce :  
Next these commes in Sim Swashe, to see what sturre they keepe.  
Clim of the Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for him to  
creepe :

## FLOWERS

To packe the pageaunt up, commes Sorrow with a song,  
He say[s] these jestes can get no grotes, & al this geare goth  
wrong:

Fyrst pride without cause why, he singes the treble parte,  
The meane hee mumbles out of tune, for lacke of life and hart:  
Cost lost, the counter Tenor chanteth on apace,  
Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggrie singes the  
base.

The players loose their paines, where so fewe pence are stirring,  
Their garmēts weare for lacke of gains, & fret for lack of  
furring.

When all is done and past, was no part plaide but one,  
For everye player plaide the foole, tyll all be spent and gone.  
And thus this foolishe jest, I put in dogrell rime,  
Because a crosier staffe is best, for such a crooked time.

*Sic tuli.*

¶ And thus an ende of these five Theames, admounting to the  
number of .CCLVIII. verses, devised ryding by the way,  
writing none of them untill he came at the ende of his  
Journey, the which was no longer than one day in ryding,  
one daye in taryng with his friend, and the thirde in  
returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoignes  
memories.

¶ A gloze upon this text, *Dominus iis opus habet.*

**M**Y recklesse race is runne, greene youth and pride be past,  
My riper mellowed yeeres beginne to follow on as fast.  
My glancing lookes are gone, which wonted were to prie,  
In everie gorgious garishe glasse, that glistred in mine eie.  
My sight is now so dimme, it can behold none such,  
No mirrour but the merrie meane, can please my fansie much.  
And in that noble glasse, I take delight to vewe,  
The fashions of the wonted world, compared by the newe.  
For marke who lyt to looke, eche man is for him selfe.  
And beates his braine to hord & heape, this trashe & worldly  
pelfe.

## FLOWERS

Our handes are closed up, great giftes go not abroade,  
Fewe men wyll lende a locke of heye, but for to gaine a loade.  
Give Gave is a good man, what neede we lashe it out,  
The world is wondrous feareful now, for danger bids men doubt,  
And aske how chaunceth this? or what meanes all this meede?  
Forsoothe the common aunswere is, because *the Lord hath neede*.  
A noble jest by gisse, I finde it in my glasse,  
The same freeholde our saviour Christ, conveyed to his asse.  
A texte to trie the trueth, and for this time full fitte,  
Fo[r] where should we our lessons learne, but out of holy writte?  
First marke our onely God, which ruleth all the rost,  
He sets a side all pompe and pride, wherin fond wordlings boast.  
His trayne is not so great, as filthy Sathanas band,  
A smaller heard maye serve to feede, at our great masters hand.  
Next marke the heathens Gods, and by them shall we see,  
They be not now so good fellowes, as they were wonte to be.  
*Jove, Mars, and Mercurie, Dame Venus* and the rest,  
They bāquet not as they were wont, they know it were  
not best.

So kinges and princes both, have left their halles at large,  
Their privie chambers cost enough, they cut off every charge.  
And when an office falles, as chaunce somtimes maye bee,  
First kepe it close a yere or twayne, then geld it by the fee.  
And give it out at last, but yet with this proviso,  
(A bridle for a brainsicke Jade) *durante bene placito*.  
Some thinke these ladders low, to climbe alofte with speede:  
Well let them creepe at leisure thē, for sure *the Lord hath neede*.  
Dukes Earles and Barons bold, have learnt like lesson nowe,  
They breake up house & come to courte, they live not by y<sup>e</sup>  
plowe.

Percease their roomes be skant, not like their stately boure,  
A field bed in a corner coucht, a pallad on the floure.  
But what for that? no force, they make thereof no boast,  
They feede them selves with delycates, and at the princes cost.  
And as for all their men, their pages and their swaynes,  
They choke thē up with chynes of beefe, to multiply their  
gaines.

Themselves lie neere to looke, when any leafe doth fall,  
Such cromes were wont to feede pore gromes, but nowe y<sup>e</sup>  
Lords licke al.

## FLOWERS

And why? oh sir, because, both dukes & lords have neede,  
I mocke not I, my text is true, beleeve it as your creede.  
Our Prelates and our Priests, can tell this text with mee,  
They can hold fast their fattest fermes, and let no lease go free.  
They have both wife and childe, which maye not be forgot,  
The scriptures say *the Lord bath neede*, and therfore blame  
them not.

Then come a little lower, unto the contrye knight,  
The squire and the gentleman, they leave the countrye quite,  
Their Halles were all to large, their tables were to long,  
The clouted shoes came in so faste, they kepte to great a throng,  
And at the porters lodge, where lubbers wonte to feede,  
The porter learnes to answere now, hence hence *the Lord bath neede*.

His gestes came in to thicke, their diet was to great,  
Their horses ate up all the hey, which should have fed his neatе:  
Their teeth were farre to fine, to feede on porke and souse,  
Fyve flocks of sheepe could scarce maintaine good mutten  
for his house.

And when this count was cast, it was no biding here,  
Unto the good towne is he gonе, to make his frends good  
cheere.

And welcome there that will, but shall I tell you howe:  
At his owne dish he feedeth them, that is the fashion nowe,  
Side bordes be layed aside, the tables ende is gonе,  
His cooke shall make you noble cheere, but hostler hath he  
none.

The chargers now be changde, wherin he wont to eate,  
An olde frutedish is bigge ynone enough to hold a joynte of meate.  
A sallad or a sauce, to tast your cates with all,  
Som strāg devise to feede mēs eies, mēs stomacks now be small.  
And when the tenautes come to paie their quarters rent,  
They bringe some fowle at Midsommer, a dish of Fish in Lent,  
At Christmasse a capon, at Mighelmasse a goose:  
And somewhat else at Newyeres tide, for feare their lease  
fie loose.

Good reason by my troth, when Gentlemen lacke groates,  
Let Plowmen pinche it out for pence, & patch their russet  
coates:

For better Fermers fast, than Manner houses fall,

## FLOWERS

The Lord hath neede, than says the text, bring old Asse  
colt & all.

Well lowest nowe at last, let see the contrye loute,  
And marke how he doth swink & sweat, to bring this geare  
about :

His feastinges be but fewe, cast whipstockes clout his shoone,  
The wheaten loafe is locked up as sone as dinners doone :  
And where he wonte to kepe a lubber, two or three,  
Now hath he learnt to kepe no more, but Sim his sonne  
and he,

His wife and Mawde his mayd, a boye to pitch the carte,  
And turne him up at Hollontide, to feele the winter smarte :  
Dame Alyson his wife doth knowe the price of meale,  
Hir bride cakes be not halfe so bigge as she was wont to steale :  
She weares no silver hookes, she is content with worsse,  
Hir pendantes and hir silver pinnes she putteth in hir pursse.  
Thus learne I by my glasse, that merrie meane is best,  
And he most wise that finds the meane, to keepe himselfe at  
rest.

Perchaunce some open mouth will mutter now and than,  
And at the market tell his mate, our landlordes a zore man :  
He racketh up our rentes, and keepes the best in hand,  
He makes a wôdrous deale of good out of his own measne land :  
Yea let suche pelters prate, saint *Needam* be their speede,  
We neede no text to answer them, but this, *The Lord bath nede.*

*Ever or never.*

20 An Epitaph upon Captaine Bourcher late slaine in the warres  
in Zelande, the which hath bene termed the tale of  
a stone as foloweth.

**F**Ye Captaines fie, your tongues are tyed to close,  
Your Souldiours eke by silence purchase shame :  
Can no man penne in meetre nor in prose,  
The lyfe, the death, the valliaunt actes, the fame,  
The birth, behaviour, nor the noble name,  
Of such a feere as you in fight have lost :  
Alas such paines would quickly quite the cost.

## FLOWERS

*Bourcher* is dead, whome eche of you dyd knowe,  
Yet no man writes one worde to paint his praise,  
His sprite on highe, his carkasse here belowe,  
Doth both condemne your doting ydle dayes :  
Yet ceasse they not to sounde his worthy wayes,  
Who lived to dye, and dyed againe to live,  
With death deere bought, he dyd his death forgive.

Hee might for byrth have boasted noble race,  
Yet were his manners meeke and alwayes milde,  
Who gave a gesse by gazing on his face,  
And judgde thereby, might quickly be beguilde,  
In fielde a Lion, and in Towne a Childe,  
Fierce to his foe, but courteouse to his friende.  
Alas the while, his life so soone should ende ?

To serve his Prince his life was ever prest,  
To serve his God, his death he thought but dew,  
In all attempts as foreward as the best,  
And all to forewardes, which we all may rew,  
His life so shewed, his death eke tried it true :  
For where his foes in thickest prease dyd stande,  
*Bourcher* caught bane with bloodie sworde in hande.

And marke the courage of a noble heart,  
When he in bed laye wounded wondrous sore,  
And heard allarme, he soone forgot his smart,  
And calde for armes to shewe his service more :  
I wyll to fielde (quod he) and God before.  
Which sayde, he sailde into more quiet coast,  
Styll praysing God, and so gave up the ghost.

Nowe muze not reader though we stones can speake,  
Or write sometimes the deeds of worthy ones,  
I could not holde although my heart should breake,  
(Because here by me buryed are his bones,)  
But I must tell this tale thus for the nones  
When men crye mumme and keepe such silence long,  
Then stones must speake, els dead men shall have wrong.

Finis quod Marmaduke Marblestone.

## FLOWERS

*✓* **A devise of a Maske for the right honorable Viscount Mountacute,**  
written upon this occasion, when the sayde L. had  
prepared to solemnize twoo marriages betweene his sonne  
and heyre, and the Daughter of syr William Dormer  
Knight, and betweene the sonne and heyre of syr William  
Dormer, and the Daughter of the said L. Mountacute: there  
were eight Gentlemen (all of blood or alliaunce  
to the sayd L. Mountacute) which had determined to  
present a Maske at the daye appointed for the sayd  
marriages, and so farre they had proceeded therein,  
that they had alreadye bought furniture of Silkes, &c, and  
had caused their garmentes to bee cut of the Venetian  
fashion. Nowe then they began to imagine that (without  
some speciall demonstration) it would seeme somewhat  
obscure to have Venetians presented rather than other  
countrey men. Whereupon they entreated the Aucthour  
to devise some verses to bee uttered by an Actor wherein  
might be some discourse convenient to render a good cause  
of the Venetians presence. The Aucthour calling to  
minde that there is a noble house of the Mountacutes  
in Italie, and therwithall that the L. Mountacute here  
doth quarter the coate of an auncient English Gentleman  
called Mounthermer, and hath the inheritaunce of the  
sayde house, dyd thereupon devise to bring in a Boye  
of the age of twelve or .xiii. yeeres, who should faine  
that he was a Mounthermer by the fathers side, and a Mount-  
acute by the mothers side, and that his father being slaine  
at the last warres against the Turke, and he there taken,  
hee was recovered by the Venetians in their last victorie,  
and with them sayling towardes Venice, they were driven  
by tempest upon these coastes, and so came to the marriage  
upon report as followeth, and the sayde Boye pronounced  
the devise in this sort.

**W**HAT wōder you my Lords? why gaze you gentlemen?  
And wherefore marvaile you *Mez Dames*, I praye you  
tell mee then?  
Is it so rare a sight, or yet so straunge a toye,  
Amongst so many nooble peeres, to see one *Pouer Boye*?

## FLOWERS

Why? boyes have bene allowed in everye kinde of age,  
As *Ganymede* that preetye boye, in Heaven is *Jove* his page.  
*Cupid* that mighty God although his force be fearse,  
Yet is he but a naked Boye, as Poets doe rehearse.  
And many a preetye boye a mightye man hath proved,  
And served his Prince at all assayes deserving to bee loved.  
*Percase my strange attire* my glittering golden gite,  
Doth eyther make you marvaile thus, or move you with delite.  
Yet wonder not my Lordes for if your honours please,  
But even to give me eare a while, I wyll your doubtes appease.  
And you shall knowe the cause, wherefore these roabes are worne,  
And why I goe outlandishe lyke, yet being Englishe borne,  
And why I thus presume to presse into this place,  
And why I (simple boye) am bolde to looke such men in face.  
Fyrst then you must perstande, I am no straunger I,  
But English boye, in England borne, and bred but even hereby.  
My father was a Knight, *Mount Hermer* was his name,  
My mother of the *Mountacutes*, a house of worthy fame.  
My father from his youth was trained up in field,  
And alwayes toke his chiefe delight, in helmet speare and shielde.  
*Soldado* for his life, and in his happie dayes,  
*Soldado* like hath lost his life, to his immortall prayse.  
The thundering fame which blewe about the worlde so wyde,  
Howe that the Christian enemye, the Turke that Prince of  
pride,  
Addressed had his power, to swarne uppon the Seas,  
With Gallies, foists, and such lik[e] ships, well armde at al assayes.  
And that he made his vaunt, the greedy fishe to glut,  
With gobs of Christian carkasses, in cruell peeces cut.  
These newes of this report, did pearce my fathers eares,  
But never touched his noble heart, with any sparke of feares.  
For well he knewe the trade of all the *Turkishe* warres,  
And had amongst them shed his blood, at many cruell jarres.  
In *Rhodes* his race begonne, a slender tal[l] yong man,  
Where he by many martiall feats, his spurres of knighthood wan.  
Yea though the peece was lost, yet won he honour styll,  
And evermore against the *Turkes* he warred by his wyll.  
At *Chios* many knowe, how hardly he fought,  
And howe with stremes of stryving blood, his honoure deare  
hee bought.

## FLOWERS

At length enforst to yeeld with many captaines mo,  
He bought his libertie with Landes, and let his goodes ago. \* A peec  
Zechines\* of glistering golde, two thousand was his price, golde lik  
The which to paye his landes must leape, for else he were unwise. the Crus  
Beleeve me nowe my Lordes although the losse be mine,  
Yet I confesse them better solde, than lyke a slave to pine.  
"For landes maye come againe, but lybertie once lost,  
"Can never finde such recompence, as countervailes the cost.  
My selfe now know the case, who lyke my fathers lot,  
Was lyke of late for to have lost my libertie God wot.  
My father (as I saye) enforste to leave his lande,  
In mortgage to my mothers kinne, for ready coyne in hande,  
Gan nowe upon these newes, which earst I dyd rehearse,]  
Prepare himselfe to save his pawne, or else to leese his pheare.  
And first his raunsome payde, with that which dyd remaine,  
He rigged up a proper *Barke*, was called *Leffort Brittaine*.  
And lyke a venturer (besides him seemely selfe)  
Determined for to venture me and all his worldly pelfe.  
Perhappes some hope of gaine perswaded so his minde,  
For sure his hauty heart was bent, some greate exploite to finde.  
Howe so it were, the windes nowe hoysted up our sailes,  
Wee furrowing in the foming flooddes, to take our best availes.  
Now hearken to my wordes, and marke you well the same,  
For nowe I wyll declare the cause, wherefore I hyther came.  
My father (as I saye) had set up all his rest,  
And tost on seas both daye and night, disdayning ydle rest,  
We left our forelandes ende, we past the coast of *Fraunce*,  
We reacht the cape of *Finis Terre* our course for to advaunce.  
We past *Marrochus* streightes, and at the last descried,  
The fertile coastes of *Cyprus* soile, which I my selfe first spyed.  
My selfe (a foreward boye) on highest top was plast,  
And there I saw the *Cyprian* shoare, whereto we sayld in haste.  
Which when I had declared unto the masters mate,  
He lepte for joye and thanked God, of that our happy state.  
"But what remaines to man, that can continue long?  
"What sunne can shine so cleare & bright but cloudes may  
ryse among?

Which sentence soone was proved, by our unhappy hap,  
We thought our selves full neere our friendes, & light in  
enemies lap.

## FLOWERS

The chiefe little in Cyprus. The *Turke* y<sup>t</sup> Tirant he, with siege had girte the walles,  
Of famous *Famagosta*\* then and sought to make them thralles.  
And as he laye by lande, in strong and stately trenche,  
So was his power prest by Sea, his Christian foes to drenche.  
Upon the waltring waves, his Foistes and Gallies fleet,  
More forrest like than orderly, for such a man most meete.  
This heavy sight once seene, we turnde our course apace,  
And set up al our sailes in haste, to give suche furie place.  
But out alas, our willes, and windes were contrarie,  
For raging blastes did blowe us still uppon our enimie.  
My father seeing then, whereto he needes must go,  
And that the mighty hand of God, had it appointed so,  
Most like a worthy knight (though certaine of his death)  
Gan cleane forget all wayling wordes, as lavishe of his breath.  
And to his Christian crewe, this (too shorte) tale he told,  
To comfort them which seemde to faint, & make the coward bold,  
"Fellowes in armes, quod hee, although I beare the charge,  
"And take upon mee chieftaines name, of this unhappy barge,  
"Yet are you all my pheares, and as one companie,  
"Wee must like true companions, togeather live and die,  
"You see quod hee our foes, with furious force at hand,  
"And in whose handes our handfull heere, unable is to stand,  
"What resteth then to doe, should we unto them yeeld ?  
"And wi[!]fully receive that yoke, which Christians cannot weld.  
"No sure, hereof be sure, our lives were so unsure,  
"And though we live, yet so to live, as better death endure.  
"To heare those hellishe fiendes in raging blasphemie,  
"Defye our onely Saviour, were this no miserie ?  
"To see the fowle abuse of boyes in tender yeeres,  
"The which I knowe must needes abhorre all honest Christians  
eares.  
"To see maides ravished, Wives, Women forst by feare,  
"And much more mischiefe than this time can let me utter  
here.  
"Alas, quod he, I tell not all, my tongue is tyde,  
"But all the slaveries on the earth, we should with them abide.  
"How much were better than, to dye in worthy wise,  
"And so to make our carkasses, a wylling Sacrifice ?  
"So shall we paye the debt, which unto God is due,

## FLOWERS

“So shall you die in his defence, who deind to die for you.  
“And who with hardy hand, most Turkish tikes can quell,  
“Let him accompt in conscience, to please his maker well.  
“You see, quod he, my sonne, wherewith hee lookt on mee,  
“Whome but a babe, yet have I brought, my partner here  
to bee.

“For him, I must confesse, my heart is pensive nowe,  
“To leave him lyving thus in youth, to die I know not how.  
“But since it pleaseth God, I may not murmure I,  
“If God had pleased we both should live, and as God wylle  
we dye.

Thus with a braying sigh, his noble tongue he stayde,  
Commaunding all the ordinaunce, in order to be laide.  
And placing all his men in order for to fight,  
Fell groveling styll upon his face, before them all in sight.  
And when in secreete so, he whispered had a while,  
He raisde his head with cheerefull looke, his sorrowes to beguile :  
And with the rest he prayde, to God in heaven on hie,  
Which ended thus, *Thou onely Lord, canst helpe in miserie.*  
This sayd (behold) the Turkes enclosde us round about,  
And seemde to wonder that we durst resist so great a rout.  
Wherat they doubt not long, for though our power was slender,  
We sent them signes by Canon shot, that we ment not to  
render.

Then might we see them chafe, then might we heare them  
rage,  
And all at once they bent their force, about our silly cage.  
Our ordinaunce bestowed, our men them selves defend,  
On every side so thicke beset, they might not long contend.  
But as their captaine wilde, eche man his force did strayne,  
To send a Turke (some two or three) unto the hellishe trayne,  
And he himselfe which sawe, he might no more abide,  
Did thrust amide the thickest throng, and so with honour died.  
With him there dyed like wise, his best aproved men,  
The rest did yeeld as men amazd, they had no courage then.  
Amongest the which my selfe, was tane by Turkes alas,  
And with the Turkes a turkish life, in *Turkie* must I passe.  
I was not done to death for so I often cravde,  
But like a slave before the Gattes, of *Famagosta* savde.  
That peece once put to sacke, I thither was conveyed,

## FLOWERS

And under savegard evermore, I silly boye was stayed.  
There dyd I see such sightes, as yet my heart do pricke,  
I sawe the noble \*Bragadine, when he was fleyd quicke.  
First like a slave enforst to beare to every breach,  
Two baskets laden full with earth \*Mustaffa dyd him teach.  
By whome he might not passe before he kyst the grounde,  
These cruell tormentes (yet with mo) that worthy souldior  
found.

His eares cut from his head, they set him in a chayre,  
And from a maine yard hoisted him aloft into the ayre,  
That so he might be shewed with crueltie and spight,  
Unto us all, whose weeping eyes dyd much abhorre the sight.  
Alas why do I thus with woefull wordes rehearse,  
These werye newes which all our heartes with pittie needes  
must pearce?

Well then to tell you forth, I stylly a slave remaind,  
To one, which *Prelybassa* hight, who held me stylly enchaind.  
With him I went to Seas into the gulfe of *Pant*,  
With many christians captives mo, which dyd their freedom  
wāt.

There with the Turkishe traine we were enforst to staye,  
With waltring stylly upon the waves, dyd waite for furder praye.  
For why? they had advise, that the *Venetian* fleete,  
Dyd floote in *Argostelly* then, with whome they hopte to meeete.  
And as they waltered thus with tides and billowes tost,  
Their hope had hap, for at the last they met them to their cost.  
As in *Oētober* last upon the seventh daye,  
They found the force of christian knightes addrest in good aray.  
And shall I trie my tong to tell the whole discourse,  
And howe they did encounter first, and howe they joynd in  
force?

Then harken nowe my lords, for sure my memorye,  
Doth yet recorde the very plot of all this victoriye,  
The christian crew came on, in forme of battayle pight,  
And like a cresent cast them selves preparing for to fight.  
On other side the Turkes, which trusted power to much,  
Disorderly did spread their force, the will of God was such.  
Well at the last they met, and first with cannones thunder,  
Eache other sought with furious force to slit their ships in  
sunder.

## FLOWERS

- The barkes are battered sore, the gallies galld with shot,  
The hulks are hit, and every man must stand unto his lot.  
The powder sendes his smoke into the cruddy skies,  
The smoulder stops our nose with stench, the fume offends  
our eies.  
The pots of lime unsleakt, from highest top are cast,  
The parched pease are not for got to make them slip as fast.  
The wilde fire works are wrought and cast in foemens face,  
The grapping hooks are stretched foorth, ye pikes are pusht  
a pace.  
The halbert[s] hewe on hed, the browne billes bruse the bones,  
The harquebush doth spit his spight, with pretie persing stones.  
The drummes crie dub a dub, the braying trumpets blow,  
The whistling fifes are seldom herd, these sounds do drowne  
thē so.
- The voyce of warlike wights, to comfort them that faynt,  
The pitious plaints of golden harts, which were with feares  
attaint.  
The groning of such ghosts as gasped nowe for breath,  
The praiers of the better sort, prepared unto death.  
And to be short, eache grieve which on the earth maye growe,  
Was eath and easie to be found, upon these floudes to flowe.  
If any sight on earth, maye unto hell resemble,  
Then sure this was a hellishe sighte, it makes me yet to  
tremble:  
And in this bloudie fight, when halfe the daye was spent,  
It pleased God to helpe his flocke, which thus in pouē was  
pent.
- The generall of *Spayne*, gan galld that galley sore,  
Where in my *Prely Bassa* was, and grievde it more and more:  
Upon that other side, with force of sworde and flame,  
The good *Venetian* Generall dyd charge upon the same.  
At leength they came aboerde, and in his raging pride,  
Stroke of this Turkish captains head, which blasphemed as  
it dide:  
Oh howe I feele the bloud nowe trickle in my brest,  
To thinke what joye then pierst my heart, and how I thought  
me blest.  
To see that cruell Turke which held me as his slave,  
By happie hand of Christians, his painment thus to have:

## FLOWERS

His head from shoulders cut, upon a Pike dyd stand,  
The which *Don John of Astrye*, helde in his triumphant hand.  
The boldest *Bassa* then, that dyd in life remaine,  
Gan tremble at the sight hereof, for privy grieve and paine.  
Thus when these fierce had fought, from morning untyl night,  
Christ gave his flocke the victory, and put his foes to flight:  
And of the Turkishe traine, were eyght score Galleys tane,  
Fifteene sunke, five and twenty burnt, & brought unto their  
bane,

Of Christians set at large were foureteene thousand soules,  
Turkes twentie thousand registred in *Belzebub* his rolles.  
Thus have you nowe my Lordes, the summe of all their fight,  
And trust it all for true I tell, for I was styll in sight:  
But when the Seas were calme, and skies began to cleare,  
When foes were all or dead or fled, and victors dyd appeare.  
Then every Christian sought amongst us for his friende,  
His kinsman or companion, some succour them to lende:  
And as they ransakte so, loe God his wyll it was,  
A noble wise *Venetian*, by me dyd chaunce to passe:  
Who gazing on my face, dyd seeme to lyke me well,  
And what my name, and whence I was, commaunded me  
to tel:

I now which waxed bolde, as one that scaped had,  
From deepest hell to highest heaven, began for to be glad:  
And with a lively sprite, began to pleade my case,  
And hid not from this worthy man, myne auntient worthy  
race:

And tolde my fathers name, and howe I dyd descende,  
From *Mountacutes* by Mothers side, nor there my tale dyd ende.  
But furthermore I tolde my Fathers late exployte,  
And how he left [landes,] goodes & life, to pay *son Dieu*  
*son droit*.

Nor of my selfe I craved so credited to bee,  
For lo there were remaining yet, *These foure whom here you see*.  
Which all were Englishe borne, and knewe I had not lyed,  
And were my Fathers souldiors eke, and sawe him how he  
dyed.

This grave *Venetian* who heard the famous name,  
Of *Mountacutes* rehersed there, which long had bene of fame  
In *Italy*, and he of selfe same worthy race,

The foure  
torche  
bearers, that  
came in with  
the Actor.

## FLOWERS

Gan straight with many curteous words, in arms me to  
imbrace.

And kyssed me on cheeke, and bad me make good cheere,  
And thank the mighty hand of God, for that which hapned  
there,

Confessing that he was him selfe a *Mountacute*,  
And bare the selfe same armes that I dyd quarter in my scute:  
And for a further prooфе, he shewed in his hat,  
This token which the *Mountacutes* dyd bear alwaies, for that  
They covet to be knowne from *Capels* where they passe,  
For auncient grutch which lög ago, twene these two houses was.  
Then tooke me by the hand, and ledde me so aboorde,  
His Galley: where there were yfeere, full many a comely  
Lorde :

The Actor  
had a token  
in his cap  
like to the  
*Mountacute*  
of Italie.

Of whome eyght *Mountacutes* dyd sitte in highest place,  
To whom this first declared first my name, and then my race:  
Lo Lordings here (quod he) a babe of our owne bloods,  
Whō Turks had tane, his father slaine, with losse of lands  
& goods :

See how God favours us, that I should find him nowe,  
I straunge to him, he straunge to mee, we met I know not  
howe.

But sure when I him saw, and gazed in his face,  
Me thought he was a *Mountacute*, I chose him by his grace.  
Herewith he dyd rehearse my Fathers valiaunt deede,  
For losse of whome eche *Mountacute*, did seeme in heart to  
bleede.

They all embrast me then, and straight as you may see,  
In comely garments trimde me up, as brave as brave may bee:  
I was in sackcloath I, nowe am I cladde in Golde,  
And weare such robes, as I my selfe take pleasure to beholde.  
Amongst their other giftes, *this token they me gave*,  
And bad me lyke a *Mountacute*, my selfe alway behave.  
Nowe hearken then my Lordes, I staying on the Seas  
In consort of these lovely Lordes, with comfort and with ease,  
Determined with them in *Italie* to dwell,  
And there by traine of youthfull yeeres in knowledge to excell.  
That so I might at last reedifye the walles,  
Which my good father had decaide by tossing fortunes balles.  
And while they slice the Seas to their desired shore,

The token  
that he dyd  
weare in  
his cappe.  
The Monta-  
cutes and  
capels in  
Italye do  
were tokens  
in their  
cappes to  
be knownen  
one from  
another.



## FLOWERS

Beholde a lytle gale began, encreasing more and more.  
At last with raging blast, which from Southeast dyd blowe,  
Gan sende our sailes upon these shores, which I ful wel did  
know.

I spyd the Chalkie Clyves upon the Kentishe coast,  
Whereby our Lande hight *Albyon*, as *Brutus* once dyd boast.  
Which I no sooner sawe, but to the rest I sayde,  
*Siate di buona voglia*, My Lordes be well apaide:  
I see by certayne signes these Tempestes have us cast,  
Upon my native countrey coastes with happy hap at last:  
And if your honours please this honour me to doo,  
In Englishe havens to harbour you, and see our Citties too:  
Lo *London* is not farre, whereas my friendes would bee,  
Right glad, with favour to requite your favour shewed to mee:  
Vouchsafe my Lordes (quod I) to stay upon this strand,  
And whiles your Barks be rigged new, remaine with me on  
land.

Who though I bee a Boye, my Father dead and slaine,  
Yet shall you see I have some friendes which wyll you  
entertaine.

These Noble men which are, the flowre of curtesie,  
Dyd not disdaine this my request, but tooke it thankfullie.  
And from their battered Barkes commaunded to be cast,  
Some \* *Gondalaes*, wherin upon our pleasant streames they past.  
Into the mo[u]th of *Thames*, thus dyd I them transport,  
And to *London* at the last, whereas I heard report,  
Even as we landed first, of this twise happie day,  
To thinke whereon I leapt for joye, as I both must and may.  
And to these lovely Lordes, which are *Magnificoes*,  
I dyd declare the whole discourse in order as it rose:  
That you my Lorde who are the chiefest *Mountacute*,  
And he whome Englishe *Mountacutes* their onely staye impute,  
Had found the meanes this daye to match your sonne and heire,  
In marriage with a worthy dame, which is both fresh and faire,  
And (as reportes are spread) of godly quallities,  
A virgin trayned from hit youth in godly exercise,  
Whose brother had like wise your daughter tane to wife,  
And so by double lynkes enchaynde themselves in lovers life:  
These noble *Mountacutes* which were from *Venice* droven,  
By tempest (as I tolde before) wherewith they long had stroven,

\* Venetian  
botes.

## FLOWERS

Gan nowe give thankes to God which so did them convay,  
To see such honours of their kinne in such a happie day.  
And straight they mee intreat, whom they might wel commaund,  
That I should come to you my Lord, first them to recommaund,  
And then this boone to crave, that under your protection,  
They might be bolde to enter here, devoyd of all suspicion,  
And so in friendly wise for to conselebrate,  
This happie match solemnized, according to your state.  
Lo this is all they crave, the which I can not doubt,  
But that your Lordship soone will graunt, with more, if  
more ye mought:

Yea were it for no more, but for the Curtesie,  
Which as I saye they shewde to me in greate extremitye:  
They are *Venetians*, and though from *Venice* reft,  
They come in such *Venecian* robes, as they on seas had left:  
And since they be your friendes, and kinsmen too by blood,  
I trust your entretainment will be to them right good:  
They will not tarry long, lo nowe I heare their drumme,  
Behold, lo nowe I see them here, in order howe they come,  
Receive them well my lord, so shall I praye all wayes,  
That God vouchsafe to blesse this house with many happie  
days.

After the maske was done, the Actor tooke master Tho. Bro.  
by the hand an[d] brought him to the Venetians, with  
these words :

**G**uardate *Signori* my lovely Lords behold,  
This is another *Mountacute*, hereof you may bee bold.  
Of such our patrone here, *The viscont Mountacute*,  
Hath many comely sequences, well sorted all in sute.  
But as I spied him first, I could not let him passe,  
I tooke the carde that likt me best, in order as it was.  
And here to you my lords, I do present the same,  
Make much of him, I pray you then, for he is of your name.  
For whome I dare advante, he may your Trounchman bee,  
Your herald and ambassadour, let him play all for me.



## FLOWERS

Then the Venetians embraced and received the same maister  
Tho. Browne, and after they had a while whispered with  
him, he torned to the Bridegromes and Brides, saying thus.

**B**Rother, these noblemen to you nowe have me sent,  
As for their Trounchman to expound the effect of their  
intent.

They bid me tell you then, they like your worthy choyce,  
And that they cannot choose therin but triumph and rejoice.  
As farre as gesse may give, they seeme to praise it well,  
They saye betweene your Ladyes eyes, doth *Gentilezza* dwell.  
I terme it as they doo, their english is but weake,  
And I (God knowes) am al to yong, beyond sea speach to  
speake.

And you my sister eke they seeme for to command,  
With such good wor[d]es as may beseeme a cosin and a friend.  
They lyke your chosen pheare, so praye they for your sake,  
That he maye alwayes be to you, a faythfull loving make.  
This in effect is all, but that they crave a boone,  
That you will give them licence yet, to come and see you soone.  
Then will they speake them selves, such english as they can,  
I feare much better then I speake, that am an english man.  
Lo nowe they take their leaves of you and of your dames,  
Here after shal you see their face and knowe them by their  
nam[e]s.

Then when they had taken their leaves the Actor  
did make an ende thus.

And I your *Servidore, vi bacio le mani*,  
These wordes I learnt amongst them yet, although I learnt  
not many.

Haud ictus sapio.

## FLOWERS

The refusal of a lover, writen to a gentlewoman who had refused him and chosen a husband (as he thought) much inferior to himselfe, both in knowledge, birth, and personage, wherin he bewraith both their names in clowdes, and how she was won from him with swete gloves, and broken ringes.

I Cannot wish thy griefe, although thou worke my woee,  
Since I profest to be thy friend, I cannot be thy foe :  
But if things done and past, might well be cald agayne,  
Then would I wishe the wasted wordes, which I have spent  
in vayne :

Were yet untold to thee, in earnest or in game,  
And that my doubtfull musing mind, had never thought ye  
same.

For whiles I thee beheld, in carefull thoughtes I spent,  
My liking lust, my luckelesse love which ever truely ment.  
And whiles I sought a meane, by pittie to procure,  
Too latte I found that gorged haukes, do not esteme the lure.  
This vaantage hast thou then, thou mayest wel brag and boast.  
Thou mightest have had a lustye lad of stature with the most,  
And eke of noble mind : his vertues nothing base,  
Do well declare that he desends, of auncient worthy race.  
Save that I \*not his name, and though I could it tell,  
My friendly pen shall let it passe, bicause I love him well. \* Know nc  
And thou hast chosen one of meaner parentage,  
Of stature smale and therewithall, unequall for thine age.  
His \*thewes unlike the first, yet hast thou hote desire,  
To play thee in his flitting flames, God graunt they prove not  
fire.

Him holdest thou as deare, and he thy Lord shall bee,  
(Too late alas) thou lovest him, that never loved thee.  
And for just profe hereof, marke what I tell is true,  
Some dismold daye shall chaunge his minde, and make him  
seeke a new.

Then wylt thou much repent, thy bargaine made in haste,  
And much lament those perfumd Gloves, which yeeld such  
sower taste,  
And eke the falsed faith, which lurkes in broken ringes,

## FLOWERS

Though hand in hand say otherwise, yet do I know such things.

Then shalt thou sing and saye, farewell my trusty Squyer,  
Would God my mind had yeelded once, unto thy just desire.  
Thus shalt thou wayle my want, and I thy great unrest,  
Which cruel *Cupid* kindled hath, within thy broken brest.  
Thus shalt thou find it grieve, which earst thou thoughtest game,  
And I shall heare the wearie newes, by true reporting fame.  
Lamenting thy mishap, in source of swelling teares,  
Harding my heart with cruell care, which frozen fansie beares.  
And though my just desert, thy pittie could not move,  
Yet wyl I washe in wayling wordes, thy careles childishe love.  
And saye as *Troylus* sayde, since that I can no more,  
Thy wanton wyl dyd waver once, and woe is me therefore.

Si fortunatus infelix.

¶ Pride in Court written by a Gentlewoman in Court, who (when shee was there placed) seemed to disdaine him, contrarie to a former profession.

**W**hen daunger keepes the doore, of Ladye bewties bowre,  
Whē jelouse toyes have chased Trust out of hir  
strōgest towre.

Then faith and trooth maye flye, then falsehood winnes the field,  
Then feeble naked faultlesse heartes, for lacke of fence must  
yeeld.

And then prevaines as much to hoppe against the hyll,  
As seeke by suite for to appease a froward Ladies wyll.  
For oathes and solempne vowes, are wasted then in vaine,  
And truth is compted but a toye, when such fond fancies raigne.  
The sentence sone is sayde, when will it selfe is Judge,  
And quickly is the quarrell pickt, when Ladies list to grudge.  
This sing I for my selfe, (which wroate this weary song)  
Who justly may complaine my case, if ever man had wrong.  
A Lady have I serv'd, a Lady have I lov'd,  
A Ladies good wyll once I had, hir yll wyll late I prov'd.  
In countrey first I knewe hir, in countrey first I caught hir,  
And out of countrey nowe in Court, to my cost have I sought  
hir.

## FLOWERS

In Court where Princes raigne, hir place is nowe assignde,  
And well were worthy for the roome, if she were not unkinde.  
There I (in wonted wise) dyd shewe my selfe of late,  
And found that as the soile was chang'd, so love was turnd  
to hate.

But why? God knowes, not I: save as I sayde before,  
Pitie is put from porters place, and daunger keepes the dore.  
If courting then have skill, to chaunge good Ladies so,  
God send eche wilful Dame in Court, some wound of my  
like wo.

That with a troubled head, she may both turne and tosse,  
In restlesse bed when she should sleepe and feele of love  
the losse.

And I (since porters put me from my wonted place)  
And deepe deceipte hath wrought a wyle to wrest me out  
of grace:

Wyll home againe to cart, as fitter were for mee,  
Then thus in court to serve and starve, where such proude  
porters bee.

Si fortunatus infælix.

**¶** This question being propounded by a Dame unto the  
Aucthour, to witte, why he should write Spreta tamen  
vivunt, he aunswere thus.

**D** Espyed things may live, although they pine in payne:  
And things ofte trodden under foote, may once yet  
rise againe.

The stone that lieth full lowe, may clime at last full hye:  
And stand a loft on stately tow'r's, in sight of every eye.  
The cruell Axe which felles the tree that grew full straight:  
Is worne with rust, when it renewes, and springeth up on  
height.

The rootes of rotten Reedes in swelling seas are seene:  
And when eche tide hath hast his worst, they grow againe  
ful greene.

Thus much to please my selfe, unpleasauntly I sing.  
And shrich to ease my morning minde, in spite of envies sting.

## FLOWERS

I am nowe set full light, who earst was dearely lov'd :  
Som new foūd choise is more estemd, than y<sup>r</sup> which wel  
was prov'd.

Some *Diomede* is crept into Dame *Cressides* hart :  
And trustie *Troylus* nowe is taught in vaine to playne his part.  
What resteth then for me? but thus to wade in wo :  
And hang in hope of better chaunce, when chaunge ap-  
pointeth so.

I see no sight on earth, but it to Chaunge enclines :  
As little clowdes oft overcast, the brightest Sunne that shines.  
No Flower is so freshe, but frost can it deface :  
No man so sure in any seate, but he maye leese his place.  
So that I stand content (though much against my mind)  
To take in worth this lothsome lot, which luck to me assynd,  
And trust to see the time, when they that nowe are up :  
May feele the whirlie of fortunes wheele, and tast of sorrowes  
cup.

God knoweth I wishe it not, it had bene bet for mee :  
Styll to have kept my quiet chayre in hap of high degree.  
But since without recure, Dame Chaunge in love must raigne :  
I now wish chaunge that sought no chaūge, but constāt  
did remaine.

And if suche chaunge do chaunce, I vowe to clap my hands,  
And laugh at them which laught at me: lo thus my fansie  
standes.

Spreta tamen vivunt.

¶ In trust is Treason, written by a Lover, leaning onelye  
to his Ladies promises, and finding them to fayle.

**T**He straightest Tree that growes upon one onely roote :  
If that roote fayle, wyll quickly fade, no props can do  
it boote.

I am that fading plant, which on thy grace dyd growe,  
Thy grace is gone wherefore I mone, and wither all in woe.  
The tallest ship that sailes, if shee too Ancors trust :  
When Ancors slip & Cables breake, her helpe lyes in the dust.  
I am the ship my selfe, mine Ancor was thy faith :

## FLOWERS

Which now is fled, thy promise broke, & I am driven to death.

Who climeth oft on hie, and trusts the rotten bowe:  
If that bow breake may catch a fall, such state stand I in now.  
Me thought I was a loft, and yet my seate full sure :  
Thy heart dyd seeme to me a rock which ever might endure.  
And see, it was but sand, whome seas of subtiltie :  
Have soked so with wanton waves, that faith was forst to flye.  
The flooddes of ficklenesse have undermined so,  
The first foundation of my joy, that myrth is ebb'd to wo.  
Yet at lowe water markes, I lye and wayte my time :  
To mend the breach, but all in vaine, it cannot passe the prime.  
For when the prime flood comes, which all this rage begoon :  
Then waves of wyll do worke so fast, my piles are over roon.  
Dutie and diligence which are my workmen there,  
Are glad to take up tooles in haste, and run away for feare.  
For fansie hath such force, it overfloweth all,  
And whispring tales do blow the blasts, that make it ryse  
& fall.

Thus in these tempests tost, my restles life doth stand :  
Because I builded on thy wo[rd]es, as I was borne in hand.  
Thou weart that only stake, whereby I ment to stay :  
Alas, alas, thou stoodst so weake, the hedge is borne away.  
By thee I thought to live, by thee now must I dye :  
I made thee my Phisicion, thou art my mallady.  
For thee I longde to live, for thee nowe welcome death :  
And welcome be that happie pang, that stops my gasping  
breath.

Twise happie were that axe, would cut my rotes downe right :  
And sacred were that swelling sea, which would consume me  
quight.  
Blest were that bowe would breake to bring downe climing  
youth,  
Which craks aloft, and quakes full oft, for feare of thine untruth.

Ferenda Natura.

## FLOWERS

The constancie of a lover hath thus sometimes bene  
briefly declared.

**T**hat selfe same tonge which first did thee entreat  
To linke thy liking with my lucky love :  
That trustie tonge must nowe these wordes repeate,  
*I love thee still*, my fancie cannot move.  
That dreadlesse hart which durst attempt the thought  
To win thy will with mine for to consent,  
Maintaines that vow which love in me first wrought,  
*I love thee still*, and never shall repent.  
That happie hande which hardly did touch,  
Thy tender body to my deepe delight :  
Shall serve with sword to prove my passion such  
*As loves thee still*, much more than it can write.  
Thus love I still with tongue, hand, hart and all,  
And when I chaunge, let vengeance on me fall.

Ferenda Natura.

**¶** The fruite of foes written to a Gentlewoman, who blamed  
him for writing his friendly advise in verse unto another  
lover of hyrs.

**T**He cruell hate which boyles within thy burning brest,  
And seekes to shape a sharpe revenge, on them y<sup>t</sup> love  
thee best :  
May warne all faithfull friendes, in case of jeopardie,  
Howe they shall put their harmelesse hands, betweene the  
barck & tree.  
And I among the rest, which wrote this weary song,  
Must nedes alledge in my defence, that thou hast done me  
wrong.  
For if in simple verse, I chaunc'd to touch thy name,  
And toucht the same without reproch, was I therefore to blame?  
And if (of great good will) I gave my best advise,  
Then thus to blame without cause why, me thinkes thou  
*art not wise.*

## FLOWERS

Amongst olde written tales, this one I beare in mind,  
A simple soule much like my selfe, dyd once a serpent find.  
Which (almost dead for colde) lay moyling in the myre,  
When he for pittie tooke it up, and bro[u]ght it to the fyre.  
No sooner was the Snake, recured of hir grieve,  
But straight shee sought to hurt the man, that lent hir such  
relieve.

Such Serpent seemest thou, such simple soule am I,  
That for the weight of my good wil, am blam'd without  
cause why.

But as it best beseemes, the harmelesse gentle hart,  
Rather to take an open wrong, than for to plaine his part:  
I must and will endure, thy spite without repent,  
The blame is mine, the triumph thine, and I am well content.

Meritum petere, grave.

A Lover often warned, and once againe droven into fantasticall  
flames by the chase of company, doth thus bewayle his  
misfortunes.

¶ That my race of youthfull yeeres had roon,  
Alwayes untyed, and not (but once) in thrall,  
Even I which had the fieldes of freedome woon,  
And liv'd at large, and playde with pleasurs ball:  
Lo nowe at last am tane agayne and taught,  
To tast such sorowes, as I never sought.

I love, I love, alas I love indeede,  
I crie alas but no man pityes me:  
My woundes are wide, yet seme they not to bleed,  
And hidden woundes are hardly heald we see.  
Such is my lucke to catch a sodain clappe,  
Of great mischaunce in seeking my good happe.

My morning minde which dwelt and dyed in dole,  
Sought company for solace of the same:  
My cares were cold, and craved comforts coale,  
To warme my will with flakes of friendly flame.  
I sought and found, I crav'd and did obtaine,  
I woon my wish, and yet I got no gaine.

## FLOWERS

For whiles I sought the cheare of company,  
Fayre fellowship did wonted woes revive:  
And craving medicne for my maladie,  
Dame pleasures plasters prov'd a corosive.  
So that by myrth, I reapt no fruite but mone,  
Much worse I fere, than when I was alone.

The cause is this, my lot did light to late,  
The Byrdes were floweren before I found the nest:  
The steede was stollen before I shut the gate,  
The cates consumd, before I smelt the feast.  
And I fond foole with emptie hand must call,  
The gorged Hauke, which likes no lure at all.

Thus still I toyle, to till the barraine land,  
And grope for grappes among the bramble briers:  
I strive to saile and yet I sticke on sand,  
I deeme to live, yet drowne in deepe desires.  
These lottes of love, are fitte for wanton will,  
Which findes too much, yet must be seeking still.

Meritum petere grave.

The lover encouraged by former examples, determineth  
to make vertue of necessitie.

**W**hen I record with in my musing mind,  
The noble names of wightes bewicht in love:  
Such solace for my selfe therin I finde,  
As nothing maye my fixed fansie move:  
But paciently I will endure my wo,  
Because I see the heavens ordayne it so.

For whiles I read and ryfle their estates,  
In every tale I note mine owne anoye:  
But whiles I marke the meanings of their mates,  
I seeme to swime in such a sugred joye,  
As did (parcase) entise them to delight,  
Though turnd at last, to drugges of sower despite.

## FLOWERS

Peruse (who list) *Dan Davids* perfect deeds,  
There shall he find the blot of *Bersabe*,  
Wheron to thinke, my heavy hart it bleedes,  
When I compare my love like hir to be:  
*Urias* wife before mine eyes that shines,  
And *David I*, from dutie that declines.

Then *Salomon* this princely Prophetes sonne,  
Did *Pharaos* daughter make him fall or no?  
Yes, yes, perdie his wisdome coulde not shoone,  
Hir subtil snares, nor from hir counsell go.  
I nam\* (as hee) the wisest wight of all,  
But well I wot, a woman holdes me thrall.

\* Am not.

So am I lyke the proude *Assirian* Knight,  
Which blasphem'd God, and all the world defied:  
Yet could a woman overcome his might,  
And daunt his force in all his Pompe and Pride.  
I *Holiferne*, am dronken brought to bead,  
My love lyke *Judith*, cutting of my head.

If I were strong, as some have made accompt,  
Whose force is like to that which *Sampson* had?  
If I be bolde, whose courage can surmount,  
The heart of *Hercules*, which nothing drad?  
Yet *Dalila*, and *Deyanyraes* love,  
Dyd teach them both, such panges as I must prove.

Well let these passe, and thinke on *Nasoes* name,  
Whose skilfull verse dyd flowe in learned style:  
Dyd hee (thinke you) not dote upon his Dame?  
*Corinna* fayre, dyd shee not him beguile?  
Yes God he knowes, for verse nor pleasaunt rymes,  
Can constant keepe, the key of *Cressides* crimes.

So that to ende my tale as I began,  
I see the good, the wise, the stoute, the bolde:  
The strongest champion and the learnedst man,  
Have bene and bee, by lust of love controlde.  
Which when [I] thinke, I hold me well content,  
To live in love, and never to repent.

Meritum petere, grave.

DAN BARTHOLMEW

✓ ✓ — Dhu 156-15  
*The delectable history of sundry*

adventures passed by Dan Bartholmew of Bathe.

The Reporter.

TO tell a tale without authoritye,  
Or fayne a Fable by invencion,  
That one proceedes of quicke capacitye,  
That other proves but small discretion,  
Yet have both one and other oft bene done.  
And if I were a Poet as some be,  
You might perhappes here some such tale of me.

But far I fynde my feeble skyll to faynt,  
To faine in figuris as the learned can,  
And yet my tongue is tyde by due constraint,  
To tell nothing but trueth of every man :  
I will assay even as I first began,  
To tell you nowe a tale and that of truth,  
Which I my selfe sawe proved in my youth.

I neede not seeke so farre in costes abrode, , ,  
As some men do, which write strange historyes,  
For whiles at home I made my cheife abode  
And sawe our lovers plaie their Tragedyes,  
I found enough which seemed to suffice,  
To set on worke farre finer wittes than mine,  
In paynting out the pangs which make them pine.

Amongst the rest I most remember one  
Which was to me a deere familyar friend,  
Whose doting dayes since they be paste and gone,  
And his annoye (neare) come unto an ende,  
Although he seeme his angry brow to bend,  
I wyll be bold (by his leave) for to tell,  
The restlesse state wherein he long dyd dwell.

## OF BATHE

Learned he was, and that became him best,  
For though by birth he came of worthy race,  
Yet beutie, byrth, brave personage, and the rest,  
In every choyce, must needes give learning place :  
And as for him he had so hard a grace,  
That by aspect he seemde a simple man,  
And yet by learning much renoune he wan.

His name I hide, and yet for this discourse,  
Let call his name *Dan Bartholmew of Bathe*,  
Since, in the ende he thither had recourse,  
And (as he sayd) dyd skamble there in skathe :  
In deede the rage which wrong him there, was rathe,  
As by this tale I thinke your selfe will gesse,  
And then (with me) his lothsome lyfe confesse.

For though he had in all his learned lore,  
Both redde good rules to bridle fantasie,  
And all good authours taugh[t] him evermore,  
To love the meane, and leave extremitie,  
Yet kind hath lent him such a qualitie,  
That at the last he quite forgat his bookees,  
And fastned fansie with the fairest lookees.

For prooфе, when greene youth lept out of his eye,  
And left him now a man of middle age,  
His happe was yet with wandring lookees to spie,  
A fayre yong impe of proper personage,  
Eke borne (as he) of honest parentage :  
And truth to tell, my skill it cannot serve,  
To praise hir bewtie as it dyd deserve.

First for hir head, the heeres were not of Gold,  
But of some other metall farre more fine,  
Whereof eache crinet seemed to behold,  
Like glistring wiers against the Sunne that shine,  
And therewithall the blazing of hir eyne,  
Was like the beames of *Titan*, truth to tell,  
Which glads us all that in this world do dwell.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

Upon hir cheekes the Lillie and the Rose,  
Did entremeete, with equall change of hewe,  
And in hir giftes no lacke I can suppose,  
But that at last (alas) she was untrue,  
Which flinging fault, because it is not new,  
Nor seldome scene in kits of *Cressides* kind,  
I marvaile not, nor beare it much in mind.

Dame Natures fruits, wherewith hir face was fraught,  
Were so frost bitten with the cold of craft,  
That all (save such as *Cupides* snares had caught)  
Might soone espie the fethers of his shaft:  
But *Bartholmew* his wits had so bedaft,  
That all seemd good which might of hir be gotten,  
Although it provde no sooner ripe than rotten.

That mouth of hirs which seemde to flowe with mell,  
In speche, in voice, in tender touch, in tast,  
That dympled chin wherein delight dyd dwell,  
That ruddy lippe wherein was pleasure plast,  
Those well shapt hands, fine armes and slender wast,  
With al the giftes which gave hir any grace,  
Were smiling baites which caught fond fooles apace.

Why strive I then to paint hir name with praise?  
Since forme and fruites were found so farre unlyke,  
Since of hir cage Inconstance kept the keyes,  
And Change had cast hir honoure downe in dike:  
Since fickle kind in hir the stroke did strike,  
I may no prayse unto a knife bequeath,  
With rust yfret, though paynted be the sheath.

But since I must a name to hir assigne,  
Let call hir now *Ferenda Natura*,  
And if thereat she seeme for to repine,  
No force at all, for hereof am I sure a,  
That since hir prankes were for the most unpure a,  
I can appoint hir well no better name,  
Than this where in dame *Nature* bears the blame.

## OF BATHE

And thus I say, when *Bartholmew* had spent  
His pride of youth (untide in linkes of love)  
Behold how happe contrary to intent,  
(Or destenies ordained from above,  
From which no wight on earth maye well remove)  
Presented to his vew this fierie dame,  
To kindle coles where earst had bene no flame.

Whome when he sawe to shine in seemely grace,  
And therewithall gan marke hir tender youth,  
He thought not like, that under such a face  
She could convey the treason of untruth :  
Whereby he vowed (alas the more his ruth)  
To serve this saynt for terme of all his life,  
Lo here both roote and rind of all his strife.

I cannot nowe in loving termes displaye  
His suite, his service, nor his sorie fare :  
His observaunces, nor his queynt aray,  
His skalding sighes, nor yet his cooling care,  
His wayting still to snatch himselfe in snare,  
I can not write what was his sweetest soure,  
For I my selfe was never Paramoure. —

But to conclude, much worth in litle writte,  
The highest flying hauke will stoupe at laste,  
The wildest beast is drawne with hungrye bitte  
To eate a homlye bayte some times in hast.  
The pricke of kinde can never be unplaste,  
And so it seemed by this dayntyne dame,  
Whome he at last with labour did reclame.

And when he had with mickel payne procured  
The calme consent of hir unweldie will,  
When he had hir by faith and troth assured,  
To like him beste, and aye to love him still,  
When fansie had of flatterie fedde his fill,  
I not discerne to tell my tale aright,  
What man but he had ever such delight?



## DAN BARTHOLMEW

The lingring dayes he spent in trifling toyes,  
To whette the tooles which carved his contente:  
The poasting nightes he past in pleasing joyes,  
Wearing the webbe which love to him had lente:  
In such a pinfolde were his pleasures pent  
That selde he could hir company eschewe,  
Or leave such lookes as might his \*sport renewe.

\* Lacke.

But if by force he forced were to parte,  
Then mighte you see howe fansie fedde his minde,  
Then all alone he mused on his marte.  
All company seemde then (but hirs) unkind:  
Then sent he tokenes true love for to bind,  
Then wrote he letters, lines and loving layes,  
So to beguile his absent dolefull dayes.

And since I know as others eake can tell,  
What skyll he had, and howe he could endite,  
Mee thinkes I cannot better doe than well,  
To set downe here, his ditties of delyght,  
For so at least I maye my selfe acquite,  
And vaunt to shewe some verses yet unknowne,  
Well worthy prayse though none of them myne owne.

No force for that, take you them as they be,  
Since mine emprise is but to make report:  
Imagine then, before you that you see  
A wight bewitcht in many a subtile sort,  
A Lover lodgd in pleasures princely port,  
Vaunting in verse what joyes he dyd possesse,  
His triumphes here I thinke wyll shewe no lesse.

### Dan Bartholmew his first Triumphe.

**R**esigne king *Priams* sonnes, that princes were in *Troy*,  
Resigne to me your happy dayes, and boast no more of  
joy:  
Syr *Paris* first stand forth make aunswere for thy pheare,  
And if thou canst defend hir cause, whome *Troy* did bye so  
deare:

## OF BATHE

What? blush not man, be bold, although thou beare some  
blame,

Tell truth at last, and so be sure to save thy selfe from shame.  
Then gentle Sheapheard say: what madnesse dyd thee move,  
To choose of all the flowers in *Greece*, foule *Helene* for thy  
love?

Needs must I coumpt hir foule, whose first frutes were  
forlorne,

Although she solde hir seconde chaffe, above the price of corne.  
Alas, shee made of thee, a noddye for the nonce,  
For *Menelaus* lost hir twise, though thou hir foundst but once.  
But yet if in thine eye, shee seemde a peerelesse preece,  
Aske *Theseus* ye mighty Duke, what towns she knew in *Greece*?  
Aske him what made hir leave hir wofull aged sire,  
And steale to *Athens* gyglot like: what? what but foule desire?  
Alas poore *Paris* thou didst nothing else but gleane,  
The partched eares which he cast by, when he had reaped  
cleane:

He slivde the gentle slippe, which could both twist and twind,  
And growing left the broken braunch, for thē that came  
behind,

Yet hast thou fild the world with brute, (the more thy blame,)  
And sayest, that *Hellens* bewty past each other stately dame,  
For profe thou canst alledge the tast of ten years warre,  
And how hir blazing beames first brought both *Greece* &  
*Troy* to jarre.

No no, thou art deceivde, the drugs of foule despite,  
Did worke in *Menelaus* will, not losse of such delighte,  
Not love, but lothsome hate, not dolour, but disdain,  
Did make him selfe a sharpe revēge, til both his foes were  
slain,

Thy brother *Troylus* eke, that gemme of gentle deeds,  
To thinke howe he abused was, alas my heart it bleedes:  
He bet about the bushe, whiles other caught the birds,  
Whome crafty *Gressida* mockt to muche, yet fede him still  
with words.

And god he knoweth not I, who pluckt hir first sprong rose,  
Since *Lellius* and *Chaucer* both, make doubt upon that glose.  
But this I knowe to well, and he to farre it felte,  
How *Diomede* undid his knots, & caught both brooch and belt,



## DAN BARTHOLMEW

And how she chose to change, and how she changed still,  
And how she dyed leaper like, against hir lovers will.  
Content you then good knightes, your triumphe to resigne,  
Confesse your starres both dimme and darke, wheras my sunne  
doth shine:

For this I dare avow, without vaunt be it told,  
My derling is more faire than she, for whome proud *Troy* was  
solde.

More constant to conteyne, than *Cresside* to be coy,  
No *Calcas* can contrive the craft, to traine hir out of *Troye*,  
No *Diomede* can drawe hir setled harte to change,  
No madding moode can move hir mind, nor make hir thoughtes  
to range.

For hir alone it is, that *Cupide* blindfolde goes,  
And dare not looke for feare least he his libertie should loose:  
At hir dame *Venus* chafes, and pines in jelowsie,  
Least bloudy *Mars* should hir espie, and chang his fantasie,  
Of hir the *Quene* of Heaven doth stand in dreadfull doubt,  
Least *Jove* should melte in drops of gold, if once he find hir  
out.

Oh that my tonge had skill, to tell hir prayse aright,  
Or that my pen hir due desertes, in worthy verse could write:  
Or that my minde could muse, or happie heart conceive,  
Some words that might resound hir worth, by high *Minervas*  
leave.

Oh how the blooming joyes, do blossome in my brest,  
To think within my secret thought, how far she steines ye rest.  
Me thinkes I heare hir speake, me thinkes I see hir still,  
Me thinkes I feele hir feelingly, me thinkes I know hir will.  
Me thinkes I see the states which sue to hir for grace,  
Me thinkes I see one looke of hirs repulse them all apace.  
Me thinkes that houre is yet, and evermore shall be,  
Wherein my happie happe was first, hir heavenly face to see:  
Wherein I spide the writte, which woond betweene hir eyne,  
And sayd behold, be bold, for *I*, am borne to be but thine.  
Me thinks I feele the joyes, which never yet were felt,  
Whome flame before yet never toucht, me thinks I feele them  
melt.

One word & there an end, me thinks she is the sunne,  
Which only shineth now a daies, she dead, ye world were done.

## OF BATHE

The rest are twinkling starres, or Moones which borow light,  
To comfort other carefull soules, which wander in the night.  
And night God knowes it is, where other Ladies bee, —  
For sure my dame adornes the day, there is no sunne but shee.  
Then lovers by your leave, and thinke it nothing strange,  
Although I seme with calme content, in seas of joyes to range:  
For why, my sailes have found both wind and waves at wyll,  
And depthes of all delightes in hir, with whome I travell styll.  
And ancors being wayed, I leave you all at large,  
To steare this seemelye Shippe my selfe, suche is my mistresse  
charge.

Fato non fortuna.

Dan Bartholmew his second Triumphe.

12  
F Ye pleasure fye, thou cloyst me with delight,  
Thou fylst my mouth with sweete meates overmuch,  
I wallowe styll in joye both daye and night.  
I deeme, I dreame, I doe, I taste, I touch:  
No thing but all that smelles of perfect blisse,  
Fye pleasure fye, I cannot like of this.

To taste (sometimes) a baite of bytter gall,  
To drinke a draught of sower Ale (some season)  
To eate browne bread with homely handes in Hall  
Doth much encrease mens appetites by reason:  
And makes the sweete more sugred that ensewes, —  
Since mindes of men do styll seeke after newes.

The pampered horse is seldome seene in breath,  
Whose maunger makes his greace (oftimes) to melt,  
The crammed Fowle comes quickly to his death.  
Such coldes they catche in hottest happenes that swelt.  
And I (much like) in pleasure scawled styll,  
Doe feare to starve although I feede my fill.

It might suffice that love hath built his bowre,  
Betwene my Ladies lively shynning eyes,  
It were inough that Bewties fading flowre:  
Growes ever freshe with hir in heavenly wise.  
It had bene well that shee were faire of face,  
And yet not robbe all other Dames of grace.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

To muse in minde, how wise, how faire, how good,  
How brave, howe franke, how curteous, and how true,  
My Lad[y] is: doth but inflame my blood,  
With humors such, as byd my health adue.  
Since happe alwaies when it is clombe on hye,  
Doth fall full lowe, though earst it reachte the Skye.

Lo pleasure lo, lo thus I leade a life,  
That laughes for joye, and trembleth oft for dread,  
Thy panges are such as call for changes knife,  
To cut the twist, or else to stretch the thread,  
Which holdes yfeere the bondell of my blisse,  
Fye pleasure fye, I dare not trust to this.

Fato non fortuna.

Dan Bartholmewes his third Triumphe.

YF ever man yet found the bathe of perfect blisse,  
Then swimme I now amid the seas where nought but  
pleasure is.

>I love and am beloved, without vaunt be it tolde,  
Of one more faire then she of *Greece*, for whome proud *Troy*  
was solde.

As bountifull and good as *Cleopatra Queene*,  
As constant as *Penelope*, unto her make was seene.  
What would you more? my penne, unable is to write,  
The least desert that seemes to shine within this worthy wight.  
So that (for nowe) I ceasse with handes helde up on hye.  
And crave of God that when I chaunge, I may be forst to dye.

Fato non Fortuna.

The Reporter.

T Hese vaunting verses with a many mo,  
(To his mishap) have come unto my handes,  
Whereof the rest (bicause he sayled so,  
In braggers boate which set it selfe on sandes,  
And brought him eke fast bound in follyes bands)  
Of curtesie I keepe them from your sight,  
Let these suffice which of my selfe I write.

## OF BATHE

The highest tree that ever yet could growe,  
Although full fayre it florish't for a season,  
Founde yet at last some fall to bring it lowe,  
This olde sayd sawe is (God he knoweth) not geason:  
For when things passe the reach and bounds of reason,  
They fall at last, although they stand a time,  
And bruse the more, the higher that they clime.

• So *Bartholmew* unto his paine dyd prove,  
For when he thought his hap to be most hye,  
And that he onely reapt the fruictes of love,  
And that he swelt in all prosperitie,  
His comfort chaunged to calamitie:  
And though I doe him wrong to tell the same,  
Yet reade it you, and let me beare the blame.

• The Saint he serv'd became a craftie devill,  
His goddesse to an Idol seemde to chaunge,  
Thus all his good transformed into evill,  
And every joy to raging grieve dyd raunge:  
Which *Metamorphosis* was marvels straunge:  
Yet shall you seldomе otherwise it prove,  
Where wicked Lust doth beare the name of Love.

This sodaine chaunge when he began to spye,  
And colde suspect into his minde had crept,  
He bounst and bet his head tormentingly,  
And from all company him selfe he kept,  
Wherby so farre in stormes of strife he stept,  
That nowe he seemed an Image not a man,  
His eyes so dead, his colour waxt so wan.

And I which alwayes beare him great good wyll,  
(Although I knew the cause of all his grieve,  
And what had trainde and tysed him theretyll,  
And plaine to speake, what moved his mischiefe)  
Yet since I sought to ease him with relief:  
I dyd become importunate to knowe,  
The secreete cause whereon this grudge should growe.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

At last with much ado, his trembling tonge,  
Bewrayde the effect of his unwylling wyll,  
Which here to tell since it were all to longe,  
And I therewith too barren am of skyll,  
And trouble you with tedious tydinges stylle,  
Content you now to heare himselfe rehearse,  
His strange affectes in his lamenting verse.

Which verse he wrote at *Bathe* (as earst was sayd)  
And there I sawe him when he wrote the same,  
I sawe him there with many moanes dismaide,  
I sawe him there both fryse and flashe in flame,  
I sawe him greev'd when others made good game:  
And so appeareth by his darke discourse,  
The which to reade I crave your just remorse.

### *Dan Bartholmewes Dolorous discourses.*

*105*  
I Have entreated care to cut the thread,  
Which all to long hath held my lingring life,  
And here aloofe nowe have I hyd my head,  
From company thereby to stint my strife.  
This solitarye place doth please me best,  
Where I may weare my wylling mind with moane,  
And where the sighes which boyle out of my brest,  
May skald my heart, and yet the cause unknowne.  
All this I doe, for thee my sweetest sowre,  
For whome (of yore) I counted not of care,  
For whome with hungrie jawes I dyd devoure  
The secrete baite which lurked in the snare:  
For whome I thought all forreine pleasures paine,  
For whome againe, all paine dyd pleasure seeme,  
But onely thine, I found all fansies vaine,  
But onely thine, I dyd no dolours deeme.  
Such was the rage, that whilome dyd possesse,  
The privie corners of my mazed mind:  
When hote desire, dyd compt those tormentes lesse  
Which gaind the gaze that dyd my freedome bind.

## OF BATHE

And now (with care) I can record those dayes,  
And call to mind the quiet lyfe I led,  
Before I first beheld thy golden rayes,  
When thine untrouth yet troubled not my hed.  
Remember thou, as I can not forget,  
Howe I had layde, both love, and lust aside,  
And howe I had my fixed fancie set,  
In constant vowe, for ever to abide.  
The bitter prooфе of panges in pleasure past,  
The costlye tast, of hony mixt with gall:  
The painted heaven, which turnde to hell at last.  
The freedome faide, which brought me but to thrall.  
The lingring sute, well fed with freshe delayes,  
The wasted vowes which fled with every winde:  
The restlesse nightes, to purchase pleasing dayes,  
The toyling daies to please my restlesse minde.  
All these (with mo) had brused so my brest,  
And graft such grefe within my groning heart,  
That had I left Dame fansie and the rest,  
To greener yeeres, which might endure the smart.  
My wearie bones did beare away the skarres,  
Of many a wound received by disdaine:  
So that I found the fruite of all those warres,  
To be naught else but panges of unknownen paine.  
And nowe mine eyes were shut from such delight,  
My fansie faint, my hote desires were colde,  
When cruell hap, presented to my sight  
The maydens face, in yeeres which were not olde.  
I thinke the Goddessesse of revenge devisde,  
So to bee wreackt on my rebelling wyll,  
Bicause I had in youthfull yeeres dispisde,  
To taste the baites, which tyste my fansie stylle.  
Howe so it were, God knowes, I cannot tell:  
But if I lye, you Heavens, the plague be mine,  
I sawe no sooner, how delight dyd dwell  
Betweene those litle infantes eyes of thine,  
But straight a sparkling cole of quicke desire,  
Dyd kindle flame within my frozen heart,  
And yelding fansie softly blewe the fire,  
Which since hath bene the cause of all my smart.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

who  
ld say:

What neede I say? thy selfe for me can sweare,  
Howe much I tendred thee in tender yeares:  
Thy life was then to me (God knowes) full deare,  
My life to thee is light, as nowe appeares.  
I loved the first, and shall do to my last,  
Thou flattredst first, and so thou wouldest do stylly:  
For love of thee full many paines I past,  
For deadly hate thou seekest me to kyll.  
I cannot nowe, with manly tongue rehearse,  
How sone that melting mind of thine dyd yelde,  
I shame to write, in this waymenting verse,  
With howe small fight, I vanquisht thee in fielde:  
But *Cæsar* he, which all the world subdude,  
Was never yet so proude of Victorye,  
Nor *Hanyball*, with martiall feates endude,  
Dyd so much please himselfe in pollicie,  
As I (poore I) dyd seeme to triumphe then,  
When first I got the Bulwarkes of thy brest,  
With hote Alarmes I comforted my men,  
In formost ranke I stooode before the rest,  
And shooke my flagge, not all to shewe my force,  
But that thou mightst thereby perceive my minde:  
Askaunces\* lo, nowe coulde I kyll thy corce,  
And yet my life is unto thee resinde.  
Well let this passe, and thinke uppon the joye,  
The mutuall love, the confidence, the trust,  
Whereby we both abandoned annoye,  
And fed our mindes with fruites of lovely lust.  
Thinke on the Tythe, of kysses got by stealth,  
Of sweete embracinges shortened by feare.  
Remember that which did maintaine our helth,  
Alas alas why shoulde I name it here.  
And in the midst of all those happie dayes,  
Do not forget the chaunges of my chaunce,  
When in the depth of many waywarde wayes,  
I onely sought, what might thy state advaunce.  
Thou must confesse how much I carde for thee,  
When of my selfe, I carde not for my selfe, q6  
And when my hap was in mishappes to be,  
Esteemed thee more, than al the worldly pelfe.

## OF BATHE

Mine absente thoughtes did beate on thee alone,  
When thou hadst found a fond and newfound choice:  
For lacke of thee I sunke in endlesse mone,  
When thou in chaunge didst tumble and rejoyce.  
O mighty goddes needes must I honor you,  
Needes must I judge your judgmentes to be just,  
Bicause she did for sake him that was true,  
And with false love, did cloke a fained luste.  
By high decrees, you ordayned the chaunge,  
To light on such, as she must needes mislike,  
A meete rewarde for such as like to raunge,  
When fansies force, their feeble fleshe doth strike.  
But did I then give brydle to thy fall,  
Thou head strong thou accuse me if thou can?  
Did I not hazard love yea life and all,  
To warde thy will, from that unworthy man?  
And when by toyle I travayled to finde,  
The secrete causes of thy madding moode,  
I found naught else but tricks of Cressides kinde,  
Which playnly provde, that thou weart of hir bloud. —  
I found that absent Troylus was forgot,  
When Dyomede had got both brooch and belt,  
Both glove and hand, yea harte and all god wot,  
When absent Troylus did in sorowes swelt.  
These tricks (with mo) thou knowst thy self I found,  
Which nowe are needelesse here for to reherse,  
Unlesse it were to touche a tender wound,  
With corosives my panting heart to perse.  
But as the Hounde is counted little worth,  
Which giveth over for a losse or twaine,  
And cannot find the meanes to single forth  
The stricken Deare which doth in heard remaine:  
Or as the kindly Spaniell which hath sprong  
The pretie Partriche, for the Falcons flight,  
Doth never spare but thrusts the thornes among,  
To bring this byrd yet once againe to sight,  
And though he knowe by prooфе (yea dearely bought)  
That selde or never, for his owne availe,  
This wearie worke of his in vaine is wrought,  
Yet spares he not but labors tooth and nayle.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

So labord I to save thy wandring shippe,  
Which recklesse then, was running on the rockes,  
And though I saw thee seeme to hang the lyppe,  
And set my great good wyll, as light as flockes:  
Yet hauld I in, the mayne sheate of the minde,  
And stayed thy course by ancors of advice,  
I woon thy wyll into a better winde,  
To save thy ware, which was of precious price.  
And when I had so harbored thy Barke,  
In happy haven, which saufer was than Dover,  
The Admyrall, which knewe it by the marke,  
Streight challengde all, and sayd thou wert a rover.  
Then was I forst in thy behalfe to pleade,  
Yea so I dyd, the Judge can saye no lesse,  
And whiles in toyle, this lothsome life I leade,  
Camest thou thy selfe the faulfe for to confesse,  
And downe on knee before thy cruell foe,  
Dydst pardon crave, accusing me for all,  
And saydst I was the cause, that thou didst so,  
And that I spoone the thred of all thy thrall.  
Not so content, thou furthermore didst sweare  
That of thy selfe thou never ment to swerve,  
For proove wheroft thou didst the colours weare,  
Which might bewray, what saint thou ment to serve.  
And that thy blood was sacrificed eke,  
To manyfest thy stedfast martyrd mynde,  
Till I perforce, constrainyd thee for to seeke,  
These raging seas, adventures there to finde.  
Alas, alas, and out alas for me,  
Who am enforced, thus for to repeate  
The false reports and cloked guyles of thee,  
Whereon (to oft) my restlesse thoughts do beate.  
But thus it was, and thus God knowes it is.  
Which when I founde by playne and perfect proove,  
My musing minde then thought it not amisse,  
To shrinke aside, lamenting all aloofe,  
And so to beate my simple shiflesse brayne,  
For some device, that might redeeme thy state.  
Lo here the cause, for why I take this payne,  
Lo how I love the wight which me doth hate:

These  
things are  
mystical and  
not to bee  
understoode  
but by  
Thauethour  
him selfe.

## OF BATHE

Lo thus I lye, and restlesse rest in Bathe,  
Whereas I bathe not now in blisse pardie,  
But boyle in Bale and skamble thus in skathe,  
Bycause I thinke on thine unconstancie.

And wylt thou knowe howe here I spend my time,  
And howe I drawe my dayes in dolours styll?  
Then staye a while: give eare unto my rime,  
So shalt thou know the weight of all my wyll.

When *Titan* is constrained to forsake,  
His Lemans couche, and clymeth to his carte,  
Then I begin to languishe for thy sake,  
And with a sigh, which maye bewray my smarte,  
I cleare mine eyes whome gumme of teares had glewed,  
And up on foote I set my ghostly corse,  
And when the stony walles have oft renewed  
My pittious plaintes, with *Ecchoes* of remorse,  
Then doe I crye and call upon thy name,  
And thus I saye, thou curst and cruell bothe,  
Beholde the man, which taketh grieve for game,  
And loveth them, which most his name doe lothe.

Behold the man which ever truely ment,  
And yet accusde as auþhour of thine yll,  
Behold the man, which all his life hath spent  
To serve thy selfe, and aye to worke thy wyll:  
Behold the man, which onely for thy love,  
Dyd love himselfe, whome else he set but light:  
Behold the man, whose blood (for thy behove)  
Was ever prest to shed it selfe outright.

And canst thou nowe condemne his loyaltie?  
And canst thou craft to flatter such a friend?  
And canst thou see him sincke in jeoperdie?  
And canst thou seeke to bring his life to ende?  
Is this the right reward for such desart?  
Is this the fruite of seede so timely sowne?  
Is this the price, appointed for his part?  
Shall trueth be thus by treason overthowne?

Then farewell faith, thou art no womans pheare:  
And with that word I staye my tongue in time,  
With rolling eyes I loke about eache where,  
Least any man should heare my raving rime.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

Another  
misterie.

And all in rage, enraged as I am,  
I take my sheete, my slippers and my Gowne,  
And in the *Bathe* from whence but late I came,  
I cast my selfe in dollours there to drowne.  
There all alone I can my selfe conveye,  
Into some corner where I sit unseene,  
And to my selfe (there naked) can I saye,  
Behold these braunefalne armes which once have bene  
Both large and lustie, able for to fight,  
Nowe are they weake, and wearishe God he knowes  
Unable now to daunt the fowle despight,  
Which is presented by my cruel foes.  
My thighes are thin, my body lanck and leane,  
It hath no bumbast now, but skin and bones:  
And on mine Elbowe as I lye and leane,  
I see a trustie token for the nones.  
I spie a bracelet bounde about mine arme,  
Which to my shaddowe seemeth thus to saye,  
*Believe not me: for I was but a Charme,*  
To make thee sleepe, when others went to playe.  
And as I gaze thus galded all with grieve,  
I finde it fazed almost quite in sunder,  
Then thinke I thus: thus wasteth my relieve,  
And though I fade, yet to the world, no wonder.  
For as this lace, by leysure learnes to weare,  
So must I faint, even as the Candle wasteth,  
These thoughts (deere sweet) within my brest I beare,  
And to my long home, thus my life it hasteth.  
Herewith I [f]eеле the dropes of sweltring sweate,  
Which trickle downe my face, enforced so,  
And in my body feele I lykewise beate,  
A burning heart which toseth too and fro.  
Thus all in flames I sinderlyke consume,  
And were it not that wanhope lendes me wynde,  
Soone might I fret my fa[n]cyes all in fume,  
And lyke a Ghost my ghost his grave might finde.  
But frysing hope doth blowe ful in my face,  
And colde of cares becommes my cordiall,  
So that I styl endure that yrksome place,  
Where sorrowe seethes to skalde my skinne withal.

## OF BATHE

And when from thence or company me dri[ve]s,  
Or weary woes do make me change my seate,  
Then in my bed my restlesse paines revives,  
Until my fellowes call me downe to meate.

And when I ryse, my corpse for to araye,  
I take the glasse, sometimes (but not for pride,  
For God he knowes my minde is not so gaye)  
But for I would in comelynesse abyde:

I take the glasse, wherein I seeme to see,  
Such wythred wrinkles and so fowle disgrace,  
That lytle marvaile seemeth it to mee,  
Though thou so well dydste like the noble face.  
The noble face was faire and freshe of hewe,  
My wrinckled face is fowle and fadeth fast:  
The noble face was unto thee but newe,  
My wrinckled face is olde and cleane outcast:  
The noble face might move thee with delight,  
My wrinckled face could never please thine eye:  
Loe thus of crime I covet thee to quite.

Another  
misterie.

— And stylly accuse my selfe of Surcuydry:  
As one that am unworthy to enjoye,  
The lasting fruite of suche a love as thine,  
Thus am I tickled stylly with every toye,  
And when my Fellowes call me downe to dyne,  
No chaunge of meate provokes mine appetite,  
Nor sauce can serve to taste my meates withall,  
Then I devise the juyce of grapes to dight,  
For Sugar and for Sinamon I call,  
For Ginger, Graines, and for eche other spice,  
Wherewith I mixe the noble Wine apace,  
My Fellowes prayse the depth of my devise,  
And saye it is as good as Ippocrace.  
As Ippocrace saye I? and then I swelt,  
My faynting lymmes straight fall into a sowne,  
Before the taste of Ippocrace is felt,  
The naked name in dollours doth mee drowne,  
For then I call unto my troubled mynde,  
That Ippocrace hath bene thy daylye drinke,  
That Ippocrace hath walke with everye winde.  
In bottels that were fylled to the brinke,

Another  
misterie.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

With Ippocrace thou banquetedst full ofte,  
With Ippocrace thou madst thy selfe full merrye,  
Such cheere had set thy new love so alofte,  
That olde love nowe was scarcely worth a cherry.  
And then againe I fall into a traunce,  
But when my breth returnes against my wyll,  
Before my tongue can tell my wofull chaunce,  
I heare my fellowes how they whisper still.  
One sayth that Ippocrace is contrary,  
Unto my nature and complexion,  
Whereby they judge that all my malladye,  
Was long of that by alteration.  
An other sayth, no, no this man is weake,  
And for such weake, so hote thinges are not best,  
Then at the last I heare no lyar speake,  
But one which knowes the cause of mine unrest,  
And sayth, this man is (for my life) in love,  
He hath received repulse, or dronke disdaine.  
Alas crye I: and ere I can remove,  
Into a sowne I sone returne againe.  
Thus drive I foorth, my doolefull dining time,  
And trouble others with my troubles styll,  
But when I here, the Bell hath passed prime,  
Into the Bathe I wallowe by my wyll,  
That there my teares (unsene) might ease my grieve,  
For though I starve yet have I fed my fill,  
In privie panges I count my best relife.  
And still I strive in weary woes to drench,  
But when I plondge, than woe is at an ebbe,  
My glowing coles are all to quicke to quenche.  
And I (to warme) am wrapped in the webbe,  
Which makes me swim against the wished wave,  
Lo thus (deare wenche) I leade a lothsome life,  
And greedely I seeke the greedy grave,  
To make an ende of all these stormes and strife,  
But death is deafe, and heares not my desire,  
So that my dayes continewe styl in dole,  
And in my nightes I feele the secrete fire,  
Which close in embers, coucheth lyke a cole,  
And in the daye hath bene but raked up,

## OF BATHE

With covering ashes of my company,  
Now breakes it out, and boyles the careful cuppe,  
Which in my heart doth hang full heavily.  
I melt in teares, I swelt in chilling sweat,  
My swelling heart, breakes with delay of paine,  
I freeze in hope, yet burne in haste of heate,  
I wishe for death, and yet in life remaine.  
And when dead sleepe doth close my dazeled eyes,  
Then dreadful dreames my dolors do encrease.  
Me thinkes I lie awake in wofull wise,  
And see thee come, my sorrowes for to cease.  
Me seemes thou saist (my good) what meaneth this?  
What ayles thee thus to languish and lament?  
How can it be that bathing all in blisse:  
Such cause unknownne disquiets thy content?  
Thou doest me wrong to keepe so close from me  
The grudge or grieve, which gripeth now thy heart,  
For well thou knowest, I must thy partner be  
In bale, in blisse, in solace, and in smarte.  
Alas, alas, these things I deeme in dreames,  
But when mine eyes are open and awake,  
I see not thee: where with the flowing stremes,  
Of brinische teares their wonted floods do make.  
Thus as thou seest I spend both nightes and dayes,  
And for I find the world did judge me once,  
A witlesse wryter of these lovers layes,  
I take my pen and paper for the nonce,  
I laye aside this foolishe ryding rime,  
And as my troubled head can bring to passe,  
I thus bewray the torments of my time:  
Beare with my Muse, it is not as it was.

Fato non fortuna.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

The extremitie of his Passion.

A Mong the toyes which tosse my braine,  
and reave my mind from quiet rest,  
This one I finde, doth there remaine,  
to breed debate within my brest.  
When wo would work, to wound my wyl,  
I cannot weepe, nor waile my fyll.  
My tongue hath not the skill to tell,  
the smallest grieve which gripes my heart,  
Mine eyes have not the power to swell,  
into such Seas of secrete smart,  
That will might melt to waves of woe,  
and I might swelt in sorrowes so.  
Yet shed mine eyes no trickling teares,  
but flouddes which flowe abundauntly,  
Whose fountaine first enforst by feares,  
found out the gappe of jelousie.  
And by that breache, it soketh so,  
that all my face, is styll on flowe.  
My voice is like the raging wind,  
which roareth still, and never staies,  
The thoughtes which tomble in my minde,  
are like the wheele which whirles alwayes,  
Nowe here, nowe there, nowe up, now downe,  
in depth of waves, yet cannot drowne.  
The sighes which boyle out of my brest,  
are not lyke those, which others use,  
For lovers sighes, sometimes take rest,  
And lend their mindes, a leave to muse.  
But mine are like the surging Seas,  
whome calme nor quiet can appeas.  
And yet they be but sorrowes smoke,  
my brest the fordge where furie playes,  
My panting heart, yt strikes the stroke,  
my fancie blowes the flame alwaies,  
The coles are kindled by desire,  
and Cupide warmes him by the fire.

## OF BATHE

Thus can I neyther drowne in dole,  
nor burne to ashes though I waste,  
Mine eyes can neyther quenche the cole,  
which warmes my heart in all this haste.  
Nor yet my fancie make such flame,  
that I may smoulder in the same.

Wherefore I come to seeke out Care,  
beseeching him of curtesie,  
To cut the thread which cannot weare,  
by panges of such perplexitie.  
And but he graunt this boone of mine,  
thus must I live and ever pine.

Fato non fortuna.

117 Another  
misterie.  
LO thus (deere heart) I force my frantike Muse,  
To frame a verse in spite of my despight,  
But whiles I doo these mirthlesse meeters use,  
This rashe conceite doth reve me from delight.  
I call to minde howe many loving layes,  
Howe many Sonets, and how many songes,  
I dyd devise within those happie dayes,  
When yet my wyl, had not received wronges.  
All which were evermore regarded so,  
That little fruite I seemd thereby to reapre,  
But rather when I had bewrayed my woe,  
Thy love was light, and lusted styl to leape.  
The rimes which pleased thee were all in print,  
And mine were ragged, hard for to be read,  
Lo deere : this dagger dubbles me with this dint,  
And leave this wound within my jelous head.  
But since I have confessed unto Care,  
That now I stand uppon his curtesie,  
And that the bale, which in my brest I bare,  
Hath not the skill to kyll me cunningly,  
Therefore with all my whole devotion,  
To Care I make this supplication.

Fato non fortuna.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

His libell of request exhibited to Care.

**O** Curteous Care, whome others (cruell) call,  
And raile upon thine honourable name,  
O knife that canst cut of the thread of thrall,  
O sheare that shreadst the seemerent sheete of shame,  
O happye ende of every greevous game :  
Vouchsafe O Prince, thy vassall to behold,  
Who loves thee more, than can with tongue be told.  
And nowe vouchsafe to pittie this his plaint,  
Whose teares bewray,  
His truth alway,  
Although his feble tongue be forst to faint.

I must confesse O noble king to thee,  
That I have beene a Rebell in my youth,  
I preast alwaies in pleasures court to bee,  
I fled from that, which *Cupide* still eschuth,  
I fled from Care, lo now I tell the truth,  
And in delightes, I loved so to dwell,  
Thy heavenly house dyd seeme to me but hell.  
Such was my rage, the which I now repent,  
And pardon crave,  
My soule to save,  
Before the webbe of weary life be spent.

But marke what fruities dyd grow on such a tree,  
What crop dyd rise upon so rashe sowne seede,  
For when I thought my selfe in heaven to bee,  
In depth of hell I drowned was in deede :  
Wheron to thinke my heavie hart doth bleede :  
Me thought I swumme in Seas of all delight,  
When as I sunke in puddles of despight,  
Alas alas I thought my selfe belov'd,  
When deadly hate,  
Did play checke mate,  
With me poore pawne, that no such prancks had prov'd.

## OF BATHE

This when I tryed (ay me) to be to true,  
I wept for woe, I pined all for paine,  
I tare my heere, I often chaunged hewe,  
I left delight, with dollours to complaine.  
I shund each place where pleasure dyd remaine,  
I cride, I calde on every kinde of death,  
I strove eache way to stop my fainting breath.  
Short tale to make, I stopt so farre in strife,  
That still I sought,  
With all my thought,  
Some happie helpe to leave my lothed life.

But hope was he that held my hande abacke,  
From quicke dispatch of all my griping griefe,  
When heate of hate had burnt my will to wracke,  
Then hope was colde, and lent my life relieve,  
In every choice hope challengde to be chiefe.  
When coldest crampes had cleane orecome my heart,  
Then hope was hote, and warnde my weary smart,  
[W]hen heart was heardie, hope was still in dread,  
When heart was faint,  
(With feares attaint,)  
Then hardie hope held up my fearefull head.

Hope is ev  
contrary to  
a lovers  
Passion.

Thus when I found that neither flowing teares,  
Could drowne my heart in waves of very wo,  
Nor hardy hand could overcome my feares,  
To cut the sacke of all my sorrowes so,  
Nor death would come, nor I to death could go.  
And yet I felt great dropes of secrete smart,  
Distilling styll within my dying heart :  
I then perceivde that onely care was he,  
Which as my friend,  
Might make an end,  
Of all these paines, and set my fansie free.

Wherefore (oh Care) graunt thou my just request,  
Oh kyll my corpse, oh quickly kyll me nowe.  
Oh make an ende and bring my bones to rest,  
Oh cut my thread (good Care) I care not howe,  
Oh Care be kinde : and here I make a vowe,

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

That when my life out of my brest shall part,  
I wyll present thee with my faithfull hart:  
And send it to thee as a Sacrifice,  
Because thou hast,  
Vouchsaft at last,  
To ende my furies in this friendly wise.

Fato non Fortuna.

W<sup>h</sup>at greater glory can a *Keysar* gaine,  
If madde moode move his subiectes to rebell,  
Than that at last (when all the traytours traine,  
Have trode the pathe, of deepe repentaunce well,  
And naked neede with *Cold* and *Hunger* both,  
Hath bitten them abrode in forren land,  
Whereby they may their lewde devises loth.  
When hairbraind haste, with cold advise is scande)  
If then at last, they come upon their knee,  
And pardon crave with due submission:  
And for this cause, I thinke that Care of me,  
Was moved most, to take compassion.  
For now I find, that pittie prickes his mind,  
To see me plonged still in endlesse paine,  
And right remorse, his princely heart doth bind,  
To rule the rage wherein I do remaine.  
I feele my teares doe now begin to stay,  
For Care from them their swelling springs doth soke,  
I feele my sighes their labours now allaye,  
For Care hath quencht the coles that made the smoke.  
I feele my panting heart begins to rest,  
For Care hath staide the hammers of my head,  
I feele the flame which blazed in my brest,  
Is nowe with carefull ashes overspread.  
And gentle Care, hath whet his karving knife,  
To cut in twaine the thread of all my thrall,  
Desired death nowe overcommeth life,  
And wo still workes to helpe in haste with all.  
But since I feele these panges approching so,  
And lothed life begin to take his leave,

## OF BATHE

Me thinkes it meete, to give before I go,  
Such landes and goodes, as I behind me leave.  
So to discharge my troubled conscience,  
And eke to set an order for my heyre,  
Who might (perhaps) be put to great expence,  
To sue for that, which I bequeath him here.  
Wherfore (deere wenche) with all my full intent,  
I thus begin to make my Testament.

Fato non fortuna.

### His last wyll and Testament.

o **I**N *Jove* his mighty name, this eight and twentieth day,  
Of frosted bearded Januar, the enemy to May:  
Since Adam was create, five thousand yeeres I gesse,  
Five hundred, forty more and five, as stories do expresse.  
I being whole of minde, (immortall Gods have praise)  
Though in my body languishing with panges of paine alwayes,  
Do thus ordaine my wyll which long in woes have wepte,  
Beseaching mine executours to see it duely kept.  
Fyrst I bequeath my soule on *Charons* boate to tende,  
Untill thy life (my love) at last may light on luckye ende,  
That there it may awaite, to wayte upon thy ghost,  
Whē thou hast quite & clene forgot what pranks now please  
thee most.  
So shall it well be seene whose love is like to mine:  
For so I meane to trye my truth, and there tyll then to pine.  
My body be enbalmde, and cloased up in chest,  
With oyntments and with spiceries of every sweete the best:  
And so preserved styll untill the day do come,  
That death divorce my love from life, & trusse hir up in tombe.  
Then I bequeath my corps to couche beneathe hir bones,  
And there to feede the greedy wormes that linger for the  
nones.  
To frette uppon her fleshe, which is to fine therefore,  
This service may it doe hir yet, although it do no more.  
My heart (as heretofore) I must bequeathe to Care,  
And God he knowes, I thinke the gift to simple for his share.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

But that he may perceive, I meane to pay my dew,  
I will it shall be taken quicke, and borne him bleeding new,  
As for my funerals, I leave that toye at large,  
To be as mine executours wyl give thereto in charge.  
Yet if my goodes will stretche unto my strange device,  
Then let this order be observ'd, mine heyre shall pay the price :  
First let the torche bearers be wrapte in weedes of woe,  
Let all their lightes be virgin waxe, because I lov'de it so.  
And care not though the twist be course that lends them light,  
If fansie fume, & freewil flame, then must they needs burn  
bright.

Next them let come the quier, with psalmes and dolefull song,  
Recording all my rough repulse and wraying all my wrong.  
And when the deskant singes, in treeble tunes above,  
Then let fa burden say, (by lowe) I liv'd and dyde for love :  
About my heavy hearse, some mourners would I have,  
Who migh[t] the same accompany and stand about the grave,  
But let them be such men, as maye confesse with me,  
How contrary the lots of love, to all true lovers bee.  
Let *Patience* be the Priest, the Clarke be Close conceipt,  
The Sextin be *Simplictie*, which meaneth no disceipt.  
Let almes of *Love* be delt, even at the Chaunsell doore,  
And feede them there with freshe delayes, as I have bene  
of yore :

Then let the yongest sort, be set to ring *Loves* Bels,  
And pay *Repentance* for their paines, but give thē nothing else,  
Thus when the Dirge is done, let every man depart,  
And learne by me what harme it is to have a faithfull hart.  
Those little landes I have, mine heyre must needes possesse,  
His name is *Lust*, the landes be losse, few lovers scape with  
lesse.

The rest of all my goodes, which I not here rehearse,  
Give learned Poets for their paines, to decke my Tombe with  
verse :

And let them write these wordes upon my carefull chest,  
*Lo here be lies, that was as true (in love) as is the best.*  
Alas I had forgot the Parsons dewe to paye,  
And so my soule in Purgatorye, might remaine alway.  
Then for my privie Tythes, as kysses caught by stealth,  
Sweete collinges & such other knackes as multiplied my wealth :

## OF BATHE

I give the Vickar here, to please his greedie wyll,  
A deintie dishe of suger soppes, but saust with sorrow stil :  
And twise a weeke at least, let dight them for his dishe,  
On Fridayes and on wednesdaies, to save expence of fishe.  
Nowe have I much bequeathed and litle left behinde,  
And others mo must yet be served or else I were unkinde.  
Wet eyes and wayling wordes, Executours I make,  
And for their paines ten pound of teares let either of them take.  
Let sorrow at the last my Suprvisor be,  
And stedfastnesse my surest steade, I give him for his fee.  
Yet in his pattent place this *Sentence of proviso*,  
That he which loveth stedfastly, shall want no sauce of sorrow.  
Thus now I make an ende, of this my wearie wyll,  
And signe it with my simple hand, and set my seale there tyll.  
And you which reade my wordes, although they be in rime,  
Yet reason may perswade you eke, *Thus lovers dote sometime.*

### The Subscription and seale.

**M**Y mansion house was Mone : from *Dolours* dale I came,  
I *Fato* : *Non Fortuna*, hight, lo now you know my  
name :

My seale is sorrowes sythe, within a fielde of flame,  
Which cuts in twaine a carefull heart, y<sup>t</sup> sweltreth in the same.

Fato non Fortuna.

**A**Las, lo now I heare the passing Bell,  
Which Care appointeth carefullye to knoule,  
And in my brest, I feele my heart now swell,  
To breake the stringes which joynde it to my soule.  
The Crystall yse, which lent mine eyes their light,  
Doth now waxe dym, and dazeled all with dread,  
My senses all, wyll now forsake me quite,  
And hope of health abandoneth my head,  
My wearie tongue can talke no longer now,  
My trembling hand nowe leaves my penne to hold,  
My joynts nowe stretch, my body cannot bowe,  
My skinne lookes pale, my blood now waxeth cold.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

And are not these, the very panges of death?  
Yes sure (sweete heart) I know them so to bee,  
They be the panges, which strive to stop my breath,  
They be the panges, which part my love from thee.  
What sayd I? *Love?* Nay *life*: but not my love,  
My life departes, my love continues stylle:  
My lothed lyfe may from my corpse remove,  
My loving *Love* shall alwayes worke thy wyll.  
It was thy wyll even thus to trye my truth,  
Thou hast thy wyll, my truth may now be sene,  
It was thy wyll, that I should dye in youth,  
Thou hast thy wyll my yeares are yet but grene.  
Thy penaunce was that I should pine in paine,  
I have performde thy penaunce all in wo,  
Thy pleasure was that I should here remaine,  
I have bene glad to please thy fansie so.  
Nowe since I have performed every part  
Of thy commaunde: as neare as tongue can tell,  
Content thee yet before my muse depart,  
To take this Sonet for my last farewell.

Fato non fortuna.

## His Farewell.

**F**arewell deere Love whome I have loved and shall,  
Both in this world, and in the world to come,  
For proofe whereof my sprite is *Charons* thrall,  
And yet my corpse attendant on thy toome.  
Farewell deere sweete, whose wanton wyll to please  
Eche taste of trouble seemed mell to me,  
Farewell sweete deare, whose doubtes for to appease,  
I was contented thus in bale to be.  
Farewell my lyfe, farewell for and my death,  
For thee I lyv'd for thee nowe must I dye,  
Farewell from *Bathe*, whereas I feele my breath  
Forsake my breast in great perplexitie,  
Alas how welcome were this death of mine,  
If I had dyde betweene those ~~armes~~ <sup>124</sup> of thine?

Fato non Fortuna.

## OF BATHE

### *The Reporters conclusion.*

Here might I now find flooddes of flowing teares,  
So to suffice the swelling of mine eyes?  
How might my breast unlode the bale it beares?  
Alas alas how might my tongue devise  
To tell this weary tale in wofull wise?  
To tell I saye these tydinges nowe of truth,  
Which may provoke the craggy rockes to ruth?

In depth of dole would God that I were drownde,  
Where flattering joyes might never find me out,  
Or graved so within the greedy grounde,  
As false delights might never breede my doubt,  
Nor guilefull love hir purpose bring about:  
Whose trustlesse traines in collours for to paint,  
I find by proose my wittes are all to faint.

I was that man whome destinies ordeine,  
To beare eche grieve that groweth on the mold,  
I was that man which proved to my paine,  
More panges at once than can with tongue be told,  
I was that man (hereof you maye be bold)  
Whome heaven and earth did frame to scoffe and scorne,  
I, I was he which to that ende was borne.

Suffized not my selfe to taste the fruite,  
Of sugred sowres which growe in gadding yeares,  
But that I must with paine of lyke pursue,  
Perceive such panges by paterne of my peares,  
And feele how fansies fume could fond my pheares?  
Alas I find all fates against me bent,  
For nothing else I lyve but to lament.

The force of friendship bound by holy othe,  
Dyd drawe my wyll into these crooked wayes,  
For with my frend I went to *Bathe* (though loth)  
To lend some comfort in his dollie dayes,  
The stedfast friend stickes fast at all assayes:  
Yet was I loth such time to spend in vaine,  
The cause whereof, lo here I tell you playne.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

By proofe I found as you may well perceive,  
That all good counsell was but worne in wast,  
Such painted paines his passions did deceive,  
That bitter gall was mell to him in tast,  
Within his will such rootes of ruine plast,  
As graffes of grieves were only given to growe,  
Where youth did plant and rash conceite did sowe.

I sawe at first his eares were open aye  
To every tale which fed him with some hope,  
As fast againe I sawe him turne away  
From grave advise, which might his conscience grope,  
From reasons rule his fancie lightly lope,  
He only gave his mind to get that gaine,  
Which most he wisht and least could yet attaine.

Not I alone, but many mo with me,  
Had found what ficklenesse his Idoll used,  
And how she claimed *Cressides* heire to be,  
And how she had his great good will abused,  
And how she was of many men refused,  
Who tride hir tricks and knew hir by the kinde,  
Save only him she made no lover blinde.

But what for this? whose face is plainer seene,  
Than he which thinkes he walketh in a net?  
Or who in bale hath ever deeper beene,  
Than he which thought his state might not be bet?  
In such a jollitye these lovers jet,  
That weale to them doeth seeme to bee but wo,  
And grieve seemes joye, they feede theyr fancyes so.

➤ Tell him that reason ought to be his rule,  
And he allowed no reason but his owne,  
Tell him that best were quicklye to recule,  
Before all force by feares were overthowne,  
And that his bale were better overblowne,  
Then thus to pine remedylesse in grieve,  
And he would saye that grieve was his relief.

## OF BATHE

Short tale to make so long he lyved thus,  
Tyll at the last he gan in deede to dye,  
Beleeve me Lordes (and by him that dyed for us)  
I sawe him give to close his dying eye,  
I sawe him stryve and strangle passingly.  
And suche a grieve I tooke, that yet I not,  
If he or I had then more grieve ygot.

But who hath seene a Lampe begyn to fade,  
Which lacketh oyle to feede his lynnring lyght,  
And then againe who so hath seene it made,  
With oyle and weecke to last the longsome night.  
Let him conceyve that I sawe such a sight.  
Whereof to thinke (although I sighde erewhile)  
Loe nowe I laughe my sorrowes to beguile.

Upon the stones a trampling steede we heard,  
Which came ful straight unto our lodging doore,  
And straight therwith we heard how one enquirde,  
If such a Knight (as I describde before)  
Were lodged there: the Hoast withouten more,  
Sayd yes forsooth, and God he knowes (quod he)  
He is as sicke as any man maye bee.

The messenger sware by no bugges I trowe,  
But bad our hoast to bring him where he laye,  
(Quod I to *Bartholmew*) I heare by lowe,  
A voice which seemes somewhat of you to saye:  
And eare that past not full a furlong waye,  
Behold the man came stowping in at doore,  
And truth to tell he syked wondrous sore.

At last from out his bosome dyd he take,  
A Letter sealde yfolded fayre and well,  
And kyssing it (I thinke for Mistresse sake)  
He sayd to *Bartholmew*: Syr Knight be well,  
Nowe reade these lines the which I neede not tell,  
From whence they come: but make an ende of mone,  
For you are sicke, and she is woe begone.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

The theefe condemnde and gone to gallowe tree,  
(If one crye *Grace*: lo here a *Pardon* prest)  
Doth dye sometimes, when most he seemde to be,  
From death redeemeid, such bronts may breede in brest,  
Twyxt sodaime joye, and thoughts which paine opprest,  
The *Romaine Widdowe* dyed when she beheld,  
Hir Sunne (whome earst She compted slaine in field).

So *Bartholmew* tweene griefe and sodaime joye,  
Laye styll in traunce, me thinkes I see him yet,  
And out of doubte it gave me such anoye,  
To see him so, him selfe in fancies fret,  
That sure I thought his eyes in head were set.  
And that he laye (as some saye) drawing on,  
Untill his breath and all were past and gone.

But high de[c]rees of heaven which had ordainde,  
(For his decaye) a freshe delaye of paine,  
Revived him: yet from his eyes downe raind,  
Such rewfull teares as moved me to plaine,  
The dolefull plight wherein he dyd remaine.  
For trust me now, to see him sorrowe so,  
It might have made a stone to melt in wo.

Thrise dyd his tongue beginne to tell his thought,  
And thrise (alas) it folterd in his mouth,  
With stopping sobbes and skalding sighes he sought  
To utter that which was to me uncouth.  
So staines the stremme, when furiouslie it flouth.  
And filles the dikes where it had wont to swimme,  
Untill by force it breakes above the brimme.

At last (with paine) the first word that he spake,  
Was this: *Alas*, and therewithall he stayed,  
His feebled Jawes and hollowe voyce could make,  
None other sounde, his thoughtes were all dismayed,  
His hearye head full lowe in bosome layed.  
Yet when he sawe me marke what he would saye,  
He cryed right out *Alas and welawaye*.

## OF BATHE

Alas (quod he) deare friend behold this bloode,  
And with that word he gan againe to sorrowne :  
The messenger which in a studdye stoode,  
Awakt at last : and in mine eare dyd rowne,  
Saying : those lines which I have there throwen downe.  
Were written all with blood of hir owne hande,  
For whome he nowe in this distresse doth stande.

And since (quod he) She hath vouchsafed so,  
To shead hir blood in witnesse of hir grieve,  
Me thinkes he rather should relieve hir wo :  
Then thus deny to send hir some relieve.  
Alas alas (quod he) she holdes him chiefe.  
And well wote I (what ere his fansie bee)  
There sittes no man so neere hir heart as hee.

Therewith he raysde his heavy head alight,  
*Askaunes Ha?* in deede and thinkst thou so ?  
But out alas his weake and weary sprit,  
Forbad his tongue in furder termes to go.  
His thought sayd *Haight*, his sillie speache cryed *Ho*.  
And thus he laye in dompes and dolefull trance,  
Tyll darksome night dyd somewhat change his chance.

For when the light of day began to fade,  
And courtins round about his bed were drawne,  
A golden slomber dyd his lymmes invade,  
And held him husht till daye againe gan dawne,  
Whereby Dame quiet put him in a pawne,  
To set his thoughts (which strived earst) at one,  
And bad debate be packing to be gone.

Percase sweete love dyd lull him so on sleepe,  
Perhaps Dame fansie rockt the Cradell too,  
How so it were I take thereof no keepe,  
With such conceiptes have I nothing to doo,  
But when he wakt he asked plainly who,  
Had brought him so from rage to quiet rest,  
And who had borne the torments from his brest ?

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

(Quod I) my friend: here is a letter lo,  
Behold it here and be all hole againe,  
What man were he that wyther would in wo,  
Which thus might prosper in despite of paine?  
Were he not worse then mad which would complaine,  
On such a friend as this to me doth seeme?  
Which (for thy health) hir blood doth not esteeme?

Thus much I sayd to comfort him God knowes,  
(But what I thought that keepe I cloose in hold)  
Sometimes a man must flatter with his foes,  
And sometimes saye that brasse is bright as Gold:  
For he that hath not all thinges as he would,  
Must winke sometimes, as though he dyd not see,  
And seeme to thinke thinges are not as they bee.

*Dan Bartholmew* gan take the briefe in hand,  
And brake the seale, but when he saw the blood,  
Good Lord how bolt upright his heere dyd stand?  
For though the friendly wordes therein were good,  
Yet many a thought they moved in his moode.  
As well appeared by his flecked cheekes,  
Nowe cherrie redde, nowe pale and greene as leekes.

I dreamt (quod he) that I was done to death,  
And that I laye full colde in earth and claye,  
But that I was restored unto breath,  
By one that seemde lyke *Pellycane* to playe,  
Who shed his blood to give me foode alwaye,  
And made me live in spite of sorrowe styll,  
See how my dreame agrees now with this byll?

His feebled wittes forgotten had there whyle,  
By whome and howe he had this letter first,  
But when he spyde the man, then gan he smile,  
For secrete joye his heart dyd seeme to burst,  
Now thought he best that (earst) he compted worst.  
And lovingly he dyd the man embrace,  
And askt howe farde the roote of all his grace?

## OF BATHE

See sodaine chaunge, see subtile sweete disceipte,  
Behold how love can make his subjectes blinde,  
Let all men marke hereby what guilefull baite,  
*Dan Cupide* layeth to tyse the lovers minde :  
Alacke alacke a slender thread maye binde,  
That pryonor fast, which meanes to tarrye styll,  
A lytle road correctes a ready wyll.

The briefe was writte and blotted all with gore,  
And thus it sayde : *Behold howe stedfast love,*  
*Hath made me hardy (thankes have be therefore)*  
*To write these wordes thy doubtes for to remove,*  
*With mine owne blood: and yf for thy behove*  
*These bloody lynes do not thy Cares convert :*  
*I vowe the next shall bleede out of my heart.*

I dwell to long upon this thriftlesse tale,  
For *Bartholmew* was well appeasde hereby,  
And feelingly he banished his bale,  
Taking herein a tast of remedy,  
By lyte and lyte his fittes away gan flye.  
And in short space he dyd recover strength,  
To stand on foote and take his horse at length.

So that we came to London both yfere,  
And there his Goddesse tarryd tyll we came,  
I am to blame to call hir Goddesse here,  
Since she desernde in deede no Goddesse name,  
But sure I thinke (and you may judge the same)  
She was [to] him a Goddesse in his thought,  
Although perhaps hir Shrines was overbought.

I maye not write what words betweene them past,  
How teares of griefe were turnde to teares of joye,  
Nor how their dole became delight at last.  
Nor how they made great myrrh of much anoye,  
Nor how content was coyned out of coye,  
But what I sawe and what I well maye write,  
That (as I maye) I meane for to endite.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

In lovely London love gan nowe renew,  
This blooddye Letter made it battle much,  
And all the doubtes which he in fansies drew,  
Were done away as there had bene none such,  
(But to him selfe) he bare no body grutch.  
Him selfe (he sayde) was cause of all this wo,  
Withouten cause that hir suspected so.

O loving Youthes this glasse was made for you,  
And in the same you may your selves behold,  
Beleeve me nowe not one in all your crew,  
Which (where he loves) hath courage to be bold,  
Your *Cressides* climes are alwaies uncontrold.  
You dare not saye the Sunne is cleare and bright,  
You dare not sweare that darkesome is the night.

*Terence* was wise which taught by *Pambilus*,  
Howe courage quailes where love beblinds the sence,  
Though prooef of times makes lovers quarelous,  
Yet small excuse serves love for just defence.  
These *Courtisanes* have power by pretence  
To make a Swan of that which was a Crowe,  
As though blacke pitche were turned into Snowe.

*Ferenda*, She whome heaven and earth had framde,  
For his decaye and to bewitche his wittes,  
Made him nowe thinke him selfe was to be blamde,  
Which causeles thus would fret himselfe in fittes,  
Shee made him thinke that sorrowe sildome sittes,  
Where trust is tyed in fast and faithfull knottes,  
She sayd *Mistrust* was meete for simple sottes.

What wyl you more shee made him to beleeve,  
That she first loved although she yonger were,  
She made him thinke that his distresse dyd greeve,  
Hir guiltlesse minde: and (that it might appeare,  
Howe these conceiptes could joyne or hang yfere)  
She dyd confesse howe soone shee yeelded his,  
Such force (quod she) in learned men there is.

## OF BATHE

She furder sayde that all to true it was,  
Howe youthfull yeares (and lacke of him alone)  
Had made hir once to choose out brittle glasse,  
For perfect Gold : She dyd confesse (with mone)  
That youthfully shee bytte a worthlesse bone.  
But that therein she tasted deepe delight,  
That sayde shee not, nor I presume to write.

Shee sware (and that I beare full well in minde)  
Howe *Dyomede* had never *Troylus* place, ||  
Shee sayd and sware (how ever sate the winde)  
That *Admirals* dyd never know hir case,  
She sayd againe that never *Noble Face*,  
Dyd please hir eye nor moved hir to change,  
She sayd her minde was never geven to range.

She sayd and sayd that *Bracelettes* were ybound,  
To hold him fast (but not to charme his thought)  
She wysht therewith that she were deeply drownd,  
In Ippocrace : if ever she had sought,  
Or dronke, or smelt, or tane, or found, or bought,  
Such *Nectar* dropes as she with him had dronke,  
(But this were true) she wisht hir soule were sonke.

And to conclude, she sayde no printed rymes,  
Could please hir so as his brave *Triumphes* dyd :  
Why wander I ? She cov'red all hir crimes,  
With deepe disceipt, and all hir guiles she hyd,  
With fained teares, and *Bartholmew* she ryd  
With double gyrthes, she byt and whyned both, |  
And made him love where he had cause to loth.

These be the fruictes which grow on such desire, /  
These are the gaines ygot by such an art,  
To late commes he that seekes to quenche the fire,  
When flames possesse the house in every part,  
Who lyst in peace to keepe a quiet hart.  
*Flye love betimes, for if he once oretake him,*  
*Then seedl or never shall be well forsake him.*

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

If once thou take him *Tenaunt* to thy brest,  
No wrytte nor force can serve to plucke him thence,  
No pylles can purge his humour lyke the rest,  
He bydes in bones, and there takes residence,  
Against his blowes no bucklar makes defence.  
And though (with paine) thou put him from thy house,  
Yet lurkes hee styll in corners lyke a Mouse.

At every hole he creepeth in by stelth,  
And privelye he feedeth on thy crommes,  
With spoiles unseene he wasteth all thy welth,  
He playes boe peepe when any body commes,  
And dastardlik he seemes to dread the drommes,  
Although in deede in *Embushe* he awaytes,  
To take thee stragling yf thou passe his straites.

So seemed now by *Bartholmews* successe,  
Who yeelded sone unto this second charge,  
Accusing styll him selfe for his distresse,  
And that he had so languished at large,  
Short worke to make: he had none other charge  
To beare loves blowes, but styll to trust hir tale,  
And pardon crave because he bread hir bale.

And thus he lyvde contented styll with craft,  
Mistrusting most, that gave least cause of doubt,  
He fledde mishappe and helde it by the haft,  
He banisht bale and bare it styll about,  
He let in love and thought to hold him out.  
He seemde to bathe in perfect blisse againe,  
When (God he knowes) he fostred privie paine.

For as the Tree which crooked growes by kinde,  
(Although it be with propping underset)  
In tract of time to crooked course wyll twinde,  
So could *Ferenda* never more forget,  
The lease at large where she hir flinges had fet.  
But rangde againe, and to hir byas fell,  
Such chaunges chaunce where lust (for love) doth dwell.

## OF BATHE

And as it hapt (and God his wyll it was)  
*Dan Bartholmew* perceyvde it very plaine,  
So that perforce he let his pleasures passe,  
And strave no more against the stremme in vaine,  
But therewithall he purchased such paine,  
As yet I shrinke in minde thereof to muse,  
And maruaile more howe he the same could use.

His lustlesse limmes which wonted were to syt,  
In quiet chaire, with pen and paper prest,  
Were armed nowe with helme and harnesse fyt,  
To seeke adventures boldly with the best,  
Hee went to warres that wont to live in rest.  
And warres in deede he made withouten blowes,  
For why his friendes were nowe become his foes.

Such was his hap to warre both night and daye,  
To watche and warde at every time and tyde,  
Though foes were farre yet skowted he alwaye,  
And when they came he must their brontes abide.  
Who ever fled he would his head not hyde.  
For sure dispayre his corpse so close had armed,  
That by deathes darte he could no whit be harmed.

In his *Ensigne* these colours gan he chuse,  
Blacke, white, and greene, first blacke for morning mone,  
Then white for chaste, because he did refuse,  
(Thenceforth) to thinke but even of hir alone.  
A bende of greene: for though his joyes were gone,  
Yet should it seeme he hoped for a daye,  
And in that bende his name he dyd displaye.

That selfe same name which in his will he wrote,  
(You knowe my minde) when he was out of *tune a*,  
When he subscribde (which may not bee forgote)  
Howe that his name was *Fato Non F[o]rtuna*.  
And as I gesse bicause his love was *Una*,  
That played hir pranckes according to hir kinde,  
He wrote these wordes hir best excuse to finde.

## DAN BARTHOLMEW

As who should saye, lo destenies me drive,  
And happe could not have overthrownen me thus:  
I constrew this because I do beleeve,  
That once againe he wyll bee amorous,  
I fere it muche by him that dyed for us,  
And who so doubtes that causeles thus I faint  
Let him but reade the greene Knights heavy plaint

*Bartello* he which writeth ryding tales,  
Bringes in a Knight which cladde was all in greene,  
That sighed sore amidde his greevous gales,  
And was in hold as Bartholmew hath beene.  
But (for a placke) it maye therein be seene,  
That, that same Knight which there his grieves begonne,  
Is Batts owne Fathers Sisters brothers Sonne.

Well since my borrell braine is all to bloont  
To give a gesse what ende this man shall have,  
And since he rageth not as he was woont,  
Although sometimes he seeme (alite) to crave,  
Yet wyll I not his doinges so deprave,  
As for to judge (before I see his ende)  
What harder happe his angrie starres can sende.

And therewithall my weareye muse desires,  
To take her rest: and pardon craves also,  
That shee presumde to bring hir selfe in bryers,  
By penning thus this true report of wo:  
With sillye grace these sorye rimes maye go,  
In such a rancke as Bartholmew hath plast,  
So that shee feares hir cunning is disgrast.

But take them yet in gree as they be ment,  
And wayle with mee the losse of such a man:  
I coumpt him lost because I see him bent,  
To yeld againe where first his greefe began,  
And though I cannot write as others can  
Some mournefull verse to move you mone his fall,  
Yet weepe (with me) you faythfull lovers all.

Finis.      quod Dixit & Dixit.

## OF BATHE

### Lenvoye.

54  
**S**Yr *Salamanke* to thee this tale is tolde,  
Peruse it well and call unto thy minde,  
The pleasaunt place where thou dydst first behold  
The rewfull rymes: remember how the *Winde*  
*Dyd calmelye blowe*: and made me leave behinde,  
Some leaves thereof: whiles I sate reading styll,  
And thou then seemdst to hearken with good wyll.

Beleeve me nowe, hadst thou not seemd to lyke  
The wofull wordes of *Bartholmews* discourse,  
They should have lyen styll drowned in the dyke,  
Lyke *Sybills* leaves which flye with lytle force,  
But for thou seemdst to take therein remorce,  
I sought againe in corners of my brest,  
To finde them out and place them with the rest.

Such skyll thou hast to make me (foole) beleeve,  
My bables are as brave as any bee,  
Well since it is so, let it never greeve  
Thy friendly minde this worthlesse verse to see  
In print at last: for trust thou unto mee,  
Thine onely prayse dyd make me venture forth,  
To set in shewe a thing so litle worth.

*Thus unto thee these leaves I recommend,*  
*To reade, to raze, to view, and to correct,*  
*Vouchsafe (my friend) therein for to amend*  
*That is amisse, remember that our self,*  
*Is sure to bee with floutes alwayes infect.*  
*And since most mockes wyll light uppon my muse,*  
*Vouchsafe (my friend) bir faultes for to peruse.*

Tam Marti quam Mercurio.



20 The fruites of Warre,  
*written uppon this Theame,*  
*Dulce Bellum inexpertis*, and it was  
written by peecemeale at sundrye  
tymes, as the Aucthour had vacaunt ley-  
sures from service, being begon at *Delfe* in  
*Hollande*, and dyrected to the ryght  
honourable the Lord *Greye* of  
*Wylton* as appeareth  
by the Epistle De-  
dicatory next  
following.

¶ To the Right honorable and mine espe-  
ciall good Lorde, The Lorde Greye  
of *Wylton.*

MY Singular good Lorde: I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent unto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise conjectour that you have founde therein just cause to laugh at my follies forepassed. So that I am partly in doubte whether I were more overseene in my first devising, or in my last dyrecting of the same? But as fantasticall humours are common imperfeccions in greene unmellowed braines: So hope I yet that your good Lordshippe wyll rather winke at my weakenesse in generallitie, then reprove my rashnesse in particularitie. And because I would bee glad, to drawe your Lordshippe into forgetfulness thereof, by freshe recorde of some more martiall matter, as also for that I would have your Honour perceave that in these lyngering broyles, I doe not altogeaither passe over my time in ydlenesse: I have therefore thought meete nowe to present you with this Pamphlete written by stelth at such times as we Loytered from service. And the subiect thereof being warre, I could not more convenientlye addresse the same unto any Marshall man, then unto your good Lordshippe: Whome I have heard to be an universall patron of all Souldiours, and have found to bee an exceeding favourour of mee your unworthy follower. The verse is roughe. And good reason, sithence it treateth of roughe matters, but if the sence be good then have I hyt the marke which I shote at: Knowing that your Lordshippe can winne Honny out of the Thistle. And such as it is, I dyrect it unto your Honour. Beseeching the same, to take it in gree, and to perceave that I am and ever wyll continew.

Your Lordships most bounden  
and assured: *George Gascoigne.*

## Dulce bellum inexpertis.

**T**O write of Warre and wote not what it is,  
Nor ever yet could march where War was made,  
May well be thought a worke begonne amis,  
A rash attempt, in woorthlesse verse to wade,  
To tell the triall, knowing not the trade:  
Yet such a vaine even nowe doth feede my Muse,  
That in this theame I must some labor use.

**2** And herewithal I cannot but confesse,  
Howe unexpert I am in feates of warre:  
For more than wryting doth the same expresse,  
I may not boast of any cruell jarre,  
Nor vaunt to see full valiant facts from farre:  
I have nor bene in Turkie, Denmarke, Greece,  
Ne yet in Colch, to winne a Golden fleece.

**3** But nathelesse I some what reade in writte,  
Off high exploits by Martiall men ydone,  
And thereupon I have presumed yet,  
To take in hande this Poeme now begonne:  
Wherin I meane to tell what race they ronne,  
Who followe Drummes before they knowe the dubbe,  
And bragge of *Mars* before they feele his clubbe.

**4** Which talk to tell, let first with penne declare  
What thing warre is, and wherof it proceeds,  
What be the fruites that fall unto their share  
That gape for honor by those haughtie deeds,  
What bloudie broyles in every state it breeds:  
A weary worke uneths I shall it write,  
Yet (as I may) I must the same endite.

*a definito.*

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

Poetes &  
Astronomers  
definition.

5 The Poets olde in their fonde fables faine,  
That mightie *Mars* is god of Warre and Strife,  
These Astronomers thinke, where *Mars* doth raigne,  
That all [d]ebate and discorde must be rife,  
Some thinke *Bellona* goddesse of that life:  
So that some one, and some another judge,  
To be the cause of every greevous grudge.

Painters  
description.

6 Among the rest that Painter had some skill,  
Which thus in armes did once set out the same,  
A felde of Geules, and on a Golden hill  
A stately towne consumed all with flame,  
On cheafe of Sable (taken from the dame)  
A sucking babe (oh) borne to bide myschaunce,  
Begarde with bloud, and perced with a launce.

7 On high the Helme, I beare it well in minde,  
The Wreath was Silver poudred all with shot,  
About the which (*goutte du sang*) did twinde  
A roll of Sable, blacke and foule beblot,  
The Creast two handes, which may not be forgot,  
For in the Right a trenchand blade did stande,  
And in the Left a frie burning brande.

8 Thus Poets, Painters, and Astronomers,  
Have given their gesse this subject to define,  
Yet are those three, and with them travellers,  
Not best betrust among the Worthies nine,  
Their woordes and workes are deemed not divine:  
But why? God knowes (my matter not [t]o marre,)  
Unlesse it be bicause they faine to farre.

Common  
peoples  
opinion.

9 Well then, let see what sayth the common voice,  
These olde sayde sawes, of warre what can they say?  
Who list to harken to their whispring noise,  
May heare them talke and tattle day by day,  
That Princes prude is cause of warre alway:  
Plentie brings prude, prude plea, plea pine, pine peace,  
Peace plentie, and so (say they) they never cease.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

10 And though it have bene thought as true as steele,  
Which people prate, and preach above the rest,  
Yet could I never any reason feele,  
To thinke *Vox populi vox Dei est*,  
As for my skill, I compt him but a beast,  
Which trusteth truth to dwell in common speeche,  
Where every lourden will become a leech.

11 Then what is warre? define it right at last,  
And let us set all olde sayde sawes aside,  
Let Poets lie, let Painters faigne as fast,  
Astronomers let marke how starres do glide,  
And let these Travellers tell wonders wide:  
But let us tell by trustie proufe of truth,  
What thing is warre which raiseth all this routh.

12 And for my parte my fansie for to wright,  
I say that warre is even the scourge of God, The Author  
definition.  
Tormenting such as dwell in princelie plight,  
Yet not regarding the reaching of his rodde.  
Whose deeds and dueties often times are odde,  
Who rauge at randon jesting at the just,  
As though they raignde to do even what they lust.

13 Whome neyther plague can pull into remorse,  
Nor dearth can drawe to mende that is amisse,  
Within whose hearts no pitie findeth force,  
Nor right can rule to judge what reason is.  
Whome sicknesse salveth not, nor bale brings blisse:  
Yet can high *Jove* by waste of bloudie warre,  
Sende scholemaisters to teach them what they are.

14 Then since the case so plaine by proufe doth stande,  
That warre is such, and such alwayes it was,  
Howe chaunceth then that many take in hande  
To joy in warre, whiles greater pleasures passe?  
Who compt the quiet Burgher but an Asse,  
That lives at ease contented with his owne,  
Whiles they seeke more and yet are overthowrne.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

15 If *Mars* moove warre, as Starcoonners can tel,  
And Poets eke in fables use to faine,  
Or if *Bellona* cause mennes heartes to swell  
By deadly grudge, by rancor or dysdaine,  
Then what *Elight* may in that life remaine?  
Where anger, wrath, teene, mischiefe and debate,  
Do still upholde the pillers of the State?

16 If Painters craft have truly *warre* dysplayde,  
Then is it woorsse (and badde it is at best)  
Where townes destroyde, and fields with bloud berayde,  
Yong children slaine, olde widdowes foule opprest,  
Maydes ravished, both men and wives distrest:  
Short tale to make, where sworde and cindring flame  
Consume as much as earth and ayre may frame.

17 If pryde make warre (as common people prate)  
Then is it good (no doubt) as good may bee,  
For pryde is roote of evill in everie state,  
The sowrse of sinne, the very feend his fee,  
The head of Hell, the bough, the braunch, the tree,  
From which do spring and sproute such fleshlie seedes,  
As nothing else but moane and myschiefe breedes.

18 But if warre be (as I have sayde before)  
Gods scourge, which doth both Prince and people tame,  
Then warne the wiser sorte by learned lore,  
To flee from that which bringeth naught but blame,  
And let men compt it grieve and not a game,  
To feele the burden of Gods mightie hande,  
When he concludes in judgement for to stande.

Prince.

19 Oh Prince be please with thine owne diademme,  
Confine thy countries with their common boundes,  
Enlarge no lande, ne stretch thou not thy streame,  
Penne up thy pleasure in Repentance poundes:  
Least thine owne sworde be cause of all thy woundes:  
Claime nought by warre where title is not good,  
It is Gods scourge, then Prince beware thy bloud.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

20 Oh Dukes, oh Earls, oh Barons, Knights & squiers,  
Kepe you content with that which is your owne, Nobilitie.  
Let braverie never bring you in his briers,  
Seeke not to mowe where you no seede have sowne,  
Let not your neighbors house be overthrowne,  
To make your garden straight, round, even and square,  
For that is warre, (Gods scourge) then Lordes beware.

21 Oh bishops, deacons, prelates, priests and all,  
Strive not for tythes, for glebelande, nor for fees, Prelacie.  
For polling Peter pens, for popish Pall,  
For proud pluralities, nor newe degrees,  
And though you thinke it lubberlike to leese,  
Yet shoulde you lende that one halfe of your cote :  
Then Priests leave warre, and learne to sing that note.

22 Oh lawlesse Lawyers, stoppe your too long nose,  
Wherwith you smell your needie neighbors lacke, Lawyers.  
Which can pretende a title to suppose,  
And in your rules uplandish loutes can racke,  
Till you have brought their wealth unto the wracke :  
This is plaine warre, although you terme it strife,  
Which God will scourge, then Lawyers leave this life.

23 Oh Merchants make more conscience in an oth,  
Sell not your Silkes by danger nor deceytle,  
Breake not your bankes with coine and credite bothe,  
Heape not your hoordes by wilinesse of weyght,  
Set not to sale your subtilties by sleight,  
Breede no debate by bargayning for dayes,  
For God will skourge such guiles tenne thousand wayes.

24 Oh countrie clownes, your closes see you keepe, Husbandme  
With hedge, & ditch, & marke your meade with meares,  
Let not dame flatterie in your bosome creepe,  
To tell a fittone in your Landlordes eares,  
And say the ground is his as playne appeares.  
Where you but set the bounders foorth to farre :  
Plie you the plough and be no cause of warre.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

Comunaltie.

25 Oh common people clayme nothing but right,  
And ceasse to seeke that you have never lost,  
Strive not for trifles: make not all your might,  
To put your neighbours purse to needlesse cost,  
When your owne gilte is spent, then farewell frost:  
The Lawyer gaynes, and leades a Lordly lyfe,  
Whiles you leese all and begge to stinte your stryfe.

26 Knew Kings and Princes what a payne it were,  
To winne mo realmes than any witte can weelde,  
To pine in hope, to fret as fast for feare,  
To see their subjects murdred in the field,  
To loose at last, and then themselves to yeeld,  
To breake sounde sleepe with carke and inward care,  
They would love peace, and bidde warre well to fare.

27 If noble men and gentle bloodes yborne,  
Wist what it were to have a widdowes curse,  
Knew they the scourge of God (which wrōgs doth skorne)  
Who sees the poore still wronged to the worse,  
Yet stayes revenge till he it list disburse:  
Wist they what were to catche Gods afterclappes,  
Then would they not oppresse somuch perhappes.

28 These spirituall Pastors, nay these spitefull Popes,  
Which ought to lende a lanterne to the rest,  
Had they themselves but light to see the ropes,  
And snares of Hell which for their feete are drest,  
Because they pill and pole, bycause they wrest.  
Bycause they covet more than borrell men,  
(Harde be their hertes) yet would they tremble then.

29 Lawyers and Marchants put them both yfeare,  
Could they foresee how fast theyr heyres lashe out,  
If they in minde this old Proverbe could beare,  
*De bonis malepartis vix* (through out)  
*Gaudebit tertius hæres* out of doubt,  
They would percase more peace than plea procure,  
Since goods ill got, so little time endure.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

30 Whiles Pierce the Plowmā hopes to picke a thāke,  
By moving boundes (which got skarce graze his goose)  
His Landlord lawes so long to winne that banke,  
Till at the last the Ferme and all flies loose,  
Then farewell Pierce the man proves but a mouse,  
And seekes a cottage if he could one get,  
So fayre he fisht by moving mischief yet.

31 If common people could foresee the fine,  
Which lights at last by lashing out at lawe,  
Then who best loves this question, *Myne or Thyne*,  
Would never grease the greedy sergeants pawe,  
But sit at home and learne this old sayde sawe,  
*Had I revenged bene of every harmē*,  
*My coate bad never kept me halfe so warme.*

32 But whether now? my wittes are went awrie,  
I have presumde to preache to long God wote,  
Where mine emprise was well to testifie  
How sweet warre is to such as knowe it not,  
I have but toucht their yll luck and their lot,  
Which are the cause why strife and warres begin,  
Nought have I sayd of such as serve therein.

33 And therwithal I termed have all strife,  
All quarells, contecks, and all cruell jarres,  
Oppressions, bryberes, and all greedy life,  
To be (*in genere*) no bet than warres,  
Wherby my theame is stretcht beyond the starres,  
And I am entred in a field so large,  
As to much matter doth my Muse surcharge.

34 But as the hawke which soareth in the skie,  
And clymbes aloft for sollace of hir wing,  
The greater gate she getteth up on highe,  
The truer stoupe she makes at any thing:  
So shall you see my Muse by wandering,  
Finde out at last the right and ready way,  
And kepe it sure though earst it went astray.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

35 My promisse was, and I recorde it so,  
To write in verse (God wot though lyttle worth)  
That warre seemes sweete to such as little knowe  
What commes therby, what frutes it bringeth forth :  
Who knowes none evil his minde no bad abhorth,  
But such as once have fealst the skortching fire,  
Will seldome (efte) to play with flame desire.

36 Then warre is badde : and so it is in deede,  
Yet are three sortes which therin take delight,  
But who they be now herken and take heede,  
For (as I may) I meane their names to wright,  
The first hight *Haughtie harte*, a man of micht,  
The second *Greedy minde* most men do call,  
And *Miser* (he the mome) cōmes last of all.

Haughty  
harts,

37 As for the first, three sparkes of mighty moode  
Desire of fame, disdayne of Idlenesse,  
And hope of honor, so inflame his bloud,  
That he haunts warre to winne but worthinesse,  
His doughty deedes alwayes declare no lesse :  
For whyles most men for gaines or malice fight,  
He gapes for glory setting lyfe but light.

38 O noble mind : alas and who could thinke,  
So good a hart so hard a happe should have ?  
A sweete perfume to fall into a sinke,  
A costly jewell in a swelling wave,  
Is happe as harde as if in greedy grave,  
The lustiest lyfe should shryned be perforce,  
Before dyre deathe gyve sentence of divorce.

39 And such I counte the happe of *Haughty hart*,  
Which hunts (nought els) but honor for to get,  
Where treason, malyce, sicknesse, sore and smarte,  
With many myschieves moe his purpose let,  
And he meane while (which might have spent it bet)  
But loseth time, or doth the same mispend,  
Such guerdons gives the wicked warre at end.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

40 I set aside to tell the restlesse toyle,  
The mangled corps, the lamed limbis at last,  
The shortned yeares by fret of fevers foyle,  
The smoothest skinne with skabbes and skarres disgrast,  
The frolicke favour frounst and foule defast,  
The broken sleepes, the dreadfull dreames, the woe,  
Which wonne with warre and cannot from him goe.

41 I list not write (for it becommes me not)  
The secret wrath which God doth kindle oft,  
To see the sucklings put unto the pot,  
To heare their giltlesse bloode send cries alofte,  
And call for vengeance unto him, but softe  
The Souldiours they commit those heynous actes,  
Yet Kings and Captaynes answerē for such factes.

42 What neede me now at large for to rehearse,  
The force of Fortune, when she list to frowne?  
Why should I heere display in barreyne verse,  
How realmes are turned topsie turvie downe,  
How Kings and Keysars loose both clayme and crowne?  
Whose haughty harts to hent all honour haunte,  
Till high mishaps their doughtiest deedes do daunte.

43 All these with mo my penne shall overpassee,  
Since *Haughty harte* hath fixt his fansie thus,  
Let chaunce (sayeth he) be fickell as it was,  
*Sit bonus (in re mala) Animus,*  
*Nam omne solum viro forti Ius.*  
And fie (sayeth he) for goods or filthie gaine,  
I gape for glorie, all the rest is vayne.

44 Vayne is the rest, and that most vayne of all,  
A smouldring smoke which flieth with every windē,  
A tickell treasure, like a trendlyng ball,  
A passing pleasure mocking but the minde,  
A fickle fee as fansie well can finde.  
A sommers fruite whiche long can never last,  
But ripeneth soone, and rottes againe as fast.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

45 And tell me *Haughty harte*, confesse a truth,  
What man was aye so safe in Glories porte,  
But traynes of treason (oh the more the ruth)  
Could undermine the Bulwarkes of this forte,  
And raze his ramparts downe in sundrie sorte ?  
Searche all thy bookes, and thou shalt finde therein,  
That honour is more harde to holde than winne.

*Cæsar.*

46 Aske *Julius Cæsar* if this tale be true,  
The man that conquered all the world so wide,  
Whose onely worde commaunded all the crue,  
Of *Romayne* Knights at many a time and tide,  
Whose pompe was thought so great it could not glide.  
At last with bodkins dubd and doust to death,  
And all his glorie banisht with his breath.

*Pompey.*

47 Of malice more what should I make discource,  
Than thy foule fall proude *Pompey* by thy name,  
Whose swelling harte envying *Cæsars* force,  
Did boyle and burne in will and wicked flame,  
By his downe fall thy fonder clyme to frame,  
Till thine owne head bebathed with enmies teares,  
Did ende thy glorie with thy youthfull yeares.

48 Alas alas how many may we reade,  
Whome sicknessesse sithe hath cut as greene as grasse ?  
Whome colde in Campes hath chaungd as pale as leade ?  
Whose greace hath molt all caffed as it was,  
With charges given, with skarmouching in chasse ?  
Some lamed with goute (soone gotten in the field)  
Some forst by fluxe all glorie up to yeeld.

*Montacute  
Earle of  
Salisbury.*

49 Of sodayne sores, or clappes caught unaware,  
By sworde, by shotte, by mischief, or by mine,  
What neede I more examples to declare,  
Then *Montacute* which died by doome devine ?  
For when he had all France defayct, in fine,  
From lofty towre discovering of his foes,  
A Cannons clappe did all his glorie lose.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

50 I had forgot (wherein I was to blame)  
Of bolde brave *Bourbon* somewhat for to say  
That *Haughty* hart whome never Prince could tame,  
Whome neyther towne could stoppe nor wall let way, *Borbon.*  
Nor king nor Keyser could his journey stay :  
His *Epitaph* downe set upon his Tombe  
Declares no lesse : I leave it to your doome.

*Devicto Gallo, Aucto Imperio, Pontifice obpresso, Italia superata, Borbons Roma capta, Borbonii hoc marmor habet cineres.*

51 Oh glorious title ringing out renowne,  
Oh *Epitaph* of honor and high happe,  
Who reades the same as it is there set downe,  
Would thinke that *Borbon* sate in fortunes lappe,  
And could not fall by chaunce of after clappe :  
Yet he that wrote this thundring flattering verse,  
Left out one thing which I must needes rehearse.

52 For when he had his king by warre foredone,  
Enlargde the Empyre and besiegde the Pope,  
Tane Rome, and Italy had overronne,  
Yet was he forst, alwayes from lawes to lope,  
And trudge from triall so to scape the rope :  
Yea more than that a banisht man be served,  
Least loved of them whose thanks he most deserved.

53 Lo lordings here a lesson for the nones,  
Behold this glasse and see yourselves therein,  
This *Epitaph* was writte for worthy ones,  
For *Haughty* harts which honor hunt to winne.  
Beware beware, what broyles you do begin.  
For smiling lucke hath oft times *Finem duram*,  
And therefore thinke possit *victoria Curam*.

54 And yet if glory do your harts inflame,  
Or hote desire a haughty name to have,  
Or if you thirst for high renowne or fame,  
To blase such brute as time might not deprave,  
You leese the labour that you might well save :  
For many a prayse in that meane while you past,  
Which (bet than warre) might make your name to last.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

*Aristotle.*

55 As first (percase) you skipt *Phylosophie*,  
That noble skill which doth surmount the rest,  
Wherto if you had tied your memorie,  
Then bruntes of warre had never bruzde your brest,  
Yet had our name bene blazde, and you bene blest :  
Aske *Aristotle* if I speake amis,  
Fewe Souldiers fame can greater be than his.

*Cicero.*

56 Next *Rethorike*, that hoonne harmellesse arte,  
Which conquers moe than warre can well subdue,  
You past it by, and therfore loose your parte  
Of glories great, which thereunto are due,  
And might by right your names for aye renue :  
Such glory loe did *Cicero* attaine,  
Which longer lasts, than other glories vaine.

*Avicene.*

57 Of *Physike* speake for me king *Avicen*,  
Who more esteemde the meane to save himselfe,  
Than lessons leude of proude ambitious men,  
Which make debate for mucke and worldly pelfe :  
Yet was his glory never set on shelfe,  
Nor never shal, whyles any worlde may stande,  
Where men have minde to take good booke in hande.

58 What shoulde I stretch into *Astronomie* ?  
Or marvels make of Musikes sugred sounde ?  
Or beate my braynes about *Geometrie* ?  
Or in *Arithmetike* of artes the grounde ?  
Since evermore it is and hath bene founde,  
That who excels in any of the same,  
Is sure to winne an everlasting fame.

59 My meaning is no more but to declare,  
That *Haughtie hartes* do spende their time in vaine,  
Which followe warres, and bring themselves in snare,  
Of sundrie ylls, and many a pinching paine,  
Whiles if they list to occupie their braine,  
In other feates with lesser toile ygot,  
They might have fame when as they have it not.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

60 Well, *Greddie minde* is of another moode,  
That man was framde out of some other molde,  
He followes warres for wealth and worldlie good,  
To fill his purse with grotes and glistring golde,  
He hopes to buie that *Haughtie harte* hath solde:  
He is as hote as any man at spoile,  
But at a breach he keepeth no such coyle.

Greedy  
minde

61 Alas good Greddie minde, and canst thou finde  
No better trade, to fill thy boystrous baggs?  
Is witte nowe wente so wandring from thy minde?  
Are all thy points so voide of Reasons taggs?  
Well so mayst thou come roysting home in raggs,  
And lose thy time as *Haughtie harte* doth eke,  
Whiles like a dolt thou wealth in warre dost seke.

62 O bleareyde foole, are both thine eyes beblast?  
Canst thou not see? looke up (what man?) God mend thee,  
Looke at these Lawyers howe they purchase fast,  
Marke wel these Marchants (better minde God send thee)  
See howe the sutes of silke that they woulde lende thee,  
And many mo so fine in fashion stande,  
Till at the last they pay for unthriftes lande.

63 The Grasier gets by feeding fatte his neat,  
The Clothier coynes by carding locks of wooll,  
The Butcher buildes by cutting out of meate,  
The Tanners hydes do fill his budget full,  
The Sheep maister his olde cast croanes can cull,  
The Shoomaker can shift by shaping shooes,  
The Craftie bawde can live by keeping stewes.

64 The gorgeous Goldesmith gets the Divell and all,  
The Haberdasher heapeth wealth by hattes,  
The Barber lives by handling of his ball,  
The Coupers house is heelde by hooping fattes,  
The Roge rubbes out by poysoning of Rattes,  
The Chanell raker liveth by his fee,  
Yet compt I him more worthie prayse than thee.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

65 To rake up rytches evermore by wrong,  
To multiplie by mooving of myschiefe,  
To live by spoile which seeldome lasteth long,  
To hoorde up heapes whiles others lacke relief,  
To winne all wealth by playing of the theefe,  
Is not so good a gaine I dare avowe,  
As his that lives by toyling at the plowe.

66 And yet the drudge that delveth in the grounde,  
The poorest pesant and the homeliest hinde,  
The meanest man that ever yet was founde,  
To get a gaine by any trade or kinde,  
Lives more at rest and hath more ease of minde,  
More sure to winne, much lesser dread to leese,  
Than any page that lives by *Mars* his fees.

67 Ne will I yet affray the doubtfull hertes  
Of such as seeke for welth in warre to fal,  
By thundring out the sundrie sodaine smartes  
Which daily chaunce as fortune trilles the ball:  
Suffiseth this to proove my theame withall,  
That every bullet hath a lighting place,  
Though *Greedie minde* forseeth not that disgrace.

68 The myst of *More would have*, doth bleare his eyes,  
So is he armde with avarice alway,  
And as he covets more than may suffise,  
So is he blinde and dazled day by day,  
For whiles he ventures for a double pay,  
He quite forgets the pay that payes for all,  
Til Leade (for Golde) do glut his greedie gal.

69 Yea though he gaine & cram his purse with crounes,  
And therewith scape the foemens force in fielde,  
He nought foreseeth what treasons dwells in Townes,  
Ne what mishappes his yll got goods may yelde:  
For so may chaunce (and seene it is not seelde)  
His owne companions can contrive a meane,  
To cutte his throate and rinse his budgets cleane.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

70 But if he wist, or had the witte to knowe,  
What dangers dwell, where might beares right adowne,  
What inwardre grieves to quiet mindes may growe  
By greedie thyrst of ryches or renowne,  
Where wrong of warre oft times erects the crowne,  
He would percase confesse among the rest,  
That *Dulce bellum inexpertis est.*

71 So that I say as earst I sayde before,  
That even as *Haughtie harte* doth hunt in vaine,  
Which seekes to winne most honor evermore,  
By haunting warres: so can I see no gaine,  
(With calme content) to feede that others vaine:  
Wherfore my worde is still (I change it not)  
That *Warre seemes sweete to such as raunge it not.*

72 Well then, let see what reason or what rule  
Can Miser move, to march among the rest :  
I meane not Miser he that sterves his Mule  
For lacke of meate: no that were but a jest :  
My Miser is as brave (sometimes) as best,  
Where if he were a snudge to spare a groate,  
Then *Greedie minde* and he might weare one coate.

Miser.

73 But I by Miser meane the very man,  
Which is enforst by chip of any chaunce,  
To steppe aside and wander nowe and than,  
Till lowring lucke may pipe some other daunce,  
And in meane while yet hopeth to advaunce  
His staylesse state, by sworde, by speare, by shielde,  
Such bulwarkes (loe) my Misers braine doth bulide.

74 The forlorne hope, which have set up their rest  
By rash expence, and knowe not howe to live,  
The busie braine that medleth with the best,  
And gets dysgrace his rashnesse to repreeve,  
The man that slew the wight that thought to theeve,  
Such and such moe which flee the Catchpols fist,  
I compt them Misers, though the Queene it wist.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

75 And yet forsooth these love to live in warre,  
When (God he knowes) they wote not what it meanes,  
Where if they sawe how much deceyved they are,  
Whiles they be brought into mine uncles beanes,  
And hoppe in hazarde by their headie meanes :  
Then woulde they learne and love to live at home,  
Much rather yet than wide in warres to rome.

76 The unthrift he that selles a roode of lande,  
For Flemish stickes of Silkes and such like wares,  
Weenes yet at last to make a happie hande  
By bloudie warre, and hopes to shredde such shares,  
In goods yll got to countervaile his cares,  
That he may once recover his estate,  
To royst againe in spite of Catchpolles pate.

77 The restlesse tong [that] tattleth still at large,  
Till just correction cause it to be still,  
Is banisht oft, and sits in *Misers* barge,  
To brydle so the wandring of his will :  
Yet when he heares a trumpet sounding shrill,  
He followes fast, and to himselfe he sayes,  
Nowe can I keepe me out of Catchpols wayes.

78 The bloudie murdrer and the craftie theefe,  
Which have by force or fraude done what offence,  
To creepe in corners, oh they thinke it leefe,  
Though *Miser* there do pay for their expence :  
But when they heare a pay proclaimde for pence,  
Loe then they trudge, and gape to get such wealth,  
As may discharge their heads from hangmans health.

79 Of these three sortes full many have I seene,  
Some hate the streates, bicause the stones were hot,  
Some shunde the Court (& though they lovde our *Queene*)  
Yet in the Counsellors wayes they stumbled not,  
Some might not drinke of Justice *Griffyns* pot :  
But all and some had rather fight with foes,  
Than once to light within the lappes of those.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

80 As for the first what neede I much to wright?  
Since now adayes the Sunne so hote doth shine,  
That fewe yong blouds (unlesse it be by night)  
Can byde the streates: no, narrowe lanes be fine,  
Where every shade may serve them for a shrine:  
But in Cheapside the Sunne so scaldes the streete,  
That every paving stone would partch their feete.

81 So of the seconde somwhat coulde I say,  
Howe tattling tungs and busie byting pennes,  
Have fledde from Court long sithens many a day,  
And bene full gladde to lurke in *Misers* dennes,  
Some for their owne speech, some for other mennes,  
Some for their bookees because they wrote too much,  
Yea some for rymes, but sure I knowe none such.

82 And for the thirde, I cannot blame them I,  
If they at barre have once helde up their hande,  
And smelt the smoke which might have made them frie,  
Or learnde the leape out of their native lande,  
Me thinke if then their cause be rightly scande,  
That they should more delight to follow drummes,  
Than byde at home to come in hangmans thumbes.

83 But holla yet, and lay a strawe thereby,  
For whyles they scape for one offence or twaine,  
They goe so long to schole with felonie,  
And learne such lessons in the Soldiers traine,  
That all delayes are dalied but in vaine:  
For commonly at their home come they pay,  
The debt which hangman claimde earst many a day.

84 How much were better then, with contrite harte  
First to repent, and then to make amedes?  
And therwithall to learne by troubles smarte,  
What sweete repose the lawfull life us lendes:  
For when such plagues the mightie God us sendes,  
They come aswell to scourge offences past,  
As eke to teach a better trade at last.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

85 And eke how much were better for the first,  
To beare lowe sayle, beginne the worlde anewe,  
And stande content to muster with the worst,  
Till God convey them to some better crewe,  
It better were to bydde all pryde adieu,  
And stoupe betimes in hope to ryse againe,  
Than still to strive against the stremme in vaine.

86 So were more meete for mealy mouthed men,  
And busie medlers with their Princes mates,  
Wryters and rimers for to turne their penne  
In humble style unto the loftie states,  
And eke with tongue attending at their gates,  
In lowly wise their favour to beseeche,  
Than still to stande in stout and sturdie speech.

87 But mighty *Mars* hath many men in store,  
Which wayte always to keepe his kingdome up,  
Of whome no one doth shewe his service more,  
Than lingring *Hope* which still doth beare his cuppe,  
And flatteringly lendes every man a suppe,  
Which haunts his courte or in his progresse passe.  
*Hope* brings the bolle whereon they all must quasse.

88 Th' ambitious Prince doth hope to conquer all,  
The Dukes, Earles, Lords, & Knights hope to be kings,  
The Prelates hope to pushe for Popish pall,  
The Lawyers hope to purchase wonderous things,  
The Merchaunts hope for no lesse reckenings,  
The peasant hopes to get a Ferme at least,  
All men are guestes where *Hope* doth holde the feast.

89 Amongst the rest poore *Miser* is so drie,  
And thirsteth so to taste of some good chaunge  
That he in haste to *Hope* runnes by and by,  
And drinkes so deepe (although the taste be straunge,)  
That madding moode doth make his wittes to raunge,  
And he runnes on w[h]ere *Hope* doth leade the way,  
Most commonly (God knowes) to his decaye.

Hope is  
cupbearer  
to war.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

90 So that for companie he sings the same,  
Which *Haughty harte* and *Greedy minde* do sing  
He saieth that *Bellum* breedeth grief of game:  
And though at first it seeme a pleasant thing  
At last (sayeth he) it striketh with a sting,  
And leaves a skarre although the wound be heald,  
Which gives disgrace and cannot be conceald.

91 To prove this true how many in my dayes,  
(And I for one) might be rehearsed here,  
Who after proofe of divers wandring wayes,  
Have bene constreynd to sit with sorie cheere,  
Close in a corner fumbled up for feare?  
Till frō such dennes, drummes dubbe hath calld thē forth,  
To chaunge their chaunce for lottes (ofte) little worth.

92 But here (me thinks) I heare some carping tong,  
That barkes apace and killes me with his crie,  
[M]e thinkes he sayes that all this geare goeth wrong,  
When workes of warre are wrotte by such as I,  
Me thinkes I heare him still this text applie,  
That evill may those presume to teache a trade,  
Which nay themselves in Schollers roome did wade.

93 And for bycause my selfe confessed have,  
That (more than might by writte expressed be)  
I may not seeme above my skill to brave,  
Since yet mine eyes the warres did never see:  
Therefore (say some) how fonde a foole is he,  
That takes in hande to write of worthy warre,  
Which never yet hath come in any jarre?

94 No jarre (good sir) yes yes and many jarres,  
For though my penne of curtesie did putte,  
A difference twixt broyles and bloudie warres,  
Yet have I shot at maister Bellums butte,  
And throwen his ball although I toucht no tutte:  
I have percase as deepeley dealt the dole,  
As he that hit the marke and gat the gole.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

Flushyng  
fraises &  
fleesing of  
Flaunders.

95 For I have seene full many a *Flushyng* fraye,  
And fleest in *Flaunders* eke among the rest,  
The bragge of *Bruges*, where was I that daye?  
Before the walles good sir as brave as best,  
And though I marcht all armde withouten rest,  
From *Aerdenburgh* and back againe that night,  
Yet madde were he that would have made me knight.

Aerden-  
burgh.

96 So was I one forsooth that kept the towne,  
Of *Aerdenburgh* (withouten any walles)  
From all the force that could be dressed downe,  
By *Alba* Duke for all his cries and calles,  
A high exployte. Wee held the Flemings thralles,  
Seven dayes and more without or bragges or blowes,  
For all that while we never herd of foes.

Tergoes.

97 I was againe in trench before *Tergoes*,  
(I dare not say in siege for bothe mine eares)  
For looke as oft as ever Hell brake lose,  
I meane as often as the Spanish peares,  
Made salie foorth (I speake this to my pheares)  
It was no more but which Cock for a groate,  
Such troupes we were to keepe them up in coate.

98 Yet surely this withouten bragge or boast,  
Our English bloudes did there full many a deede,  
Which may be Chronicled in every coaste,  
For bolde attempts, and well it was agreed,  
That had their heades bene rulde by warie heede,  
Some other feate had bene attempted then,  
To shew their force like worthie English men.

99 Since that siege raysde I romed have about,  
In Zeeland, Holland, Waterland, and all,  
By sea, by land, by ayre, and all throughout,  
As leaping lottes, and chance did seeme to call,  
Now here, now there, as fortune trilde the ball,  
Where good \**Guylam* of *Nassau* badde me be,  
There needed I none other guyde but he.

\* The Prince  
of Orenge  
his name is  
Guillam of  
Nassau.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

100 Percase sometimes S. Gyptians pilgrymage,  
Did carie me a moneth (yea sometimes more)  
To brake the Bowres, and racke them in a rage,  
Bicause they had no better cheere in store,  
Beefe, Mutton, Capon, Plover, Pigeons, Bore,  
All this was naught, and for no Souldiours toothe,  
Were these no jarres? (speake now Sir) yes forsoothe.

101 And by my troth to speake even as it is,  
Such ~~prynkes~~ were playde by Souldiours dayly there,  
And though my self did not therein amisse,  
(As God ~~he~~ knowes and men can witnesse beare,) ☞  
Yet since I had a charge, I am not cleare,  
For seldom climes that Captaine to renowne,  
Whose Souldiours faults so plucke his honour downe.

102 Well let that passe. I was in rolling trench,  
At *Ramykins*, where little shotte was spent,  
For gold and groates their matches still did ~~quench~~ Ramykins.  
Which kept the Forte, and forth at last they went,  
So pinde for hunger (almost tenne dayes pent)  
That men could see no wrincles in their faces,  
Their pouder packt in caves and privie places.

103 Next that I servde by night and eke by daie,  
By Sea, by lande, at every time and tide,  
Against \**Mountdragon* whiles he did assaie,  
To lande his men along the salt sea side,  
For well he wist that *Ramykins* went wide,  
And therfore sought with victuall to supplie,  
Poore *Myddleburgh* which then in suddes did lie.

\* A Coronel  
of the kings  
side.

104 And there I sawe full many a bold attempt,  
By seelie soules best executed aye,  
And bravest bragges (the foemens force to tempt)  
Accomplished but coldely many a daye,  
The Souldiour charge, the leader lope away,  
The willing drumme a lustie marche to sounde,  
Whiles ranke retyrers gave their enimies ground.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

105 Againe at Sea the Souldiour forward still,  
When Mariners had little lust to fight,  
And whiles we staie twixt faynte and forward will,  
Our enemies prepare themselves to flight.  
They hoyste up sayle (o wearie woerde to wri[gh]t)  
They hoyste up saile that lacke both streame and windes,  
And we stand still so forst by frowarde mindes.

106 O victorie: (whome *Haughty* hertes do hunte)  
O spoyle and praye (which greedy mindes desire)  
O golden heapes (for whom these *Misers* wonte  
To follow *Hope* which settes all hertes on fire)  
O gayne, O golde, who list to you aspyre,  
And glorie eke, by bolde attempts to winne,  
There was a day to take your prisoners in.

107 The shippes retyre with riches full yfraught,  
The Souldiours marche (meane while) into the towne,  
The tide skarce good, the winde starke staring naught,  
The haste so hoate that (eare they sinke the sowne)  
They came on ground, and strike all sayles adowne:  
While we (ay me) by backward saylers ledde,  
Take up the worst when all the best are fledde.

108 Such triūphs chance where such Lieutenāts rule,  
Where will commaundes when skill is out of towne,  
Where boldest bloudes are forced to recule,  
By Simme the boteswayne when he list to frowne,  
Where Captaynes crouch, and fishers weare the Crowne.  
Such happenes which happen in such haplesse warres,  
Make me to tearme them broyles and beastly jarres.

109 And in these broyles (a beastly broyle to wryte,)  
My *Colonell*, and I fell at debate,  
So that I left both charge and office quite,  
A Captaynes charge and eke a Martials state,  
Whereby I proved (perhaps though all to late)  
How soone they fall whiche leane to rotten bowes,  
Such faith finde they, that trust to some mens vowes.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

110 My harte was high, I could not seeme to serve,  
In regiment where no good rules remayne,  
Where officers and such as well deserve,  
Shall be abusde by every page and swayne,  
Where discipline shall be but deemed vayne,  
Where blockes are stridde by stumblers at a strawe,  
And where selfe will must stand for martiall lawe.

111 These things (with mo) I could not seeme to beare,  
And thereupon I crackt my stafte in two,  
Yet stayde I still though out of pay I were,  
And learne to live as private Souldiours do,  
I lived yet, by God and lacked too :  
Till at the last when *Beavis* fledde amayne,  
Our campe removde to streine (a) *the lande van Strayne*.

112 When (b) *Beavis* fledde, *Mountdragon* came to towne,  
And like a Souldiour *Myddelburgh* he kept,  
But courage now was coldly come adowne,  
On either side : and quietly they slept,  
So that my self from Zeland lightly lept,  
With full entent to taste our English ale,  
Yet first I ment to tell the Prince my tale.

(a) An Iland  
so called  
which was  
sore spoyled  
by our  
countrymen.  
(b) A Coronel  
of the kings  
side whiche  
was governour  
of  
Middelburgh  
next before  
Moidragon.

113 For though the warres waxt colde in every place,  
And small experience was there to be seene,  
Yet thought I not to parte in such disgrace,  
Although I longed much to see our Queene :  
For he that once a hyred man hath bene,  
Must take his Maisters leave before he goe,  
Unless he meane to make his freend his foe.

114 Then went I straight to \**Delfe*, a pleasant towne, \**A towne in Holland.*  
Unto that Prince, whose passing vertues shine,  
And unto him I came on knees adowne,  
Beseeching that his excellency in fine,  
Would graunt me leave to see this countrey mine :  
Not that I wearie was in warres to serve,  
Nor that I lackt what so I did deserve.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

115 But for I found some contecke and debate,  
In regiment where I was woont to rule,  
And for I founde the stae of their estate,  
Was forced now in townes for to recule,  
I craved leave no longer but till \*Yewle,  
And promist then to come againe *Sans fayle*,  
To spende my bloud where it might him avayle.

\* Christmas.

116 The noble Prince gave graunt to my request,  
And made me passeporte signed with his seale,  
But when I was with baggs and baggage prest,  
The Prince began to ring another peale,  
And sent for me, (desiring for my weale)  
That I woulde stay a day or two, to see,  
What was the cause he sent againe for mee.

117 My Colonell was nowe come to the Courte,  
With whome the Prince had many things to treate,  
And for he hoapte, in good and godlie sorte,  
Tweene him and me to worke a friendlie feate,  
He like a gracious Prince his braines did beate,  
To set accorde betweene us if he might,  
Such paynes he toke to bring the wrong to right.

118 O noble Prince, there are too fewe like thee,  
If Vertue wake, she watcheth in thy will,  
If Justice live, then surely thou art hee,  
If Grace do growe, it groweth with thee still,  
O worthy Prince would God I had the skill,  
To write thy worth that men thereby might see,  
How much they erre that speake amisse of thee.

119 The simple Sottes do coumpt thee simple too,  
Whose like for witte our age hath seldome bredde,  
The rayling roges mistrust thou darest not do,  
As Hector did for whom the Grecians fledde,  
Although thou yet werste never seene to dredde,  
The slandrous tongues do say thou drinkst to much,  
When God he knowes thy custome is not such.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

120 But why do I in worthlesse verse devise,  
To write his prayse that doth excell so farre?  
He heard our greeves himself in gratiouys wise,  
And mildly ment to joyne our angry jarre,  
He ment to make that we beganne to marre:  
But wicked wrath had some so farre enraged,  
As by no meanes theyr malice could be swaged.

121 In this meane while the Spaniards came so neare  
That *Delfe* was girte with siege on every side,  
And though men might take shippynge every where,  
And so be gone at any time or tide,  
Yet truth to tell (I speake it for no pryde)  
I could not leave that Prince in such distresse,  
Which cared for me and yet the cause much lesse.

122 But see mishappe how craftely it creepes,  
Whiles fawning fortune fleareth full in face,  
My heavie harte within my bellie weepes,  
To recken here a droppe of darke disgrace,  
Which fell upon my pleasant plight apace,  
And brought a packe of doubts and dumps to passe,  
Whiles I with Prince in love and favour was.

123 A worthie dame whose prayse my penne shal write  
(My sworde shall eke hir honour still defende)  
A loving letter to me did endight,  
And from the Campe the same to me did sende,  
I meane from Campe where foes their force did bende:  
She sent a brief unto me by hir mayde,  
Which at the gates of *Delfe* was stoutely stayde.

124 This letter tane, I was mistrusted much,  
And thought a man that were not for to truste,  
The Burghers straight began to beare me grutche,  
And cast a snare to make my necke be trust,  
For when they had this letter well discust:  
They sent it me by hir that brought it so,  
To trie if I would keepe it close or no.

The frute  
of fancies.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

125 I redde the lines, and knowing whence they came,  
My hamelesse harte began to pant apace,  
Wel to be playne, I thought that never Dame,  
Should make me deale in any doubtfull case,  
Or do the thing might make me hide my face:  
So that unto the Prince I went forthwith,  
And shewed to him of all this packe the pith.

126 The thing God knowes was of no great emport,  
Some freendly lines the vertuous Lady wrote  
To me hir freend: and for my safe passeport,  
The Camepomaster *Valdes* his hand was gotte,  
And seale therewith, that I might safely trotte,  
Unto the *Haghe* a stately pleasaunt place,  
Whereas remaynd this worthy womans grace.

The  
pleasauntest  
village (as  
I thinke)  
that is in  
Europe.

127 And here I set in open verse to showe,  
The whole effect wherfore this work was wrought,  
She had of mine (whereof few folkes did knowe)  
A counterfayte, a thing to me deare bought,  
Which thing to have I many time had sought  
And when shee knew how much I did esteeme it  
Shee vowde that none but I should thence redeeme it.

128 Lo here the cause of all this secrete sleight,  
I sweare by *Jove* that nothing els was ment,  
The noble Prince (who sawe that no deceipt  
Was practised) gave trust to mine entent:  
And leave to write from whence the same was sent,  
But still the Bowgers (Burghers should I saye)  
Encreast their doubtes and watcht me day by day.

(a) for-  
bidden,  
(b) the  
Greene  
capitaine.

129 At every porte it was (forsoth) (a) *belast*,  
That I (b) (*die groene Hopman*) might not go out,  
But when their foes came skirmishing full fast,  
Then with the rest the Greene knight for them fought,  
Then might he go without mistrust or doubt:  
O drunken plompes, I playne without cause why,  
For all cardes tolde there was no foole but I.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

130 I was the foole to fight in your defence,  
Which know no freende, nor yet your selves full well,  
Yet thus you see how paye proclaymde for pence,  
Pulles needie soules in steade of heaven to hell,  
And makes men hope to beare away the bell.  
Whereas they hang in ropes that never rotte,  
Yet warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

131 Well thus I dwelt in *Delfe* a winters tyde,  
In *Delfe* (I say) without one pennie pay :  
My men and I did colde and hunger bide,  
To shew our truth, and yet was never day,  
Wherein the *Spanyard* came to make us play,  
But that the Greene knight was amongst the rest,  
Like (c) *John Greys* birde that ventred with the best.

(c) a pro-verbe.

132 At last the Prince to *Zeland* came himselfe,  
To hunger *Middle*[b]*burgh*, or make it yeeld,  
And I that never yet was set on shelf,  
When any sayld, or winde, or waves could weeld,  
Went after him to shew my selfe in field.  
The selfe same man which earst I vowed to be,  
A trustie man to such a Prince as he.

133 The force of *Flaunders*, *Brabant*, *Geldres*, *Fryze*,  
*Henault*, *Artoys*, *Lyegeland*, and *Luxembrough*,  
Were all ybent, to bryng in new supplies  
To *Myddleburgh* : and little all enough,  
For why the (a) *Gæulx* would neyther bend nor bough.  
But one of force must breake and come to nought,  
All (b) *Walkers* theirs, or *Flushyng* dearly bought.

(a) protestants.

(b) The land wherein Flushing doth stand.

134 There once agayne I served upon seas,  
And for to tell the cause and how it fell,  
It did one day the Prince (my chieftayne) please,  
To aske me thus : *Gascoigne* (quoth he) you dwell  
Amongst us still : and thereby seemeth well,  
That to our side you beare a faithfull harte,  
For else long since we should have seene you starte.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

135 But are (sayde he) your Souldiours by your side?  
O Prince (quoth I) full many dayes be past,  
Since that my charge did with my Cronell glyde.  
Yet byde I here, and meane to be with last:  
And for full prooфе that this is not a blast  
Of glorious talke: I crave some fisher boate,  
To shew my force among this furious floate.

(c) Rigged  
up and fully  
furnished.

136 The Prince gan like my fayth and forward will,  
(c) Equyppet a Hoye and sethir under sayle,  
Wherein I served according to my skill,  
My minde was such, my cunning could not quayle,  
Withouten bragge of those that did assayle  
The foemens fleete which came in good aray,  
I put my selfe in formost ranke alway.

137 Three dayes wee fought, as long as water served,  
And came to ancor neyghbourlike yfeere,  
The Prince himselfe to see who best deserved,  
Stoode every day attending on the peere,  
And might behold what barke went formost there:  
Ill harte had he that would not stoutely fight,  
When as his Prince is present still in sight.

(d) a Towne.  
(e) a River.  
(f) Lusty  
gallants.  
(g) The  
admiral of  
flushing.  
(h) *Tulian*  
*de Romero*.

(i) The cas-  
tellane of  
Anwerp.  
(k) A River.

138 At last our foes had tidings over lande,  
That neare to (d) *Bergh* their fellowes went to wracke,  
On (e) *Scheld* they mette by *Rymerswaell* a bande  
Of (f) *Edellbloets*, who put their force abacke,  
(g) *Lewes de Boyzott* did put them there to sacke,  
And lost an eye, bicause he woulde resemble  
(b) *Dan Julian*, whome (there) he made to tremble.

139 When this was knownen (i) *Sancio de Avila*,  
Who had the charge of those that fought with us,  
Went up the (k) *Hont* and tooke the ready way,  
To *Anwerp* towne: leaving in daunger thus,  
Poore *Myddelburgh* which now waxt dolorous,  
To see all hope of succour shrinke away,  
Whiles they lackt bread and had done many a day.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

140 And when *Mountdragon* might no more endure,  
He came to talke and rendred all at last,  
With whome I was within the Cittie sure,  
Before he went, and on his promisse past:  
Such trust I had to thinke his fayth was fast:  
I dinde, and supt, and laye within the towne,  
A daye before he was from thence ybowne.

141 Thus *Middleburgb, Arnew*, and all the rest,  
Of *Walkers Ile* became the Princes pray,  
Who gave to me bycause I was so prest,  
At such a pinche, and on a dismal day,  
Three hundredth gilderns good above my pay.  
And bad me bide till his abilitie,  
Might better gwerdon my fidelitie.

142 I will not lie, these Gilderns pleaseid me well,  
And much the more bycause they came uncraved,  
Though not unneeded as my fortune fell,  
But yet thereby my credite still was saved,  
My skores were payde, and with the best I braved,  
Till (lo) at last, an English newe relief,  
Came over seas, and *Chester* was their chief.

143 Of these the Prince perswaded me to take,  
A band in charge with *Coronels* consent,  
At whose requests I there did undertake,  
To make mine ensigne once againe full bent,  
And sooth to say, it was my full entent,  
To loose the sadle or the horse to winne,  
Such haplesse hope the Prince had brought me in.

144 Souldiours behold and Captaynes marke it well,  
How hope is harbenger of all mishappe,  
Some hope in honour for to beare the bell.  
Some hope for gaine and venture many a clappe,  
Some hope for trust and light in treasons lappe.  
Hope leades the way our lodging to prepare,  
Where high mishap (ofte) keepes an Inne of care.

Hope is the  
herbenger of  
mishappe.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

145 I hoapt to shew such force agaynst our foes,  
That those of *Delf* might see how true I was,  
I hoapt in deede for to be one of those  
Whome fame should follow, where my feete should passe,  
I hoapt for gaynes and founde great losse alas:  
I hoapt to winne a worthy Souldiours name,  
And light on lucke which brought me still to blame.

146 In *Valkenburgh* (a fort but new begonne)  
With others moe I was ordeynde to be,  
And farre beforne the worke were half way done,  
Our foes set forth our sorie seate to see,  
They came in time, but cursed time for mee,  
They came before the courtine raysed were,  
One onely foote above the trenches there.

147 What should we do, foure ensignes lately prest,  
Five hundredth men were all the bulke we bare,  
Our enimies three thousand at the least,  
And somuch more they might alwayes prepare:  
But that most was, the truth for to declare,  
We had no store of pouder, nor of pence,  
Nor meate to eate, nor meane to make defence.

148 Here some may say that we were much to blame,  
Which would presume in such a place to byde,  
And not foresee (how ever went the game)  
Of meate and shotte our souldiours to provide:  
Who so do say have reason on their side,  
Yet proves it still (though ours may be the blot)  
That warre seemes sweete to such as know it not.

149 For had our forte bene fully fortifyed,  
Two thousand men had bene but few enow,  
To man it once, and had the truth bene tried,  
We could not see by any reason how,  
The Prince could send us any succour now,  
Which was constreynd in townes himself to shield,  
And had no power to shew his force in field.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

150 Herewith we had nor powder packt in store,  
Nor flesh, nor fishe, in poudring tubbes yput,  
Nor meale, nor malt, nor meane (what would you more?)  
To get such geare if once we should be shut.  
And God he knowes, the English Souldiours gut,  
Must have his fill of victualles once a day,  
Or els he will but homely earne his pay.

151 To scuse ourselves, and Coronell withall,  
We did foretell the Prince of all these needes,  
Who promised alwayes to be our wall,  
And badde us trust as truely as our creedes,  
That all good wordes should be performd with deedes,  
And that before our foes could come so neare,  
He would both send us men and merrie cheare.

152 Yea Robyn Hood, our foes came downe apace,  
And first they chargde another Forte likewise,  
*Alphen* I meane, which was a stronger place,  
And yet to weake to keepe in warlike wise:  
Five other bandes of English \**Fanteries*,  
Were therein set for to defend the same,  
And them they chargde for to beginne the game.

\* footeme

153 This Forte fro ours was distant ten good miles,  
I meane such myles as English measure makes,  
Betweene us both stoode *Leyden* towne therewhiles,  
Which everie day with fayre wordes undertakes,  
To feede us fat and cramme us up with cakes:  
It made us hope it would supplie our neede,  
For we (to it) two Bulwarkes were in deede.

154 But when it came unto the very pinche,  
*Leyden* farewell, we might for *Leyden* sterve,  
I like him well that promiseth an inche,  
And payes an ell, but what may he deserve  
That flatters much and can no fayth observe?  
[An]d old sayd sawe, that fayre wordes make fooles fayne,   
Which proverbe true we proved to our Payne.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

155 A conference among our selves we cald,  
Of Officers and Captaynes all yfeere,  
For truth (to tell) the Souldiours were apald,  
And when we askt, nowe mates what merie cheere?  
Their aunswere was: *it is no bidyng here.*  
So that perforse we must from thence be gone,  
Unlesse we ment to keepe the place alone.

156 Herewith we thought that if in time we went,  
Before all streights were stopt and taken up,  
We might (perhaps) our enimies prevent,  
And teach them eke to taste of sorowes cuppe:  
At *Maesland Sluyse*, wee hoped for to suppe,  
A place whereas we might good service do,  
To keepe them out which tooke it after too.

157 Whiles thus we talke, a messenger behold,  
From *Alphen* came, and told us heavy newes,  
Captaynes (quoth he) hereof you may be bolde,  
Not one poore soule of all your fellowes crewes,  
Can scape alive, they have no choyse to chuse:  
They sent me thus to bidden you shifte in time,  
Els looke (like them) to sticke in Spanish lime.

158 This tale once tolde, none other speech prevaylde,  
But packe and trudge, al leysure was to long,  
To mende the marte, our watche (which never faylde)  
Described our foes which marched all along,  
And towards us began in hast to throng,  
So that before our laste could passe the porte,  
The foremost foes were now within the Forte.

159 I promest once and did performe it too,  
To bide therein as long as any would,  
What booted that? or what could Captaynes doo,  
When common sorte would tarie for no gould?  
To speake a troth, the good did what they could,  
To keepe the badde in rankes and good araye,  
But labour lost to hold that will away.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

160 It needlesse were to tell what deeds were donne,  
Nor who did best, nor who did worst that day,  
Nor who made head, nor who began to runne,  
Nor in retreate what chief was last alway,  
But Souldiour like we held our enimies play:  
And every Captayne strave to do his best,  
To stay his owne and so to stay the rest.

161 In this retyre three English miles we trodde,  
With face to foes and shot as thicke as hayle,  
Of whose choyce men full fiftie soules and odde,  
We layed on ground, this is withouten fayle,  
Yet of our owne, we lost but three by tale:  
Our foes themselves confess they bought full deere,  
The hote pursute whiche they attempted there.

162 Thus came we late at last to *Leyden* walles,  
Too late, too soone, and so may we well say,  
For notwithstanding all our cries and calles,  
They shut their gates and turnd their eares away:  
In fine they did forsake us every way,  
And badde us shifte to save ourselves apace,  
For unto them were fonde to trust for grace.

163 They neither gave us meate to feede upon,  
Nor drinke, nor powder, pickax, toole nor spade,  
So might we sterue, like misers woe begone,  
And fend our foes, with blowes of English blade,  
For shotte was shronke, and shift could none be made:  
Yea more than this, wee stoode in open fielde,  
Without defense from shotte our selves to shielde.

164 This thus wel weyed, whē weary night was past,  
And day gan peepe, wee heard the Spanish drommes,  
Which stroke a marche about us round to cast,  
And foorth withall their Ensignes quickly cōmes,  
At sight whereof, our Souldiours bitte their thōmes:  
For well they wist it was no boote to flie,  
And biding there, there was no boote but die.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

165 So that we sent a drumme to summone talke,  
And came to *Parlee* middle way betweene,  
*Monsieur de Licques*, and *Mario* did walke,  
From foemens side, and from our side were seene,  
My self, that matche for *Mario* might bene:  
And Captayne *Sheffeld* borne of noble race,  
To matche *de Licques*, which there was chief in place.

166 Thus met we talkt, and stooide upon our toes,  
With great demaundes whome little might content,  
We craved not onely freedome from our foes,  
But shippynge eke with sayles and all full bent,  
To come againe from whence we first were went:  
I meane to come, into our English coast,  
Which soyle was sure, and might content us most.

167 An old sayde sawe, (and ofte seene) that whereas,  
Thou comste to crave, and doubtst for to obtayne,  
*Iniquum pete* (then) *ut æquum feras*,  
This had I heard, and sure I was full fayne,  
To prove what profite we thereby might gayne:  
But at the last when time was stolen away,  
We were full gladde to play another play.

168 We rendred then with safetie for our lives,  
Our Ensignes splayed, and manyging our armes,  
With furder fayth, that from all kinde of gives,  
Our souldiours should remayne withouten harmes:  
And sooth to say, these were no false allarmes,  
For why? they were within twelve dayes discharged,  
And sent away from pryon quite enlarged.

169 They were sent home, and we remayned still,  
In pryon pent, but yet right gently used,  
To take our lives, it was not *Licques* will,  
(That noble blood, which never man abused,)  
Nor ever yet was for his faith accused,  
Would God I had the skill to write his prayse,  
Which lent me comfort in my dolefull dayes.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

170 We bode behind, foure moneths or little lesse,  
But whereupon that God he knowes not I,  
Yet if I might be bolde to give a gesse,  
Then would I say it was for to espie,  
What raunsome we would pay contentedly :  
Or els to know how much we were esteemde,  
In England here, and for what men ydeemde.

171 How so it were, at last we were dispatcht,  
And home we came as children come from schoole,  
As gladde, as fishe which were but lately catcht,  
And straight againe were cast into the poole :  
For by my fay I coumpt him but a foole,  
Which would not rather poorely live at large,  
Than rest in pryson fedde with costly charge.

172 Now have I tolde a tedious tale in rime,  
Of my mishappes, and what ill lucke I had,  
Yet some may say, that all to lowde I chime,  
Since that in warres my fortune was not badde,  
And many a man in pryson would be gladde,  
To fare no worse, and lodge no worse than wee,  
And eke at last to scape and go so free.

173 I must confesse that both we were well used,  
And promise kept according to contract,  
And that nor wee, nor Souldiours were abused,  
No rigour shewed, nor lovely dealing lackt :  
I must confesse that we were never racket,  
Nor forst to do, nor speake agaynst our will,  
And yet I coumpt it froward fortune still.

174 A truth it is (since warres are ledde by chaunce,  
And none so stoute but that sometimes may fall.)  
No man on earth his honour might advaunce,  
To render better (if he once were thrall)  
Why who could wishe more comforde at his call,  
Than for to yeeld with ensigne full displayde,  
And all armes borne in warlike wise for ayde ?

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

175 Or who could wishe dispatche with greater speede,  
Than souldiours had which taried so few dayes?  
Or who could wishe, more succour at his neede,  
Than used was to them at all assayes?  
Bread, meate, and drinke, yea wagons in their wayes,  
To ease the sicke and hurte which could not go,  
All tane in warres, are seldome used so.

176 Or who could wishe (to ease his captive dayes)  
More libertie than on his fayth to rest?  
To eate and drinke at Barons borde alwayes,  
To lie on downe, to banquet with the best,  
To have all things, at every just request,  
To borowe coyne, when any seemde to lacke,  
To have his owne, away with him to packe?

177 All this and more I must confesse we had,  
God save (say I) our noble Queene therfore,  
*Hinc illæ lachrimæ*, there laye the padde,  
Which made the strawe suspected be the more,  
For trust me true, they coveted full sore,  
To keepe our Queene and countrie fast their friendes,  
Till all their warres might grow to luckie endes.

178 But were that once to happy ende ybrought,  
And all stray sheepe come home agayne to folde,  
Then looke to dore: and thinke the cat is noughe,  
Although she let the mouse from out hir holde:  
Beleve me now, me thinkes I dare be bolde,  
To thinke that if they once were freendes againe,  
We might soone sell, all freendship found in Spaine.

179 Well these are woordes and farre beyöd my reach,  
Yet by the way receyve them well in worth,  
And by the way, let never *Licques* appeach  
My rayling penne, for thoughe my minde abhorrh,  
All Spanish prankes: yet must I thunder forth  
His worthy prayse, who held his fayth unstayned,  
And evermore to us a freend remayned.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

180 Why sayed I then, that warre is full of woes?  
Or sowre of taste, to them that know it best?  
Who so demaundes, I will my minde disclose,  
And then judge you the burdens of my brest:  
Marke well my wordes and you shall finde him blest,  
That medleth least with warres in any wise,      // ✓  
But quiet lives, and all debate defies.

181 For though we did with truth and honour yeeld,  
Yet yeelding is always a great disgrace,  
And though we made a brave retyre in field,  
Yet who retyres, doth always yeeld his place:  
And though we never did our selves embase,  
But were always at Barons table fedde,  
Yet better were at home with Barlie breade.

182 I leave to tell what losse we did sustaine,  
In pens, in pay, in wares, and readie wealth,  
Since all such trash may gotten be againe,  
Or wasted well at home by privie stelth:  
Small losse hath he which all his living selth,  
To save his life, when other helpe is none,  
Cast up the saddle when the horse is gone.

183 But what I sayde, I say and sweare againe,  
For first we were in Hollande sore suspect,  
The states did thinke, that with some filthie gaine  
The Spanish peeres us Captaines had infect,  
They thought we ment our ensignes to erect  
In Kings behalfe: and eke the common sorte,  
Thought privy pay had made us leave our forte.

184 Againe, the Kings men (onely *Licques* except,  
And good\* *Verdugo*) thought we were too well,  
And that we were but playde with in respect,  
When as their men in great distresse did dwell:  
So that with hate their burning hartes did swell,  
And bad hang up or drowne us everychone,  
These bones we had alway to byte upon.

\* A coronell  
of the kings  
side.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

185 This sause we had unto our costly fare,  
And every day we threatned were in deede,  
So that on both sides we must byde the care,  
And be mistrust of every wicked deede,  
And be revilde, and must our selves yet feede  
With lingring Hope, to get away at last,  
That selfe same Hope whiche tyed us there so fast.

186 To make up all, our owne men playde their parte,  
And rang a peale to make us more mystrust,  
For when they should away from us departe,  
And sawe us byde, they thought we stayed for lust,  
And sent them so in secrete to be trust:  
They thought and sayde, thus have our Captaines solde  
Us silly soules, for groates and glistring golde.

187 Yea, when they were to England safely brought,  
Yet talkte they still even as they did before:  
For slaundrous tongues, if once they tattle ought,  
With mickell payne will chaunge their wicked lore:  
It hath bene proved full many dayes of yore,  
That he which once in slander takes delight,  
Will seldome frame his woordes to sounde aright.

188 Straunge tale to tell, we that had set them free,  
And set ourselves on sandes for their expence,  
We that remaynd in daunger of the tree,  
When they were safe, we that were their defence,  
With armes, with cost, with deedes, with eloquence:  
We that saved such, as knew not where to flie,  
Were now by them accusde of trecherie.

189 These fruits (I say) in wicked warres I founde,  
Which make me wryte much more than else I would,  
For losse of life, or dread of deadly wounde,  
Shall never make me blame it though I could,  
Since death doth dwell on everie kinde of mould:  
And who in warre hath caught a fatall clappe,  
Might chaunce at home to have no better happe.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

190 So losse of goodes shall never trouble me,  
Since God which gives can take when pleaseth him,  
But losse of fame or slaundred so to be,  
That makes my wittes to breake above their brimme,  
And flettes my harte, and lames me every limme:  
*For Noble minds their honour more esteeme,*  
*Than worldly wights, or wealth, or life can deeme.*

191 And yet in warres, such graffes of grudge do growe,  
Such lewdnesse lurkes, such malice makes mischief,  
Such envie boyles, such falsehood fire doth blowe,  
That *Bountie* burnes, and truth is called thief,  
And good desertes are brought into such brief,  
That Saunder snuffe which sweares the matter out,  
Brings oftentimes the noblest names in doubt.

192 Then whether I be one of *Haughty harte*,  
Or *Greedy minde*, or *Miser* in decay,  
I sayde and say that for mine owne poore parte,  
I may confesse that *Bellum* every way,  
*Is Sweete*: but how? (beare well my woordes away)  
Forsooth, *to such as never did it trie*,  
This is my Theame I cannot chaunge it I.

### Peroratio.

193 O noble Queene, whose high foresight provides,  
That wast of warre, your realmes doth not destroye,  
But pleasaunt peace, and quiet concord glydes,  
In every coast, to drive out darke anoye,  
O vertuous dame, I say *Pardonex moy*,  
That I presume in worthlesse verse to warne,  
Thambitious Prince, his dueties to deserne.

Prince.

194 Your skilfull minde (O Queene without compare)  
Can soone conceyve that cause constraines me so,  
Since wicked warres have bredde such cruell care,  
In *Flaunders*, *Fraunce*, in *Spaine* and many mo,  
Which reape thereby none other worth but wo:  
Whiles you (meane while) enjoy the fruities of peace,  
Still praysing God, whose bounties never cease.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

195 If you (my liege) vouchsafe in gratiouse wise,  
To pardon that which passeth from my Muse,  
Then care I not what other kings devise,  
In warres defense: nor though they me accuse,  
And say that I their bloudie deedes abuse:  
Your onely grace my soveraigne Lady be,  
Let other Kings thinke what they list of me.

Nobilite.

196 And you my Lordes to whome I dueties owe,  
And beare such love as best becommeth me,  
First Earle of Bedford, whome I right well know,  
To honour armes: and woorthie Warwyke he,  
In whose good grace I covet sore to be:  
Then Leyster next, (Sussex not set behinde)  
And worthy Essex men of noble minde.

197 Yong Oxenford as toward as the best,  
Northumberland, and Ormount woorthy prayse,  
Lyncolne, Kildare, and Worster with the rest  
Of noble Earles, which hold your happy dayes  
In high renowme, as men of warre alwayes:  
With others mo to many to recite,  
Vouchsafe my Lordes to pardone that I write.

198 Of Wilton Grey (to whome these rimes I wrote)  
With all the Barons bold of English soyle,  
I humbly crave that it may be forgotte,  
Although my Muze have seemde to keepe a coyle  
With mighty men which put the weake to foyle:  
I ment not you since, by your deedes appeares,  
You rule with right, like wise and worthy peares.

Prelacie.

199 Right reverend, of Canterbury chiefe,  
London, and Lincoln, Bishoppes by your name,  
Good Deane of Pawles (which lend a great relief,  
To naked neede) and all the rest of fame,  
In pastors place: with whome I were too blame,  
If Neynsone my maister were not plaste,  
Since by his helpe I learning first embraste.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

200 Beare with my verse, and thinke I ment not you,  
Whereas I speake of pride in Prelacie,  
But let it bide even there where first it grew,  
Till God vouchsafe to quench hipocrisie,  
Which by pretence to punish heresie,  
Doth conquere realmes, and common concords breake,  
You know my mind, I neede no playner speake.

201 You gemmes of Justice, chiefe of either bench,  
And he that keepes <sup>hir</sup> Majesties great seale,  
Good Queenes attorney, he whose pitties quench  
(I say sometimes) the rigour of his zeale,  
When miserie, to mercy must apeale,  
<sup>Lawyers.</sup> And Sergeant Lovelace, many ways my friend,  
As I have found (yet let me there not end,)

20[2] But hold my tale to *Rugge* and all the rest  
Of good Grayes Inne, where honest *Yelverton*,  
And I *Per se* sometimes yfeere did rest,  
When amitie first in our brests begonne,  
Which shall endure as long as any Sunne  
May shine on earth, or water swimme in Seas,  
Let not my verse your lawlike minds displease,

203 For well wot you, our master Christ himselfe,  
Which had but twelve Apostles in his trayne,  
Had *Judas* yet, which sold for worldly pelfe  
Our Saviour: this text is true and playne:  
And where so many Lawyers do remayne,  
There may be some although that you be none,  
Which breedeth debate and love to cast a bone.

204 In Chancerie I neede no man suspect,  
Since conscience, in that court beareth sway,  
Yet in the same I may no wayes neglect,  
Nor worthy *Powle*, nor *Cordell* by the way,  
Of whome that one, is of my keepe the keye,  
That other once did lende me such advise,  
As was both sounde and good, had I bene wise.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

205 He tolde me once, (I beare it well in minde,  
And shall it nay forget whyles lyfe doth last)  
That harde it is a noble name to finde,  
In such attempts as then in service past:  
Beleve me now I founde his wordes no blast,  
Wherfore I pray both him and his compeere,  
To beare with that which I have written heere.

Merchaunts.

206 And as for Merchants, though I finde the most  
Hard harted men and compting cunningly,  
Yet *Albany* shall thinke I do not boast  
In rayling wise: for sure his curtesie,  
Constreynes me now to prayse him worthely.  
And gentle *Rowe* with *Luntley* make me say,  
That many Merchaunts beare even what they may.

207 But to conclude, I meane no more but thus,  
In all estates some one may treade awrye,  
And he that list my verses to discusse,  
Shall see I ment no more, but modestly  
To warne the wise, that they such faults do flie  
As put downe peace by covine or debate,  
Since *warre* and *strife* bryng wo to every state.

FINIS.

## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

### *L'envoie.*

*Chorus*  
O little Booke, God graunt thou none offend,  
For so meant hee which sought to set thee foorth,  
And when thou commest where Soldiers seeme to wend,  
Submit thy selfe as writte but little woorth:  
Confesse withall, that thou hast bene too bolde,  
To speake so plaine of *Haughtie hartes* in place,  
And say that he which wrote thee coulde have tolde  
Full many a tale, of blouds that were not base:  
He coulde have writte *Dan Dudleyes* noble deedes,  
Whose like hath since bene harde on earth to finde,  
Although his Vertue shewes it selfe in Seedes,  
Which treade his tracks, and come not farre behinde.  
He might have sung of *Grey* the woorthie prayse,  
Whose offspring holdes the honor of his sire:  
He coulde declare what *Wallop* was alwayes,  
What *Awdelie* seemde, what *Randell* did require.  
He coulde say what deserthes in *Drewrie* be,  
In *Reade*, in *Bryckwell*, and a meany moe:  
But bashfulness did make him blush, least he  
Should but eclypse their fames by singing so.  
Suffiseth this, that still he honors those  
Which wade in warres to get a woorthie name,  
And least esteemes the greedie snudge, which goes!  
To gayne good golde, witho[u]t respecte of fame.  
And for the thirde sorte, those that in dystresse  
Do drive their dayes, till drummes do draw them out,  
He coumpts him selfe to bee nor more nor lesse,  
But even the same: for sure withouten doubt,  
If drummes once sounde a lustie martch in deede,  
Then farewell booke, for he will trudge with speede.

FINIS.

*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*

Corected, perfected, and finished.



## DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS

WHO soever is desirous to reade this proposition more at large and cunningly handled, let him but peruse the Proverbe or adage it self in the first Centurian of the fourth *Chillyade* of that famouse Clarke *Erasmus Roterodamus*: the whiche is there also Entituled: *Dulce bellum inexpertis*.

# ¶ HEARBES.

*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*

---

¶ In this division are conteyned :

The Comedie called <i>Supposes.</i>		The complainte of a Dame sus-
Folio. 1.		pefted.
The Tragedie called <i>Yocasta.</i>		A Riddle.
Fol.	73	The shield of Love.
The fruite of Reconciliation.	129	The gloze upon <i>Dominus iis opus</i>
The force of true Frendship.	131	<i>babet.</i>
The force of Love in Strangers.	132	Gascoignes counsel to <i>Dive.</i>
The praise of browne beautie.	134	Fol.
The Partrich and the Merlyn.	135	Gascoignes counsel to <i>Wythipole.</i>
The vertue of <i>Ver.</i>	136	
The complainte of a Dame in		Gascoignes woodmanship.
absence.	138	Fol.
The praise of a Coiffesse.	139	Gascoigns gardenings.
The affectiō of a lover.	140	Gascoigns journey into <i>Hollande.</i>



# SUPPOSES:

A Comedie written in  
the Italian tongue by Ario-  
sto, Englished by George Gas-  
coyne of Grayes Inne  
Esquire,  
and there presented.

1566.

## The names of the Actors.

**B** *Alia*, the Nurse.

**P** *Polynesta*, the yong woman.

*Cleander*, the Doctor, suter to *Polynesta*.

*Pasyphilo*, the Parasite.

*Carion*, the Doctors man.

*Dulipa*, fayned servant and lover of *Polynesta*.

*Erostrato*, fayned master and suter to *Polynesta*.

*Dalio* & } servantes to fayned *Erostrato*.

*Crapyno* & } servantes to fayned *Erostrato*.

*Scenæse*, a gentleman stranger.

*Paquetto* & } his servantes.

*Petrucio* & } his servantes.

*Daman*, father to *Polynesta*.

*Nevola*, and two other his servants.

*Psysteria*, an old[e] hag in his house.

*Phylogano*, a Scycilian gentleman, father to *Erostrato*.

*Lytio*, his servant.

*Ferrarese*, an Inkeeper of *Ferrara*.

The Comedie presented as it were  
in *Ferrara*.

### *The Prologue or argument.*

I Suppose you are assembled here, supposing to reape the fruite of my travayles: and to be playne, I meane presently to presente you with a Comedie called Supposes: the verye name wherof may perad[v]enture drive into every of your heades a sundry Suppose, to suppose, the meaning of our supposes. Some percase will suppose we meane to occupie your eares with sophisticall handling of subtil Suppositions. Some other wil suppose we go about to discipher unto you some queint conceiptes, which hitherto have bene onely supposed as it were in shadowes: and some I see smyling as though they supposed we would trouble you with the vaine suppose of some wanton Suppose. But understand, this our Suppose is nothing else but a mystaking or imagination of one thing for an other. For you shall see the master supposed for the servant, the servant for the master: the freeman for a slave, and the bondslave for a freeman: the stranger for a well knownen friend, and the familiar for a stranger. But what? I suppose that even already you suppose me very fonde, that have so simply disclosed unto you the subtilties of these our Supposes: where otherwise in deede I suppose you shoulde have hearde almoste the laste of our Supposes, before you coulde have supposed anye of them arighte. Let this then suffise.

## SUPPOSES

Actus primus. Scena 1.

BALIA, the Nurse. POLYNESTA, the yong woman.

**H**ere is no body, come foorth *Polynesta*, let us looke about, to be sure least any man heare our talke: for I thinke within the house the tables, the plankes, the beds, the portals, yea and the cupbords them selves have eares.

*Pol.* You might as well have sayde, the windowes and the doores: do you not see howe they harken?

*Ba.* Well you jest faire, but I would advise you take heede, I have bidden you a thousande times beware: you will be spied one day talking with *Dulippo*.

*Ps.* And why should I not talke with *Dulippo*, as well as with any other, I pray you?

*Ba.* I have given you a wherfore for this why many times: but go too, followe your owne advise till you overwhelme us all with soden mishappe.

*Ps.* A great mishappe I promise you: marie Gods blessing on their heart that sette suche a brouche on my cappe.

*Ba.* Well, looke well about you: a man would thinke it were inough for you secretly to rejoice, that by my helpe you have passed so many pleasant nightes togither: and yet by my trouth I do it more than halfe agaynst my will, for I would rather you had settled your fansie in some noble familie yea and it is no small grieve unto me, that (rejecting the suites of so many nobles and gentlemen) you have chosen for your darling a poore servant of your fathers, by whome shame and infamie is the best dower you can looke for to attayne.

*Ps.* And I pray you whome may I thanke but gentle nourse? that continually praysing him, what for his personage, his curtesie, and above all, the extreme passions of his minde, in fine you would never cease till I accepted him, delighted in him, and at length desired him with no lesse affection, than he earst desired me.

*Ba.* I can not denie, but at the beginning I did recomende him unto you (as in deede I may say that for my selfe I have a pitiful heart) seeing the depth of his unbridled affection,

## SUPPOSES

and that continually he never ceased to fill mine eares with lamentable complaunts.

*Po.* Nay rather that he filled your pursse with bribes and rewards, Nourse.

*Ba.* Well you may judge of Nourse as you liste. In deede I have thought it alwayes a deede of charitie to helpe the miserable yong men, whose tender youth consumeth with the furious flames of love. But be you sure if I had thought you would have passed to the termes you nowe stand in, pitie nor pencion, peny nor pater noster shoulde ever have made Nurse once to open hir mouth in the cause.

*Po.* No of honestie, I pray you, who first brought him into my chamber? who first taught him the way to my bed but you? fie Nourse fie, never speake of it for shame, you will make me tell a wise tale anone.

*Ba.* And have I these thanks for my good wil? why then I see wel I shall be counted the cause of all mishappe.

*Po.* Nay rather the author of my good happe (gentle Nourse) for I would thou knewest I love not *Dulipo*, nor any of so meane estate, but have bestowed my love more worthily than thou deemest: but I will say no more at this time.

*Ba.* Then I am glad you have changed your minde yet.

*Po.* Nay I neither have changed, nor will change it.

*Ba.* Then I understande you not, how sayde you?

*Po.* Mary I say that I love not *Dulipo*, nor any suche as he, and yet I neither have changed nor wil change my minde.

*Ba.* I can not tell, you love to lye with *Dulipo* very well: this geare is Greeke to me: either it hangs not well toghether, or I am very dull of understanding: speake plaine I pray you.

*Po.* I can speake no plainer, I have sworne to y<sup>e</sup> contrary.

*Ba.* Howe? make you so deintie to tell it Nourse, least she shoulde reveale it? you have trusted me as farre as may be, (I may shewe to you) in things that touche your honor if they were knowne: and make you strange to tell me this? I am sure it is but a trifle in comparison of those things wherof heretofore you have made me privie.

*Po.* Well, it is of greater importance than you think Nourse: yet would I tell it you under condition and promise that you shall not tell it agayne, nor give any signe or token to be suspected that you know it.

## SUPPOSES

*Ba.* I promise you of my honestie, say on.

*Po.* Well heare you me then: this yong man whome you have alwayes taken for *Dulipo*, is a noble borne *Sicilian*, his right name *Erostrato*, sonne to *Philogano*, one of the worthiest men in that countrey.

*Ba.* How *Erostrato*? is it not our neighbour, whiche?

*Po.* Holde thy talking nourse, and harken to me, that I may explaine the whole case unto thee. The man whome to this day you have supposed to be *Dulipo*, is (as I say) *Erostrato*, a gentleman that came from *Sicilia* to studie in this Citie, & even at his first arrivall met me in the street, fel enamored of me, & of suche vehement force were the passions he suffred, that immediatly he cast aside both long gowne and booke, & determined on me only to apply his study. And to the end he might the more cōmodiously bothe see me and talke with me, he exchanged both name, habite, clothes and credite with his servat *Dulipo* (whom only he brought with him out of *Sicilia*) and so with the turning of a hand, of *Erostrato* a gentleman, he became *Dulipo* a serving man, and soone after sought service of my father, and obteyned it.

The first  
suppose &  
grovnd of all  
the suposes.

*Ba.* Are you sure of this?

*Po.* Yea out of doubt: on the other side *Dulippo* tooke upon him the name of *Erostrato* his maister, the habite, the credite, booke, and all things needefull to a studente, and in shorte space profited very muche, and is nowe esteemed as you see.

*Ba.* Are there no other *Sicilians* heere: nor none that passe this way, which may discover them?

*Po.* Very fewe that passe this way, and fewe or none that tarrie heere any time.

*Ba.* This hath been a straunge adventure: but I pray you howe hang these thinges togither? that the studente whome you say to be the servant, and not the maister, is become an earnest suter to you, and requireth you of your father in mariage?

*Po.* That is a pollicie devised betweene them, to put Doctor Dotipole out of conceite: the olde dotarde, he that so instantly dothe lye upon my father for me. But looke where he comes, as God helpe me it is he, out upon him, what a luskie yonker is this? yet I had rather be a Noonne a thousande times, than be combred with suche a Coystrell.

## SUPPOSES

Ba. Daughter you have reason, but let us go in before he come any neerer.

*Polynesta goeth in, and Balya stayeth a little whyle after, speaking a worde or two to the doctor, and then departeith.*

### Scena. 2.

CLEANDER, Doctor. PASIPHILO, Parasite. BALYA, Nourse.

W Ere these dames heere, or did mine eyes dazil?

Pa. Nay syr heere were *Polynesta* and hir no[u]rse.

Cle. Was my *Polynesta* heere? alas I knewe hir not.

Ba. He muste have better eyesight that shoulde marry your *Polynesta*, or else he may chaunce to oversee the best poynt in his tables sometimes.

Pa. Syr it is no marvell, the ayre is very mistie too day: I my selfe knewe hir better by hir apparell than by hir face.

Cle. In good fayth and I thanke God, I have mine eye sighte good and perfitt, little worse than when I was but twentie yeres olde.

Pa. How can it be otherwise? you are but yong.

Cle. I am fiftie yeres olde.

Pa. He telles ten lesse than he is.

Cle. What sayst thou of ten lesse?

Pa. I say I woulde have thoughte you tenne lesse, you looke like one of six and thirtie, or seven and thirtie at the moste.

Cle. I am no lesse than I tell.

Pa. You are like inough too live fiftie more: shewe me your hande.

Cle. Why is *Pasiphilo* a Chiromancer?

Pa. What is not *Pasiphilo*? I pray you shewe mee it a little.

Cle. Here it is.

Pa. O how straight and infracte is this line of life? you will live to the yeeres of *Melchisedech*.

Cle. Thou wouldest say, *Methusalem*.

## SUPPOSES

*Pa.* Why is it not all one?

*Cle.* I perceive you are no very good Bibler *Pasiphilo*.

*Pa.* Yes sir an excellent good Bibbeler, specially in a bottle: Oh what a mounte of Venus here is? but this lighte serveth not very well, I will beholde it an other day, when the ayre is clearer, and tell you somewhat, peradventure to your contention.

*Cle.* You shal do me great pleasure: but tell me, I pray thee *Pasiphilo*, whome doste thou thinke *Polynesta* liketh better, *Erostrato* or me?

*Pa.* Why? you out of doubt: She is a gentlewoman of a noble minde, and maketh greater accompte of the reputation she shall have in marrying your worship, than that poore scholer, whose birthe and parentage God knoweth, and very fewe else.

*Cle.* Yet he taketh it upon him bravely in this countrey.

*Pa.* Yea, where no man knoweth the contrarie: but let him brave it, bost his birth, and do what he can, the vertue and knowledge that is within this body of yours, is worth more than all the countrey he came from.

*Cle.* It becommeth not a man to praise him selfe: but in deede I may say, (and say truely,) that my knowledge hath stode me in better steade at a pinche, than coulde all the goodes in the worlde. I came out of *Otranto* when the Turkes wonne it, and first I came to *Padua*, after hither, where by reading, counsailing, and pleading, within twentie yeares I have gathered and gayned as good as ten thousande Ducats.

*Pa.* Yea mary, this is the righte knowledge: Philosophie, Poetrie, Logike, a[n]d all the rest, are but pickling sciences in comparison to this.

*Cle.* But pyckling in deede, whereof we have a verse:

*The trade of Lawe doth fill the boystrous bagges,  
They swimme in silke, when others royst in ragges.*

*Pa.* O excellent verse, who made it? *Virgil*?

*Cle.* *Virgil*? tushe it is written in one of our gloses.

*Pa.* Sure who soever wrote it, the morall is excellent, and worthy to be written in letters of golde. But too the purpose: I thinke you shall never recover the wealth that you loste at *Otranto*.

## SUPPOSES

*Cle.* I thinke I have dubbled it, or rather made it foure times  
as muche: but in deed, I lost mine only sonne there, a childe  
of five yeres olde.

*Pa.* O great pitie.

*Cle.* Yea, I had rather have lost al the goods in y<sup>e</sup> world.

*Pa.* Alas, alas: by God and grafts of such a stocke are  
very gayson in these dayes.

*Cle.* I know not whether he were slayne, or the Turks  
toke him and kept him as a bond slave.

*Pa.* Alas, I could weepe for compassion, but there is no  
remedy but patience, you shall get many by this yong damsell  
with the grace of God.

*Cle.* Yea, if I get hir.

*Pa.* Get her? why doubt you of that?

*Cle.* Why? hir father holds me off with delayes, so that  
I must needes doubt.

*Pa.* Content your selfe sir, he is a wise man, and desirous  
to place his Daughter well: he will not be too rashe in hys  
determination, he will thinke well of the matter: and lette him  
thinke, for the longer he thinketh, the more good of you shall  
he thinke: whose welth? whose vertue? whose skill? or whose  
estimation can he compare to yours in this Citie?

*Cle.* And hast thou not tolde him that I would make his  
Daughter a dower of two thousand Ducates?

*Pa.* Why, even now, I came but from thence since.

*Cle.* What said he?

*Pa.* Nothing, but that *Erostrato* had profered the like.

*Cle.* *Erostrato*? how can he make any dower, and his father  
yet alive?

*Pa.* Thinke you I did not tell him so? yes I warrat you,  
I forgot nothing that may furder your cause: & doubtē you  
not, *Erostrato* shal never have hir unlesse it be in a dreame.

*Cle.* Well gentle *Pasiphilo*, go thy wayes and tell *Damon*  
I require nothing but his daughter: I wil none of his goods:  
I shal enrich hir of mine owne: & if this dower of two thou-  
sand Ducates seem not sufficiēt, I wil make it five hundredth  
more, yea a thousand, or what so ever he wil demaūd rather  
thē faile: go to *Pasiphilo*, shew thy selfe frēdly in working this  
feate for me: spare for no cost, since I have gone thus farre,  
I wilbe loth to be out bidden. Go.

## SUPPOSES

*Pa.* Where shall I come to you againe ?  
*Cle.* At my house.  
*Pa.* When ?  
*Cle.* When thou wilte.  
*Pa.* Shall I come at dinner time ?  
*Cle.* I would byd thee to dinner, but it is a Saincts even  
which I have ever fasted.  
*Pa.* Faste till thou famishe.  
*Cle.* Harke.  
*Pa.* He speaketh of a dead mans faste.  
*Cle.* Thou hearest me not.  
*Pa.* Nor thou understandest me not.  
*Cle.* I dare say thou art angrie I byd the not to dinner :  
but come if thou wilte, thou shalt take such as thou findest.  
*Pa.* What ? think you I know not where to dine ?  
*Cle.* Yes *Pasiphilo* thou art not to seeke.  
*Pa.* No be you sure, there are enowe will pray me.  
*Cle.* That I knowe well enough *Pasiphilo*, but thou canst  
not be better welcome in any place than to me, I will tarrie for  
thee.  
*Pa.* Well, since you will needes, I will come.  
*Cle.* Dispatche then, and bring no newes but good.  
*Pa.* Better than my rewarde by the rood.  
*Cleander exit, Pasiphilo restat.*

### Scena. iii.

PASIPHILO. DULIPO.

O Miserable covetous wretche, he findeth an excuse by  
S. Nicolas fast, because I should not dine with him, as  
though I should dine at his owne dishe : he maketh goodly  
feasts I promise you, it is no wonder though hee thinke me  
bounde unto him for my fare : for over and besides that his  
provision is as skant as may be, yet there is great difference  
betweene his diet and mine. I never so much as sippe of the  
wine that he tasteth, I feede at the bordes ende with browne  
bread : Marie I reach always to his owne dishe, for there are  
no more but that only on the table. Yet he thinks that for

## SUPPOSES

one such dinner I am bound to do him al the service that I can, and thinks me sufficiently rewarded for all my travell, with one suche festivall promotion. And yet peradventure some men thinke I have great gaines under him: but I may say and sweare, that this dosen yeere I have not gayned so muche in value as the points at my hose (whiche are but three with codpeece poynt and al): he thinkes that I may feede upon his favour and faire wordes: but if I could not otherwise provide for one, *Pasiphilo* were in a wyse case. *Pasiphilo* hath mo pastures to passe in than one, I warrant you: I am of housholde with this scholer *Erostrato*, (his rivale) as well as with *Domine Cleander*: nowe with the one, and then with the other, according as I see their Caters provide good cheere at the market: and I finde the meanes so to handle the matter, that I am welcome too bothe. If the one see me talke with the other, I make him beleeve it is to harken newes in the furtherance of his cause: and thus I become a broker on bothe sides. Well, lette them bothe apply the matter as well as they can, for in deede I will travell for none of them bothe: yet will I seeme to worke wonders on eche hande. But is not this one of *Damons* servants that commeth foorth? it is: of him I shall understand where his master is. Whither goeth this joyly gallant?

*Du.* I come to seeke some body that may accompany my Master at dinner, he is alone, and woulde fayne have good company.

*Pa.* Seeke no further, you coulde never have found one better than me.

*Du.* I have no commission to bring so many.

*Pa.* How many? I will come alone.

*Du.* How canst thou come alone, that hast continually a legion of ravening wolves within thee?

*Pa.* Thou doest (as servants commonly doe) hate al that love to visite their maisters.

*Du.* And why?

*Pa.* Bicause they have too many teeth as you thinke.

*Du.* Nay bicause they have to many tongues.

*Pa.* Tōgues? I pray you what did my tōgue ever hurt you?

*Du.* I speake but merily with you *Pasiphilo*, goe in, my maister is ready to dine.

## SUPPOSES

*Pa.* What ? dineth he so earely ?

*Du.* He that riseth early, dineth early.

*Pa.* I would I were his man, maister doctor never dineth till noone, and how diligently then God knoweth. I wil be bolde to goe in, for I count my selfe bidden.

*Du.* You were best so. *Pasipbilo intrat. Dul. restat.*

Hard hap had I when I first began this unfortunate enter-  
prise : for I supposed the readiest medicine to my miserable  
affects had bene to change name, clothes, & credite with my  
servant, & to place my selfe in *Damons* service : thinking that  
as shevering colde by glowing fire, thurst by drinke, hunger by  
pleasant repasts, and a thousande suche like passions finde  
remedie by their contraries, so my restlesse desire might have  
founde quiet by continuall contemplation. But alas, I find  
that only love is unsaciable : for as the flie playeth with the  
flame till at last she is cause of hir owne decay, so the lover  
that thinketh with kissing and colling to content his unbrideled  
apetite, is cōmonly seene the only cause of his owne consump-  
tion. Two yeeres are nowe past since (under the colour of  
*Damons* service) I have bene a sworne servant to *Cupid* : of  
whom I have received as much favour & grace as ever man  
founde in his service. I have free libertie at al times to behold  
my desired, to talke with hir, to embrace hir, yea (be it spoken  
in secrete) to lie with hir. I reape the frutes of my desire :  
yet as my joyes abounde, even so my paines encrease. I fare  
like the covetous man, that having all the world at will, is  
never yet content : the more I have, the more I desire. Alas,  
what wretched estate have I brought my selfe unto, if in the  
ende of all my farre fetches, she be given by hir father to this  
olde doting doctor, this buzzard, this bribing villaine, that by so  
many meanes seeketh to obtain hir at hir fathers hāds ? I know  
she loveth me best of all others, but what may that prevale  
when perforce she shalbe cōstrained to marie another ? Alas,  
the pleasant tast of my sugred joyes doth yet remaine so perfect  
in my remēbrance, that the least soppe of sorow seemeth more  
soure thā gal in my mouth. If I had never knownen delight,  
with better contentatiō might I have passed these dreadful  
dolours. And if this olde *Mumpsimus* (whom the pockes con-  
sume) should win hir, then may I say, farewell the pleasant  
talke, the kind embracings, yea farewell the sight of my *Polynesta* :

## SUPPOSES

for he like a jelouse wretch will pen hir up, that I thinke the birdes of the aire shall not winne the sighte of hir. I hoped to have caste a blocke in his waie, by the meanes that my servaunt (who is supposed to be *Erostrato*, and with my habite and credite is wel esteemed) should proffer himself a suter, at the least to countervaile the doctors proffers. But my maister knowing the wealth of the one, and doubting the state of the other, is determined to be fed no longer with faire wordes, but to accept the doctor, (whom he right well knoweth) for his sonne in law. Wel, my servant promised me yesterday to devise yet againe some newe conspiracie to drive maister doctor out of conceite, and to laye a snare that the foxe himselfe might be caughte in: what it is, I knowe not, nor I saw him not since he went about it: I will goe see if he be within, that at least if he helpe me not, he maye yet prolong my life for this once. But here commeth his lackie: ho Jack pack, where is *Erostrato*?

*Here must Crapine be comming in with a basket and a sticke in his hand.*

Scena. *iiii.*

CRAPINO the Lackie. DULIPO.

**E** Rostrato? mary he is in his skinne.  
*Du.* Ah hooreson boy, I say, howe shall I finde *Erostrato*?

*Cra.* Finde him? howe meane you, by the weeke or by the yeere?

*Du.* You cracke halter, if I catche you by the eares, I shall make you answere me directly.

*Cra.* In deede?

*Du.* Tarry me a little.

*Cra.* In faith sir I have no leisure.

*Du.* Shall we trie who can runne fastest?

*Cra.* Your legges be longer than mine, you should have given me the advaantage.

*Du.* Go to, tell me where is *Erostrato*?

## SUPPOSES

*Cra.* I left him in the streeete, where he gave me this Casket, (this basket I would have sayde) and bad me beare it to *Dalio*, and returne to him at the Dukes Palace.

*Du.* If thou see him, tell him I must needes speake with him immediatly: or abide awhyle, I will go seeke him my selfe, rather than be suspected by going to his house.

*Crapino departeth, and Dulipo also: after Dulipo commeth in agayne seeking Erostrato.*

*Finis Actus. i.*

Actus. ii. Scena. i.

DULIPO. EROSTRATO.

I Thinke if I had as many eyes as *Argus*, I coulde not have sought a man more narrowly in every streeete and every by lane, there are not many Gentlemen, scholers, nor Marchauntes in the Citie of *Ferara*, but I have mette with them, excepte him: peradventure hee is come home an other way: but looke where he commeth at the last.

*Ero.* In good time have I spied my good maister.

*Du.* For the love of God call me *Dulipo* (not master,) maintayne the credite that thou haste hitherto kepte, and let me alone.

*Ero.* Yet sir let me sometimes do my duetie unto you, especially where no body heareth.

*Du.* Yea, but so long the Parat useth to crie knappe in sporte, that at the last she calleth hir maister knave in earnest: so long you will use to call me master, that at the last we shall be heard. What newes?

*Ero.* Good.

*Du.* In deede?

*Ero.* Yea excellent, we have as good as won the wager.

*Du.* Oh, how happy were I if this were true?

*Ero.* Heare you me, yesternight in the evening I walked out, and founde *Pasiphilo*, and with small entreating I had him home to supper, where by suche meanes as I used, he became my great friend, and tolde me the whole order of our adver-

## SUPPOSES

saries determination : yea and what *Damon* doth intende to do also, and hath promised me that frō time to time, what he can espie he will bring me word of it.

*Du.* I can not tel whether you know him or no, he is not to trust unto, a very flattering and a lying knave.

*Ero.* I know him very well, he can not deceive me : and this that he hath told me I know must needes be true.

*Du.* And what was it in effect ?

*Ero.* That *Damon* had purposed to give his daughter in mariage to this doctor, upō the dower that he hath profered.

*Du.* Are these your good newes ? your excellent newes ?

*Ero.* Stay a whyle, you will understande me before you heare me.

*Du.* Well, say on.

*Ero.* I answered to that, I was ready to make hir the lyke dower.

*Du.* Well sayde.

*Ero.* Abide, you heare not the worst yet.

*Du.* O God, is there any worsse behinde ?

*Ero.* Worsse ? why what assurance coulde you suppose that I might make without some speciall consent from *Philogano* my father ?

*Du.* Nay you can tell, you are better scholer than I.

*Ero.* In deede you have lost your time : for the books that you tosse now a dayes, treate of smal science.

*Du.* Leave thy jesting, and proceede.

*Ero.* I sayd further, that I receyved letters lately from my father, whereby I understoode that he woulde be heere very shortly to performe all that I had profered : therefore I required him to request *Damon* on my behalf, that he would stay his promise to the doctor for a fournight or more.

*Du.* This is somewhat yet, for by this meanes I shal be sure to linger and live in hope one fournight longer : but, at the fourthnights ende when *Philogano* commeth not, how shall I then do ? yea and though he came, howe may I any way hope of his consent, when he shall see, that to follow this amorous enterprise, I have set aside all studie, all remembraunce of my duetie, and all dread of shame. Alas, alas, I may go hang my selfe.

*Ero.* Comforte your selfe man, and trust in me : there is

## SUPPOSES

a salve for every sore, and doubt you not, to this mischeefe we shall finde a remedie.

*Du.* O friend revive me, that hitherto since I first attempted this matter have bene continually dying.

*Ero.* Well harken a while then : this morning I tooke my horse and rode into the fieldes to solace my self, and as I passed the foorde beyonde *S. Anthonies* gate, I met at the foote of the hill a gentleman riding with two or three men : and as me thought by his habite and his lookes, he should be none of the wisest. He saluted me, and I him : I asked him from whence he came, and whither he would ? he answered that he had come from *Venice*, then from *Padua*, nowe was going to *Ferrara*, and so to his countrey, whiche is *Scienna* : As soone as I knewe him to be a *Scenese*, sodenly lifting up mine eyes, (as it were with an admiration) I sayd unto him, are you a *Scenese*, and come to *Ferrara* ? why not, sayde he : quoth I, (halfe and more with a trembling voyce) know you the daunger that should ensue if you be knowne in *Ferrara* to be a *Scenese* ? he more than halfe amased, desired me earnestly to tell him what I ment.

*Du.* I understande not wherto this tendeth.

*Ero.* I beleive you : but harken to me.

*Du.* Go too then.

*Ero.* I answered him in this sorte : Gentleman, bycause I have heretofore founde very curteous entertaynement in your countrey, (beeing a studēt there,) I accompt my self as it were bounde to a *Scenese* : and therefore if I knewe of any mishappe towards any of that countrey, God forbid but I should disclose it : and I marvell that you knewe not of the injurie that your countreymen offered this other day to the Embassadours of Counte *Hercules*.

*Du.* What tales he telleth me : what appertayne these to me ?

*Ero.* If you will harken a whyle, you shall finde them no tales, but that they appertayne to you more than you thinke for.

*Du.* Foorth.

*Ero.* I tolde him further, these Ambassadours of Counte *Hercules* had dyvers Mules, Waggons, and Charettes, ladē with divers costly jewels, gorgeous furniture, & other things

## SUPPOSES

which they caried as presents, (passing that way) to the king of *Naples*: the which were not only stayd in *Sciene* by the officers whom you cal *Customers*, but serched, ransacked, tossed & turned, & in the end exacted for tribute, as if they had bene the goods of a meane marchaunt.

*Du.* Whither the divell wil he? is it possible that this gearre appertainte any thing to my cause? I finde neither head nor foote in it.

*Ero.* O how impaciēt you are: I pray you stay a while.

*Du.* Go to yet a while then.

*Ero.* I proceeded, that upon these causes the Duke sent his Chauncelor to declare the case unto the Senate there, of whome he had the moste uncurteous answere that ever was heard: wherupon he was so enraged with all of that countrey, that for revenge he had sworne to spoyle as many of them as ever should come to *Ferara*, and to sende them home in their dublet and their hose.

*Du.* And I pray thee how couldest thou upon the sudden devise or imagine suchē a lye? and to what purpose?

*Ero.* You shall heare by and by a thing as fitte for our purpose, as any could have happened.

*Du.* I would fayne heare you conclude.

*Ero.* You would fayne leape over the stile, before you come at the hedge: I woulde you had heard me, and seene the gestures that I enforced to make him beleeve this.

*Du.* I beleeve you, for I knowe you can counterfet wel.

*Ero.* Further I sayde, the duke had charged upon great penalties, that the Inholders and vitlers shoulde bring worde dayly of as many *Sceneses* as came to their houses. The gentleman beeing (as I gessed at the first) a mā of smal *sapientia*; when he heard these newes, would have turned his horse an other way.

*Du.* By likelyhoode he was not very wise when hee would beleieve that of his countrey, which if it had bene true every man must needs have knownen it.

*Ero.* Why not? when he had not beene in his countrey for a moneth paste, and I tolde him this had hapned within these seven dayes.

*Du.* Belike he was of small experience.

*Ero.* I thinke, of as little as may be: but beste of all for

## SUPPOSES

our purpose, and good adventure it was, that I mette with such an one. Now harken I pray you.

*Du.* Make an ende I pray thee.

*Ero.* He, as I say, when he hard these words, would have turned the bridle: and I fayning a countenance as though I were somewhat pensive and carefull for him, paused a while, & after with a great sighe saide to him: Gentleman, for the curtesie that (as I said) I have found in your countrey, & because your affaires shall be the better dispatched, I will finde the meanes to lodge you in my house, and you shal say to every mā, that you are a *Sicilian* of *Cathanea*, your name *Philogano*, father to me that am in deede of that countrey and citie, called here *Erostrato*. And I (to pleasure you) will (during your abode here) do you reverence as you were my father.

*Du.* Out upon me, what a grosse hedded foole am I? now I perceive whereto this tale tendeth.

*Ero.* Well, and how like you of it?

*Du.* Indifferently, but one thing I doubt.

*Ero.* What is that?

*Du.* Marie, that when he hath bene here twoo or three dayes, he shal heare of every man that there is no such thing betwene the Duke and the Towne of *Sciene*.

*Ero.* As for that let me alone, I doe entertaine and will entertaine him so well, that within these two or three daies I will disclose unto him all the whole matter, and doubte not but to bring him in for performance of as muche as I have promised to *Damon*: for what hurte can it be to him, when he shall binde a strange name and not his owne?

*Du.* What, thinke you he will be entreated to stande bounde for a dower of two thousand Ducates by the yeere?

*Ero.* Yea why not, (if it were ten thousands) as long as he is not in deede the man that is bound?

*Du.* Well, if it be so, what shall we be the neerer to our purpose?

*Ero.* Why? when we have done as muche as we can, how can we doe any more?

*Du.* And where have you left him?

*Ero.* At the Inne, because of his horses: he and his men shall lie in my house.

## SUPPOSES

*Du.* Why brought you him not with you?

*Ero.* I thought better to use your advise first.

*Du.* Well, goe take him home, make him all the cheere you can, spare for no cost, I will alowe it.

*Ero.* Content, looke where he commeth.

*Du.* Is this he? goe meete him, by my trouthe he lookes even lyke a good soule, he that fisheth for him, mighte bee sure to catche a cods heade: I will rest here a while to dis-cipher him.

*Erostrato espieth the Scenese and goeth towards him :  
Dulipo standeth aside.*

### Scena. ii.

The SCENESE. PAQUETTO & PETRUCIO his servāts.

EROSTRATO.

An other  
supose.

HE that travailleth in this worlde passeth by many perilles.

*Pa.* You saye true sir, if the boate had bene a little more laden this morning at the ferrie, wee had bene all drowned, for I thinke, there are none of us that could have swomme.

*Sc.* I speake not of that.

*Pa.* O you meane the foule waye that we had since wee came from this *Padua*, I promise you, I was afraide twice or thrice, that your mule would have lien fast in the mire.

*Sc.* Jesu, what a blockehead thou art, I speake of the perill we are in presently since we came into this citie.

*Pa.* A great peril I promise you, that we were no sooner arived, but you founde a frende that brought you from the Inne, and lodged you in his owne house.

A doltish  
supose.

*Sc.* Yea marie, God rewarde the gentle yong man that we mette, for else we had bene in a wise case by this time. But have done with these tales, and take you heede, & you also sirra, take heede that none of you saie we be Sceneses, and remember that you call me *Philogano* of *Cathanea*.

*Pa.* Sure I shal never remember these outlädish words, I could well remember *Haccanea*.

## SUPPOSES

*Sc.* I say, *Cathanea*, and not *Haccanea*, with a vengeance.

*Pa.* Let another name it then when neede is, for I shall never remember it.

*Sc.* Then holde thy peace, and take heede thou name not *Scene*.

*Pa.* Howe say you, if I faine my selfe dum as I did once in the house of *Crisobolus*?

*Sc.* Doe as thou thinkest best: but looke where commeth the gentleman whom we are so much bounde unto.

*Ero.* Welcome, my deare father *Philogano*.

*Sc.* Gramercie my good sonne *Erostrato*.

*Ero.* That is well saide, be mindefull of your young, for these *Ferareses* be as craftie as the Devill of hell.

*Sc.* No, no, be you sure we will doe as you have bidden us.

*Ero.* For if you should name *Scene* they would spoile you immediatly, and turne you out of the towne, with more shame, than I woulde shoulde befall you for a thousande Crownes.

*Sc.* I warant you, I was giving the warning as I came to you, and I doubt not but they will take good heede.

*Ero.* Yea and trust not the servauntes of my housholde to far, for they are *Ferareses* all, and never knew my father, nor came never in *Sicilia*: this is my house, will it please you to goe in? I will follow.

*They goe in.*

*Dulipo tarieth and espieth the Doctor comming in with his man.*

### Scena. iii.

DULIPO alone.

**T**HIS geare hath had no evill beginning, if it continue so and fall to happie ende. But is not this the silly Doctor with the side bonet, the doting foole, that dare presume to become a suter to such a peerlesse Paragone? O how covetousnesse doth blind the common sort of men. *Damon* more desirous of the dower, than mindfull of his gentle & gallant daughter, hath determined to make him his Sonne in law,

## SUPPOSES

who for his age may be his father in law: and hath greater respect to the abundance of goods, than to his owne naturall childe. He beareth well in minde to fill his owne purse, but he little remembreth that his daughters purse shalbe continually emptie, unlesse Maister Doctour fill it with double ducke egges. Alas: I jest and have no joy, I will stand here aside and laugh a litle at this lobcocke.

*Dulippo espieth the Doctor and his man comming.*

Scena. iiiii.

CARION the doctors man. CLEANDER. DULIPO.

**M**Aister, what the Divel meane you to goe seeke guestes at this time of the day? the Maiors officers have dined ere this time, which are alway the last in the market.

*Cle.* I come to seeke *Pasiphilo*, to the ende he may dine with mee.

*Ca.* As though sixe mouthes and the cat for the seventh, bee not sufficient to eate an harlotrie shotterell, a pennieworth of cheese, and halfe a score spurlings: this is all the dainties you have dressed for you and your familie.

*Cle.* Ah greedie gut, art thou afearde thou shalt want?

*Ca.* I am afearde in deede, it is not the first time I have founde it so.

*Du.* Shall I make some sporte with this gallant? what shall I say to him?

*Cle.* Thou arte afearde belike that he will eate thee and the rest.

*Ca.* Nay, rather that he will eate your mule, both heare and hyde.

*Cle.* Heare and hyde? and why not flesh and all?

*Ca.* Bicause she hath none. If she had any flesh, I thinke you had eaten hir your selfe by this time.

*Cle.* She may thanke you then, for your good attendāce.

*Ca.* Nay she may thanke you for your small allowance.

*Du.* In faith now let me alone.

*Cle.* Holde thy peace drunken knave, and espie me *Pasiphilo*.

## SUPPOSES

*Du.* Since I can doe no better, I will set such a staunce betweene him and *Pasiphilo*, that all this towne shall not make them friendes.

*Ca.* Could you not have sent to seeke him, but you must come your selfe? surely you come for some other purpose, for if you would have had *Pasiphilo* to dinner, I warant you he would have taried here an houre since.

*Cle.* Holde thy peace, here is one of *Damons* servaunts, of <sup>An other</sup> <sup>supose.</sup> him I shall understand where he is: good fellow art not thou one of *Damons* servaunts?

*Du.* Yes sir, at your knamandement.

*Cle.* Gramercie, tell me then, hath *Pasiphilo* bene there this day or no?

*Du.* Yes sir, and I thinke he be there still, ah, ah, ah.

*Cle.* What laughest thou?

*Du.* At a thing, that every man may not laugh at.

*Cle.* What?

*Du.* Talke, that *Pasiphilo* had with my master this day.

*Cle.* What talke I pray thee?

*Du.* I may not tell it.

*Cle.* Doth it concerne me?

*Du.* Nay I will say nothing.

*Cle.* Tell me.

*Du.* I can say no more.

*Cle.* I woulde but knowe if it concerne mee, I pray thee tell mee.

*Du.* I would tell you, if I were sure you would not tell it againe.

*Cle.* Believe me I will kepe it close: *Carion* give us leave a little, goe aside.

*Du.* If my maister shoulde know that it came by me, I were better die a thousand deaths.

*Cle.* He shall never know it, say on.

*Du.* Yea, but what assurance shall I have?

*Cle.* I lay thee my faith and honestie in paune.

*Du.* A pretie paune, the fulkers will not lend you a farthing on it.

*Cle.* Yea, but amongst honest mē it is more worth than golde.

*Du.* Yea marie sir, but where be they? but will you needes have me tell it unto you?

## SUPPOSES

*Cle.* Yea I pray thee if it any thing appertaine to me.

*Du.* Yes it is of you, and I would gladly tell it you, because I would not have such a man of worship so scorned by a villaine ribaulde.

*Cle.* I pray thee tell me then.

*Du.* I will tell you so that you will sweare never to tell it to *Pasiphilo*, to my maister, nor to any other bodie.

*Ca.* Surely it is some toye devised to get some money of him.

*Cle.* I thinke I have a booke here.

*Ca.* If he knew him as well as I, he woulde never goe aboute it, for he may as soone get one of his teeth from his jawes with a paire of pinchers, as a pennie out of his purse with such a conceite.

*Cle.* Here is a letter wil serve the turne: I sweare to thee by the contents hereof never to disclose it to any man.

*Du.* I will tell you, I am sorie to see how *Pasiphilo* doth abuse you, perswading you that alwayes he laboureth for you, where in deede, he lieth on my maister continually, as it were with tooth and naile for a straunger, a scholer, borne in *Sicilia* they call him *Roscus* or arskisse, he hathe a madde name I can never hit upon it.

*Cle.* And thou recknest it as madly: is it not *Erostrato*?

*Du.* That same I should never have remembred it: and the villany speaketh al the evill of you that can be devised.

*Cle.* To whom?

*Du.* To my maister, yea and to *Polynesta* hirselfe sometimes.

*Cle.* Is it possible, Ah slave, and what saith he?

*Du.* More evill than I can imagine: that you are the miserablest and most nigardly man that ever was.

*Cle.* Sayeth *Pasiphilo* so by me?

*Du.* And that as often as he commeth to your house, he is like to die for hunger, you fare so well.

*Cle.* That the Devill take him else.

*Du.* And that you are the testiest man, & moste divers to please in the whole worlde, so that he cannot please you unlesse he should even kill himselfe with continuall paine.

*Cle.* O devilish tong.

*Du.* Furthermore, that you cough continually and spit, so that a dogge cannot abide it.

## SUPPOSES

*Cle.* I never spitte nor coughe more than thus, vho, vho, and that but since I caughte this murre, but who is free from it?

*Du.* You saye true sir, yet further he sayth, your arme holes stincke, your feete worse than they, and your breathe worst of all.

*Cle.* If I quite him not for this geare.

*Du.* And that you are bursten in the cods.

*Cle.* O villaine, he lieth, and if I were not in the streete thou shouldest see them.

*Du.* And he saith, that you desire this yong gentlewoman, as much for other mens pleasure as for your owne.

*Cle.* What meaneth he by that?

*Du.* Peradventure that by hir beautie, you woulde entice many yong men to your house.

*Cle.* Yong men? to what purpose?

*Du.* Nay, gesse you that.

*Cle.* Is it possible that *Pasiphilo* speaketh thus of me?

*Du.* Yea, and much more.

*Cle.* And doth *Damon* beleeve him?

*Du.* Yea, more than you would thinke: in such sort, that long ere this, he woulde have given you a flat repulse, but *Pasiphilo* intreated him to continue you a suter for his advantage.

*Cle.* How for his advantage?

*Du.* Marie, that during your sute he might still have some rewarde for his great paines.

*Cle.* He shall have a rope, and yet that is more than he deserveth: I had thought to have given him these hose when I had worne them a litle nearer, but he shall have a. &c.

*Du.* In good faith sir, they were but loste on him. Will you any thing else with me sir?

*Cle.* Nay, I have heard to much of thee already.

*Du.* Then I will take my leave of you.

*Cle.* Farewell, but tell me, may I not know thy name?

*Du.* Sir, they call me Foule fall you.

*Cle.* An ill favored name by my trouthe: arte thou this countrey man?

*Du.* No sir, I was borne by a castle mē cal Scabbe catch you: fare you well sir.

## SUPPOSES

*Cle.* Farewel. O God how have I bene abused? what a spokesman? what a messenger had I provided?

*Car.* Why sir, will you tarie for *Pasiphilo* till we die for hunger?

*Cle.* Trouble me not, that the Devill take you both.

*Car.* These newes what so ever they be, like him not.

*Cle.* Art thou so hungrie yet? I pray to God thou be never satisfied.

*Car.* By the masse no more I shal as long as I am your servaunt.

*Cle.* Goe with mischaunce.

*Car.* Yea, and a mischiefe to you, and to al such covetous wretches.

*Finis Actus. 2.*

## Actus. iii. Scena. i.

DALIO the cooke. CRAPINE the lackie.

EROSTRATO, DULIPO.

BY that time we come to the house, I truste that of these xx. egges in the basket we shall find but very few whole. But it is a folly to talke to him. What the devill, wilt thou never lay that sticke out of thy hande? he fighteth with the dogges, beateth the beares, at every thing in the streate he findeth occasion to tarie: if he spie a slipstring by the waye such another as himself, a Page, a Lackie or a dwarfe, the devill of hell cannot holde him in chaynes, but he will be doing with him: I cannot goe two steppes, but I muste looke backe for my yonker: goe to halter sicke, if you breake one egge I may chance breake, &c.

*Cra.* What will you breake? your nose in mine &c?

*Da.* Ah beast.

*Cra.* If I be a beast, yet I am no horned beast.

*Da.* Is it even so? is the wind in that doore? If I were unladen I would tel you whether I be a horned beast or no.

*Cra.* You are alway laden either with wine or with ale.

*Dal.* Ah spitefull boy, shall I suffer him?

## SUPPOSES

*Cra.* Ah cowardely beast, darest thou strike and say never a woerde?

*Dal.* Well, my maister shall know of this geere, either he shall redresse it, or he shall lose one of us.

*Cra.* Tel him the worst thou canst by me.

*Erostra. &  
Du. ex im-  
provise.*

*Ero.* What noise, what a rule is this?

*Cra.* Marie sir, he striketh mee because I tell him of his swearing.

*Dal.* The villaine lieth deadly, he reviles me because I bid him make hast.

*Ero.* Holla: no more of this. *Dalio*, doe you make in a readinesse those Pigeons, stock Doves, and also the breast of Veale: and let your vessell be as cleare as glasse against I returne, that I may tell you which I will have roasted, & which boyled. *Crapine*, lay downe that basket and followe me. Oh that I coulde tell where to finde *Pasiphilo*, but looke where he commeth that can tell me of him.

*Dul.* What have you done with *Philogano* your father?

*Dulipo is  
espied by  
Erostrato.*

*Ero.* I have left him within, I would faine speake with *Pasiphilo*, can you tell me where he is?

*Du.* He dined this day with my maister, but whether he went from thence I know not, what would you with him?

*Ero.* I woulde have him goe tell *Damon* that *Philogano* my father is come and ready to make assurance of as much as he wil require. Now shall I teach maister doctor a schole point, he travaileth to none other end but to catche *Cornua*, and he shall have them, for as old as he is, and as many subtleties as he hath learned in the law, he can not goe beyond me one ace.

*Du.* O deere friend, goe thy wayes seeke *Pasiphilo*, finde him out, and conclude somewhat to our contention.

*Ero.* But where shall I finde him?

*Du.* At the feasts if there be any, or else in the market with the poulters or the fishmongers.

*Ero.* What should he doe with them?

*Du.* Mary he watcheth whose Caters bie the best meat. If any bie a fat Capon, a good breast of Veale, fresh Samon or any suche good dishe, he followeth to the house, and either with some newes, or some stale jest he will be sure to make himselfe a geast.

## SUPPOSES

*Ero.* In faith, and I will seeke there for him.

*Du.* Then muste you needes finde him, and when you have done I will make you laughe.

*Ero.* Whereat?

*Du.* At certayne sport I made to day with master doctor.

*Ero.* And why not now?

*Du.* No it asketh further leysure, I pray thee dispatche, and finde out *Pasiphilo* that honest man.

*Dulipo* tarieth. *Erostrato* goeth out.

## Scena. ii.

### DULIPO alone.

**T**HIS amorous cause that hāgeth in cōtroversie betwene *Domine doctōr* & me, may be compared to thē that play at primero: of whō some one peradvēture shal leese a great sum of money before he win one stake, & at last halfe in anger shal set up his rest: win it: & after that another, another, & another, till at last he draw the most part of the money to his heape: ye other by litle & litle stil diminishing his rest, til at last he be come as neere the brinke, as earst ye other was: yet again peradvēture fortune smiling on him, he shal as it were by peece meale, pull out the guts of his fellows bags, & bring him barer than he himselfe was tofore, & so in play continue stil, (fortune favoring now this way, now y<sup>t</sup> way) til at last the one of thē is left with as many crosses as God hath brethren. O howe often have I thoughte my selfe sure of the upper hande herein? but I triumphed before the victorie. And then how ofte againe have I thoughte the fielde loste? Thus have I beene tossed nowe over, nowe under, even as fortune list to whirle the wheele, neither sure to winne nor certayne to loose the wager. And this practise that nowe my seruaunte hath devised, although hitherto it hath not succeeded amisse, yet can I not count my selfe assured of it: for I feare still that one mischance or other wyll come and turne it topsie turvie. But looke where my mayster commeth.

*Damon* comming in, espieth *Dulipo* and calleth him.

## SUPPOSES

Scena. iii.

DAMON. DULIPO. NEVOLA, and two mo servants.

**D**Ulipo.

*Du.* Here sir.

*Da.* Go in and bid *Nevola* and his fellowes come hither that I may tell them what they shall goe about, and go you into my studie: there upon the shelfe you shall find a roule of writings which John of the Deane made to my Father, when he solde him the Grange ferme, endorced with bothe their names: bring it hither to me.

*Du.* It shall be done sir.

*Da.* Go, I wil prepare other maner of writings for you thā you are aware of. O fooles that trust any mā but themselves now adaias: oh spiteful fortune, thou doest me wrong I thinke, that from the depth of Hell pitte thou haste sente mee this servaunt to be the subversion of me and all mine. Come hither sirs, and heare what I shal say unto you: go into my studie, where you shall finde *Dulipo*, step to him all at once, take him and (with a corde that I have laide on the table for the nonce) bind him hande and foote, carie him into the dungeon under the stayres, make faste the dore & bring me the key, it hangeth by upon a pin on the wall. Dispatche and doe this geare as privily as you can: and thou *Nevola* come hither to me againe with speede.

*Ne.* Well I shall.

*Da.* Alas how shall I be revenged of this extreme despite? if I punishe my servant according to his divelishe deserts, I shall heape further cares upon mine owne head: for to such detestable offences no punishment can seeme sufficient, but onely death, and in such cases it is not lawful for a man to be his owne carver. The lawes are ordeyned, and officers appoynted to minister justice for the redresse of wrongs: and if to the potestates I complayne me, I shall publishe mine owne reproche to the worlde. Yea, what should it prevayle me to use all the puinishments that can be devised? the thing once done can not be undone. My

The serva  
come in.

## SUPPOSES

daughter is defloured, and I utterly dishonested: how can I then wype that blot off my browe? and on whome shall I seeke revenge? Alas, alas I my selfe have bene the cause of all these cares, and have deserved to beare the punishment of all these mishappes. Alas, I should not have committed my dearest darling in custodie to so carelesse a creature as this olde Nurse: for we see by common prooфе, that these olde women be either peevishe, or pitifull: either easily inclined to evill, or quickly corrupted with bribes and rewards. O wife, my good wife (that nowe lyest colde in the grave) now may I well bewayle the wante of thee, and mourning nowe may I bemone that I misse thee: if thou hadst lived (suche was thy governement of the least things) that thou wouldest prudently have provided for the preservation of this pearle. A costly jewell may I well accompte hir, that hath been my cheefe comforte in youth, and is nowe become the corosive of mine age. O *Polynesta*, full evill hast thou requited the clemencie of thy carefull father: and yet to excuse thee giltlesse before God, and to condemne thee giltie before the worlde, I can count none other but my wretched selfe the caytife and causer of all my cares. For of al the dueties that are requisite in humane lyfe, onely obedience is by the parents to be required of the childe: where on ye other side the parents are bound, first to beget them, then to bring th̄e foorth, after to nourish them, to preserve them from bodily perils in the cradle, from daunger of soule by godly education, to matche them in consort inclined to vertue, too banish them all ydle and wanton companie, to allow them sufficiente for their sustentation, to cut off excesse the open gate of sinne, seldome or never to smile on them unlesse it be to their encouragement in vertue, and finally, to provide them mariages in time cōvenient, lest (neglected of us) they learne to sette either to much or to litle by th̄eselves. Five yeares are past since I might have maried hir, when by cōtinuall excuses I have prolonged it to my owne perdition. Alas, I shoulde have considered, she is a collop of my owne flesh: what shold I think to make hir a princesse? Alas alas, a poore kingdome have I now caught to endowe hir with: It is too true, that of all sorowes this is the head source and chiefe fountaine of all furies: the goods of the world are in-

## SUPPOSES

certain, the gaines to be rejoiced at, and the losse not greatly to be lamented: only the children cast away, cutteth the parents throate with the knife of inward care, which knife will kill me surely, I make none other accompte.

*Damons servants come to him againe.*

### Scena. ivi.

NEVOLA. DAMON. PASIPHILO.

**S**Ir, we have done as you badde us, and here is the key.

*Da.* Well, go then *Nevola* and seeke master *Casteling* the jayler, he dwelleth by S. Antonies gate, desire him too lend me a paire of the fettters he useth for his prisoners, and come againe quickly.

*Ne.* Well sir.

*Da.* Heare you, if he aske what I would do with them, say you ca not tell, and tell neither him nor any other, what is become of *Dulipo*. *Damon* goeth out.

[*Ne.*] I warant you sir. Fye upon the Devill, it is a thing almost unpossible for a man nowe a dayes to handle money, but the mettal will sticke on his fingers: I marvelled alway at this fellowe of mine *Dulipo*, that of the wages he received, he could maintaine himselfe so bravely apparellled, but nowe I perceive the cause, he had the disbursing and receipt of all my masters affaires, the keys of the granair, *Dulippo* here, *Dulippo* there, [in] favoure with my maister, in favoure with his daughter, what woulde you more, he was *Magister factotum*: he was as fine as the Crusadoe, and wee silly wretches as course as canvas: wel, behold what it is come to in the ende, he had bin better to have done lesse.

*Pa.* Thou saist true *Nevola*, he hath done to much in deed.

*Ne.* From whence commest thou in the devils name?

*Pa.* Out of the same house thou camest from, but not out of the same dore.

*Ne.* We had thought thou hadst bene gone long since.

*Pa.* When I arose from the table, I felte a rumbling in my belly, whiche made me runne to the stable, and there I fell

*Pasi. sub:  
& improv:  
venit.*

## SUPPOSES

on sleepe upon the strawe, and have line there ever since:  
And thou whether goest thou?

*Ne.* My master hath sent me on an errand in great hast.

*Pa.* Whether I pray thee?

*Ne.* Nay I may not tell: Farewell.

*Pa.* As though I neede any further instructions: O God what newes I heard evē now, as I lay in the stable: O good *Erostrato* and pore *Cleander*, that have so earnestly stroven for this damsel, happie is he that can get hir I promise you, he shall be sure of mo than one at a clap that catcheth hir, eyther Adam or Eve within hir belie. Oh God, how men may be deceived in a woman? who wold have beleeveth the contrary but that she had bin a virgin? aske the neighbours and you shall heare very good report of hir: marke hir behaviors & you would have judged hir very maydenly: seldome seene abroade but in place of prayer, and there very devout, and no gaser at outwarde sightes, no blaser of hir beautie above in the windowes, no stale at the doore for the bypassers: you would have thought hir a holy yong woman. But muche good doe it *Domine Doctor*, hee shall be sure to lacke no CORNE in a deare yere, whatsoever he have with hir else: I beshrewe me if I let the mariage any way. But is not this the old scabbed queane that I heard disclosing all this geere to hir master, as I stooide in the stable ere nowe? it is shee. Whither goeth *Psiteria*?

*Pasiphilo espieth Psiteria comming.*

Scena. v.

PSITERIA, PASIPHILO.

**T**O a Gossip of myne heereby.

*Pa.* What? to tattle of the goodly stirre that thou keptst concerning *Polynesta*.

*Ps.* No no: but how knew you of that geere?

*Pa.* You tolde me.

*Ps.* I? when did I tell you?

*Pa.* Even now when you tolde it to *Damon*, I both sawe you and heard you, though you saw not me: a good parte I

## SUPPOSES

promise you, to accuse the poore wenche, kill the olde man with care, over and besides the daunger you have brought *Dulipo* and the Nursse unto, and many moc, fie, fie.

*Ps.* In deed I was to blame, but not so much as you think.

*Pa.* And how not so muche? did I not heare you tell?

*Ps.* Yes, But I will tell you how it came to passe: I have knowen for a great while, that this *Dulipo* and *Polynesta* have lyen togither, and all by the meanes of the nurse: yet I held my peace, and never tolde it. Now this other day the Nursse fell on scolding with me, and twyce or thryce called me drunken olde whore, and suche names that it was too badde: and I called hir baude, and tolde hir that I knew well enoughe howe often she had brought *Dulipo* to *Polynestas* bed: yet all this while I thought not that anye body had heard me, but it befell cleane contrarye: for my maister was on the other side of the wall, and heard all our talke, whereupon he sent for me, and forced me to confesse all that you heard.

*Pas.* And why wouldest thou tell him? I woulde not for, &c.

*Ps.* Well, if I had thought my maister would have taken it so, he should rather have killed me.

*Pas.* Why? how could he take it?

*Ps.* Alas, it pitith me to see the poore yong woman how she weepes, wailes, and teares hir heare: not esteming hir owne life halfe so deare as she doth poore *Dulipos*: and hir father, he weepes on the other side, that it would pearce an hart of stone with pitie: but I must be gone.

*Pas.* Go that the gunne pouder consume thee olde trotte.

*Finis Actus. 3.*

Actus. iiiii. Scena. i.

EROSTRATO fained.

**W**Hat shall I doe? Alas what remedie shall I finde for my ruefull estate? what escape, or what excuse may I now devise to shifte over our subtile supposes? for though

## SUPPOSES

to this day I have usurped the name of my maister, and that without checke or controll of any man, now shal I be openly discyphred, and that in the sight of every man: now shal it openly be knownen, whether I be *Erostrato* the gentleman, or *Dulipo* the seruaunt. We have hitherto played our parts in abusing others: but nowe commeth the man that wil not be abused, the right *Philogano* the right father of the right *Erostrato*: going to seke *Pasiphilo*, and hearing that he was at the water gate, beholde I espied my fellowe *Litio*, and by and by my olde maister *Philogano* setting forth his first step on land: I to fuge and away hither as fast as I could to bring word to the right *Erostrato*, of his right father *Philogano*, that to so sodaine a mishap some subtile shift might be upō the sodaine devised. But what can be imagined to serve the turne, although we had [a] monethes respite to beate oure braines about it, since we are commōly knownen, at the least supposed in this towne, he for *Dulipo*, a slave & servant to *Damon*, & I for *Erostrato* a gentleman & a student? But beholde, runne *Crapine* to yonder olde woman before she get within the doores, & desire hir to call out *Dulipo*: but heare you? if she aske who would speake with him, saye thy selfe and none other.

*Erostrato* espieth *Psiteria* comming, and sendeth his  
lackey to hir.

### Scena. ii.

CRAPINE. PSITERIA. EROSTRATO fained.

**H**Onest woman, you gossip, thou rotten whore, hearest thou not olde witche?

*Ps.* A rope stretche your yong bones, either you muste live to be as old as I, or be hanged while you are yong.

*Cra.* I pray thee loke if *Dulipo* be within.

*Ps.* Yes that he is I warrant him.

*Cra.* Desire him then to come hither and speake a word with me, he shall not tarie.

*Ps.* Content your selfe, he is otherwise occupied.

*Cra.* Yet tell him so gentle girle.

## SUPPOSES

*Ps.* I tell you he is busie.

*Cra.* Why is it such a matter to tell him so, thou crooked Crone?

*Ps.* A rope stretche you marie.

*Cra.* A pockes eat you marie.

*Ps.* Thou wilt be hanged I warāt thee, if thou live to it.

*Cra.* And thou wilt be burnt I warant thee, if the canker consume thee not.

*Ps.* If I come neere you hempstring, I will teache you to sing sol fa.

*Cra.* Come on, and if I get a stone I will scare crowes with you.

*Ps.* Goe with a mischiefe, I thinke thou be some devill that woulde tempte me.

*Ero.* *Crapine*: heare you? come away, let hir goe with a vengeance, why come you not? Alas loke where my maister *Phylogano* commeth: what shall I doe? where shall I hide me? he shall not see me in these clothes, nor before I have spoken with the right *Erostrato*.

*Erostrato* espyeth *Phylogano* co[mn]ing, and runneth about to hide him.

### Scena. iii.

**PHILOGANO.** **FERRARESE** the Inne keper.  
**LITIO** a servant.

**H**onest man it is even so: be you sure there is no love to be compared like the love of the parents towards their children. It is not long since I thought that a very waightie matter shoulde not have made me come out of *Sicilia*, and yet now I have taken this tedious toyle and travaile upon me, only to see my sonne, and to have him home with me.

*Fer.* By my faith sir, it hath ben a great travaile in dede, and to much for one of your age.

*Pbi.* Yea be you sure: I came in companie with certaine gentlemen of my countrey, who had affaires to dispatche as far as to *An[ci]ona*, from thence by water too *Ravenna*, and from *Ravenna* hither, continually against the tide.

## SUPPOSES

*Fer.* Yea & I think y<sup>t</sup> you had but homly lodg<sup>g</sup> by y<sup>e</sup> way.

*Phi.* The worst y<sup>t</sup> ever man had: but that was nothing to the stirre that y<sup>e</sup> serchers kept with me when I came aborde y<sup>e</sup> ship: Jesus how often they untrussed my male, & ransaked a litle capcase that I had, tossed & turned al that was within it, serched my bosome, yea my breeches, y<sup>t</sup> I assure you I thought they would have fayed me to searche betwene the fell and the fleshe for fardings.

*Fer.* Sure I have heard no lesse, and that the marchants bobbe them somtimes, but they play the knaves still.

*Phi.* Yea be you well assured, suche an office is the inheritance of a knave, and an honest man will not meddle with it.

*Fer.* Wel, this passage shal seme pleasant unto you whē you shall finde your childe in health and well: but I praye you sir why did you not rather send for him into *Sicilia*, than to come your selfe, specially since you had none other businesse? peradventure you had rather endanger your selfe by this noysome journey, than hazard to drawe him from his studie.

*Phi.* Nay, that was not the matter, for I had rather have him give over his studie altogether and come home.

*Fer.* Why? if you minded not to make him learned, to what ende did you send him hither at the first?

*Phi.* I will tell you: when he was at home he did as most yong men doe, he played many mad prankes and did many things that liked me not very well: and I thinking, that by that time he had sene the worlde, he would learne to know himselfe better, exhorted him to studie, and put in his electiō what place he would go to. At the last he came hither, and I thinke he was scarce here so sone as I felt the want of him, in suche sorte, as from that day to this I have passed fewe nightes without teares. I have written to him very often that he shoulde come home, but continually he refused stil, beseching me to continue his studie, wherein he doubted not (as he said) but to profit greatly.

*Fer.* In dede he is very much commended of al men, and specially of the best reputed studentes.

*Phi.* I am glad he hath not lost his time, but I care not

## SUPPOSES

greatly for so muche knowledge. I would not be without the sighte of hym againe so long, for all the learning in the worlde. I am olde nowe, and if God shoulde call mee in his absence, I promise you I thinke it woulde drive me into desperation.

*Fer.* It is commendable in a man to love his childrē, but to be so tender over them is more womanlike?

*Phi.* Well, I confesse it is my faulte: and yet I will tell you another cause of my comming hither, more waightie than this. Divers of my countrey have bene here since hee came hither, by whome I have sente unto him, and some of thē have bene thrice, some fourre or five times at his house, and yet could never speake with him. I feare he applies his studie so, that he will not leese the minute of an houre from his booke. What, alas, he might yet talke with his countrymen for a while: he is a yong man, tenderly brought up, and if he fare thus cōtinually night & day at his booke, it may be enough to drive him into a frenesie.

*Fer.* In dede, enough were as good as a feast. Loe you sir here is your sonne *Erostratoes* house, I will knocke.

*Phi.* Yea, I pray you knocke.

*Fer.* They heare not.

*Phi.* Knocke againe.

*Fer.* I thinke they be on slepe.

*Ly.* If this gate were your Grandefathers soule, you coulde not knocke more softly, let me come: ho, ho, is there any body within?

*Dalio commeth to the wyndowe, and there maketh them awnswere.*

### Scena. iii.

**DALIO** the cooke. **FERARESE** the inholder.

**PHILOGANO.** **LITIO** his man.

**W**Hat devill of hell is there? I thinke hee will breake the gates in peeces.

*Li.* Marie sir, we had thoughte you had beene on sleepe within, and therefore we thought best to wake you: what doth *Erostrato*?

## SUPPOSES

*Da.* He is not within.

*Phi.* Open the dore good fellow I pray thee.

*Da.* If you thinke to lodge here, you are deceived I tell you, for here are gues tes enowe already.

*Phi.* A good fellow, and much for thy maister honesty by our Ladie: and what gues tes I pray thee?

*Da.* Here is *Philogano* my maisters father, lately come out of *Sicilia*.

*Phi.* Thou speakest truer thā thou arte aware of, he will be, by that time thou hast opened the dore: open I pray thee hartily.

*Da.* It is a small matter for me to open the dore, but here is no lodging for you, I tell you plaine, the house is full.

*Phi.* Of whome?

*Da.* I tolde you: here is *Philogano* my maisters father come from *Cathanea*.

*Phi.* And when came he?

*Da.* He came three houres since, or more, he alighted at the Aungell, and left his horses there: afterwarde my maister brought him hither.

*Phi.* Good fellow, I thinke thou hast good sport to mocke mee.

*Da.* Nay, I thinke you have good spor[te] to make me tary here, as though I have nothing else to doe: I am matched with an unrulye mate in the kitchin. I will goe looke to him another while.

*Phi.* I thinke he be drunken.

*Fer.* Sure he semes so: see you not how redde he is about the gilles?

*Phi.* Abide fellow, what *Philogano* is it whome thou talkest of?

*Da.* An honest gentlemā, father to *Erostrato* my maister.

*Phi.* And where is he?

*Da.* Here within.

*Phi.* May we see him?

*Da.* I thinke you may if you be not blind.

*Phi.* Go to, go tel him here is one wold speake with him.

*Da.* Mary that I will willingly doe.

*Phi.* I can not tell what I shoulde say to this geere, *Litio*, what thinkest thou of it?

## SUPPOSES

*Li.* I cannot tell you what I shoulde say sir, the worlde  
is large and long, there maye be moe *Philoganos* and moe *Erostratos* than one, yea and moe *Ferraras*, moe *Sicilias*, and  
moe *Cathaneas*: peradventure this is not that *Ferrara* whiche  
you sent your sonne unto.

*Phi.* Peradventure thou arte a foole, and he was another  
that answered us even now. But be you sure honest man,  
that you mistake not the house?

*Fer.* Nay, then god helpe, thinke you I knowe not *Ero-  
stratos* house? yes, and himselfe also: I sawe him here no  
longer since thā yesterday. But here cōmes one that wil tell  
us tydings of him, I like his countenaunce better than the  
others that answered at the windowe erewhile.

*Dalio draweth his bed in at the wyndowe, the Scenese  
commeth out.*

### Scena. v.

SCENESE. PH[I]LOGANO. DALIO.

**W**Ould you speake with me sir?

*Phi.* Yea sir, I would faine knowe whence you are.

*Sce.* Sir I am a *Sicilian*, at your commaundement.

*Phi.* What part of *Sicilia*?

*Sce.* Of *Cathanea*.

*Phi.* What shall I call your name?

*Sce.* My name is *Philogano*.

*Phi.* What trade doe you occupie?

*Sce.* Marchandise.

*Phi.* What marchandise brought you hither?

*Sce.* None, I came onely to see a sonne that I have here  
whom I sawe not these two yeares.

*Phi.* What call they your sonne?

*Sce.* *Erostrato*.

*Phi.* Is *Erostrato* your sonne?

*Sce.* Yea verily.

*Phi.* And are you *Philogano*?

*Sce.* The same.

## SUPPOSES

*Pbi.* And a marchant of *Cathanea*?

*Sc. Sce.* What neede I tell you so often? I will not tell you a lye.

*Pbi.* Yes, you have told me a false lie, and thou arte a vilaine and no better.

*Sc. Sce.* Sir, you offer me great wrong with these injurious wordes.

*Pbi.* Nay, I will doe more than I have yet proffered to doe, for I will prove thee a lyer, and a knave to take upon thee that thou art not.

*Sc. Sce.* Sir I am *Philogano* of *Cathanea*, out of all doubt, if I were not I would be loth to tell you so.

*Pbi.* Oh, see the boldnesse of this brute beast, what a brasen face he setteth on it?

*Sc. Sce.* Well, you may beleve me if you liste; what wonder you?

*Pbi.* I wonder at thy impudencie, for thou, nor nature that framed thee, can ever counterfaite thee to be me, ribauld villaine, and lying wretch that thou arte.

*Da.* Shall I suffer a knave to abuse my maisters father thus? hence villaine, hence, or I will sheath this good fawchiō in your paūch: if my maister *Erostrato* find you prating here on this fashiō to his father, I wold not be in your coate for mo conney skins thā I gat these twelve monethes: come you in againe sir, and let this Curre barke here till he burst.

*Dalio pulleth the Scenese in at the dore.*

## Scena. vi.

PHILOGANO. LITIO. FERARESE.

*Itio,* how likest thou this geere?

*Li.* Sir, I like it as evill as may be: but have you not often heard tell of the falsehood of *Ferara*, and now may you see, it falleth out accordingly.

*Fer.* Friend, you do not well to slander the Citie, these men are no *Ferrareses* you may know by their tong.

*Li.* Well, there is never a barrell better herring, beetwene

## SUPPOSES

you both: but in deed your officers are most to blame, that suffer such faultes to escape unpunished.

*Fer.* What knowe the officers of this? thinke you they know of every fault?

*Li.* Nay, I thinke they will knowe as little as may bee, specially when they have no gaines, by it, but they ought to have their eares as open to heare of such offeices, as the Ingates be to receive guests.

*Pbi.* Holde thy peace foole.

*Li.* By the masse I am afearde that we shall be proved fooles both two.

*Pbi.* Well, what shall we doe?

*Li.* I would thinke best we should go seeke *Erostrato* him selfe.

*Fer.* I will waite upon you willingly, and either at the schooles, or at the convocations, we shall find him.

*Pbi.* By our Lady I am wery, I will run no longer about to seke him, I am sure hither he will come at the last.

*Li.* Sure, my mind gives me that we shall find a new A true suppose. *Erostrato* ere it be long.

*Fe.* Looke where he is, whether runnes he? stay you awhile, I will goe tell him that you are here: *Erostrato*, *Erostra[t]o*, ho *Erostrato*, I would speake with you.

*Erostrato is espied upon the stage running about.*

### Scena. vii.

Fained **EROSTRATO.** **FERARESE.**

**PHILOGANO.** **LITIO.** **DALIO.**

**N**owe can I hide me no longer. Alas what shall I doe? I will set a good face on, to beare out the matter.

*Fera.* O *Erostrato*, *Pbilogano* your father is come out of *Sicilia*.

*Ero.* Tell me that I knowe not, I have bene with him and seene him alredy.

*Fera.* Is it possible? and it seemeth by him that you know not of his comming.

## SUPPOSES

*Ero.* Why, have you spoken with him? when saw you him I pray you?

*Fera.* Looke you where he standes, why go you not too him? Looke you *Philogano*, beholde your deare son *Erostrato*.

*Phi.* *Erostrato*? this is not *Erostrato*: thys seemeth rather to be *Dulipo*, and it is *Dulipo* in deede.

*Li.* Why, doubtē you of that?

*Ero.* What saith this honest man?

*Phi.* Mary sir, in deede you are so honorably cladde, it is no marvell if you loke bigge.

*Ero.* To whome speaketh he?

*Phi.* What, God helpe, do you not know me?

*Ero.* As farre as I remember Sir, I never sawe you before.

*Phi.* Harke *Litio*, here is good geere, this honest man will not know me.

*Ero.* Gentleman, you take your markes amisse.

*Li.* Did I not tell you of the falsehood of *Ferrara* master? *Dulipo* hath learned to play the knave indifferently well since he came hither.

*Phi.* Peace I say.

*Ero.* Friend, my name is not *Dulipo*, aske you thorough out this towne of great and small, they know me: aske this honest man that is with you, if you wyll not beleeve me.

*Ferra.* In deede, I never knewe him otherwise called than *Erostrato*: and so they call him, as many as knowe him.

*Li.* Master, nowe you may see the falsehood of these fellowes: this honest man your hoste, is of counsaile with him, and would face us down that it is *Erostrato*: beware of these mates.

*Fera.* Friende, thou doest me wrong to suspect me, for sure I never hearde hym otherwise called than *Erostrato*.

*Ero.* What name could you heare me called by, but by my right name? But I am wise enough to stand prating here with this old man, I thinke he be mad.

*Phi.* Ah runnagate, ah villaine traitour, doest thou use thy master thus? what hast thou done with my son villain?

*Da.* Doth this dogge barke here still? and will you suffer him master thus to revile you?

*Ero.* Come in, come in, what wilt thou do with thys pestil?

## SUPPOSES

*Da.* I will rap the olde cackabed on the costerd.

*Ero.* Away with it, & you sirra, lay downe these stones : come in at dore every one of you, beare with him for his age, I passe not of his evill wordes.

*Erostrato taketh all his servantes in at the dores.*

### Scena. viii.

PHILOGANO. FERARESE. LITIO.

**A**Las, who shall relieve my miserable estate ? to whome shall I complaine ? since he whome I brought up of a childe, yea and cherished him as if he had bene mine owne, doth nowe utterly denie to knowe me : and you whome I toke for an honest man, and he that should have broughte me to the sighte of my sonne, are compachte with this false wretch, and woulde face me downe that he is *Erostrato*. Alas, you might have some compassion of mine age, to the miserie I am now in, and that I am a stranger desolate of all conforte in this countrey : or at the least, you shoulde have feared the vengeance of God the supreme judge (whiche knoweth the secrets of all harts) in bearing this false witnesse with him, whome heaven and earth doe knowe to be *Dulipo* and not *Erostrato*.

An other suppose.

*Li.* If there be many such witnesses in this coûtrey, men may go about to prove what they wil in cõtroversies here.

*Fer.* Well sir, you may judge of me as it pleaseth you : & how the matter commeth to passe I know not, but truly, ever since he came first hither, I have knownen him by the name of *Erostrato* the sonne of *Philogano* a *Carbanese* : nowe whether he be so in deede, or whether he be *Dulipo*, (as you alledge) let that be proved by them that knewe him before he came hether. But I protest before God, that whiche I have said, is neither a matter compact with him, nor any other, but even as I have hard him called & reputed of al mē.

*Pbi.* Out and alas, he whom I sent hither with my son to be his servaunt, and to give attendance on him, hath eyther A shrewde suppose. cut his throate, or by some evill meanes made him away :

## SUPPOSES

and hath not onely taken his garmentes, his booke, his money, and that whiche he brought out of *Sicilia* with him, but usurpeth his name also, and turneth to his owne commoditie the bills of exchaunge that I have alwayes allowed for my sonnes expences. Oh miserable *Philogano*, oh unhappy old man: oh eternall God, is there no judge? no officer? no higher powers whom I may complaine unto for redresse of these wrongs?

*Fer.* Yes sir, we have potestates, we have Judges, and above al, we have a most juste prince: doubt you not, but you shall have justice if your cause be just.

*Phi.* Bring me then to the Judges, to the potestates, or to whome you thinke best: for I will disclose a packe of the greatest knaverie, a fardell of the fowlest falsehooде that ever was heard of.

*Li.* Sir, he that wil goe to the lawe, must be sure of foure things: first, a right and a just cause: then a righteous advocate to pleade: nexte, favour *coram Iudice*: and above all, a good purse to procure it.

*Fer.* I have not heard, that the law hath any respect to favour: what you meane by it I cannot tell.

*Phi.* Have you no regard to his wordes, he is but a foole.

*Fer.* I pray you sir, let him tell me what is favour.

*Li.* Favour cal I, to have a friend neere about the judge, who may so sollicite thy cause, as if it be right, speedie sentence may ensue without any delayes: if it be not good, then to prolong it, till at the last, thine adversarie being wearie, shal be glad to compound with thee.

*Fer.* Of thus much (although I never heard thus muche in this coütry before) doubt you not *Philogano*, I will bring you to an advocate that shall speede you accordingly.

*Phi.* Then shall I give my selfe, as it were a pray to the Lawyers, whose insatiable jawes I am not able to feede, although I had here all the goods and landes which I possesse in mine own countrey: much lesse being a straunger in this miserie. I know their cautels of old: at the first time I come they wil so extoll my cause, as though it were already won: but within a sevēnight or ten daies, if I do not continually feede them as the crow doth hir brattes, twētie times in an houre, they will begin to waxe colde, and to finde cavils in

## SUPPOSES

my cause, saying, that at the firste I did not well instructe them, till at the last, they will not onely drawe the stuffing out of my purse, but the marrow out of my bones.

*Fer.* Yea sir, but this man that I tell you of, is halfe a Saincte.

*Li.* And the other halfe a Devill, I hold a pennie.

*Pbi.* Well sayd *Litio*, in deede I have but smal confidence in their smothe lookes.

*Fer.* Well sir, I thinkē this whom I meane, is no suchē manner of man : but if he were, there is such hatred and evil <sup>An other suppose.</sup> wil betwene him & this gentlemā (whether he be *Erostrato* or *Dulipo*, what so ever he be) that I warrant you, he will doe whatsoever he can do for you, were it but to spite him.

*Pbi.* Why ? what hatred is betwixt them ?

*Fer.* They are both in love and suters to one gentlewoman, the daughter of a welthie man in this citie.

*Pbi.* Why ? is the villeine become of such estimatiō that he dare presume to be a suter to any gentlewomā of a good familie ?

*Fer.* Yea sir out of all doubt.

*Pbi.* How call you his adversarie ?

*Fer.* *Cleander*, one of the excellentest doctors in our citie.

*Pbi.* For Gods love let us goe to him.

*Fer.* Goe we then.

*Finis Actus. 4.*

Actus. v. Scena. i.

Fayned EROSTRATO.

W<sup>H</sup>at a mishappe was this ? that before I could meeke with *Erostrato*, I have light even ful in the lap of *Philogano* : where I was cōstrained to denie my name, to denie my master, & to faine that I knew him not, to contend with him, & to revile him, in such sort, that hap what hap can, I cā never hap well in favour with him againe. Therefore if I could come to speake with ye right *Erostrato*, I will

Another  
uppose.

## SUPPOSES

renounce unto him both habite and credite, and away as fast as I can trudge into some strange countrey, where I may never see *Philogano* againe. Alas, he that of a litle childe hath brought me up unto this day, and nourished me as if I had bene his owne: & indeede (to confesse the trouth) I have no father to trust unto but him. But looke where *Pasiphilo* commeth, the fittest man in the world to goe on m[y] message to *Erostrato*.

*Erostrato* espieth *Pasiphilo* comming towards him.

### Scena. ii.

PASIPHILO. EROSTRATO.

Two good newes have I heard to day alreadie: one that *Erostrato* prepared a great feast this night: the other, that he seeketh for me. And I to ease him of his travaile, least he shoulde runne up and downe seeking me, and bicause no man loveth better thā I to have an erand where good cheere is, come in post hast even home to his owne house: and loke where he is.

*Ero.* *Pasiphilo*, thou muste doe one thing for me if thou love me.

*Pas.* If I love you not, who loves you? commaunde me.

*Ero.* Go then a litle there, to *Damons* house, aske for *Dulipo*, and tell him.

*Pas.* Wot you what? I cannot speake with him, he is in prison.

*Ero.* In prison? how commeth that to passe? where is he in prison?

*Pas.* In a vile dungeon there within his masters house.

*Ero.* Canst thou tell wherefore?

*Pas.* Be you content to know he is in prison, I have told you to muche.

*Ero.* If ever you will doe any thing for me, tell me.

*Pas.* I pray you desire me not, what were you the better if you knew?

*Ero.* More than thou thinkest *Pasiphilo* by God.

## SUPPOSES

*Pas.* Well, and yet it standes me upon more than you thinke, to keepe it secrete.

*Ero.* Why *Pasiphilo*, is this the trust I have had in you ? are these the faire promises you have a[!]wayes made me ?

*Pas.* By the masse I would I had fasted this night with maister doctour, rather than have come hither.

*Ero.* Wel *Pasiphilo*, eyther tel me, or at few woordes never thinke to be welcome to this house from hence forthe.

*Pas.* Nay, yet I had rather leese all the Gentlemen in this towne. But if I tell you any thing that displease you, blame no body but your selfe now.

*Ero.* There is nothing cā greve me more thā *Dulipoes* mishappe, no not mine owne : and therfore I am sure thou canst tell me no worsse tidings.

*Pa.* Well, since you would needes have it, I wil tell you : he was taken a bed with your beloved *Polynesta*. Another plain an homely suppose.

*Ero.* Alas, and doth *Damon* knowe it ?

*Pa.* An olde trotte in the house disclosed it to him, wherupon he tooke bothe *Dulipo* and the Nurse which hath bene the broker of all this bargayne, and clapte them bothe in a cage, where I thinke they shall have so[wr]e soppes too their sweete meates.

*Ero.* *Pasiphilo*, go thy wayes into the kitchin, commaund the cooke to boyle and roast what liketh thee best, I make thee supra visour of this supper.

*Pa.* By the masse if you should have studied this seven-night, you could not have appointed me an office to please me better. You shall see what dishes I will devise.

*Pasiphilo goeth in, Erostrato tarieth.*

Scena. iii.

Fayned EROSTRATO alone.

I Was glad to rid him out of the way, least he shoulde see me burst out of these swelling teares, which hitherto with great payne I have prisoned in my brest, & least he shoulde heare the Echo of my doubled sighes, whiche bounce from the botome of my hevy heart. O cursed I, O cruell fortune,

## SUPPOSES

that so many dispersed grieves as were sufficient to subvert a legion of Lovers, hast sodenly assembled within my carefull carkase to freat this fearfull heart in sunder with desperation. Thou that hast kepte my master all his youthe within the realme of *Sicilia*, reserving the wind and waves in a temperate calme (as it were at his commaunde) nowe to convey his aged limmes hither, neither sooner nor later: but even in the worst time that may be. If at any time before thou haddest conducted him, this enterprise had bene cut off without care in the beginning: and if never so little longer thou hadst lingred his jorney, this happie day might then have fully finished our drifts & devises. But alas, thou hast brought him even in the very worst time, to plunge us al in the pit of perdition. Neither art thou content to entāgle me alone in thy ruinous ropes, but thou must also catch the right *Erostrato* in thy crooked clawes, to reward us both with open shame & rebuke. Two yeeres hast thou kept secrete our subtil Supposes, even this day to discipher them with a sorrowfull successe. What shall I do? Alas what shift shall I make? it is too late now to imagine any further deceite, for every minute seemeth an houre til I find some succour for the miserable captive *Erostrato*. Wel, since there is no other remedie, I wil go to my master *Philogano*, & to him will I tell the whole truth of the matter, that at the least he may provide in time, before his sonne feele the smart of some sharpe revenge and punishment. This is the best, and thus wil I do. Yet I know, that for mine owne parte I shal do bitter penance for my faults forepassed: but suche is the good will and duetie that I beare to *Erostrato*, as even with the losse of my life I must not sticke to adventure any thing which may turne to his commoditie. But what shall I do? shal I go seeke my master about the towne, or shall I tarrie his returne hither? If I meete him in the streetes, he wil crie out upon me, neither will he harken to any thing that I shall say, till he have gathered all the people wondring about me, as it were at an Owle. Therefore I were better to abide here, and yet if he tarrie long I will goe seeke him, rather than prolong the time to *Erostratos* perill.

*Pasiphilo returneth to Erostrato.*

## SUPPOSES

Scena. iiiii.

PASIPHILO. Fayned EROSTRATO.

YEa dresse them, but lay them not to the fire, till they will be ready to sit downe. This geere goeth in order: but if I had not gone in, there had fallen a foule faulfe.

*Ero.* And what fault I pray thee?

*Pa.* Marie, *Dalio* would have layd the shoulder of mutton and the Capon bothe to the fire at once like a foole: he did not consider, that the one woulde have more roasting than the other.

*Ero.* Alas, I would this were the greatest fault.

*Pa.* Why? and either the one should have bene burned before the other had bene roasted, or else he muste have drawne them off the spitte: and they would have bene served to the boorde either colde or rawe.

*Ero.* Thou hast reason. *Pasiphilo.*

*Pa.* Now sir, if it please you I will goe into the towne and buye oranges, olives, and caphers, for without suche sauce the supper were more than halfe lost.

*Ero.* There are within already, doubt you not, there shal lacke nothing that is necessarie.

*Pa.* Since I told him these newes of *Dulipo*, he is cleane beside himself: he hath so many hammers in his head, that his braynes are ready to burst: and let them breake, so I may suppe with him to night, what care I? But is not this *Dominus noster Cleandrus* that commeth before? well sayde, by my truth we will teache maister Doctor to weare a cornerd cappe of a new fashion. By God *Polynesta* shal be his, he shall have hir out of doubt, for I have tolde *Erostrato* such newes of hir, that he will none of hir.

*Cleander and Philogano* come in, talking of the matter in controversie.

*Erostrato*  
*exit.*

A knavish  
suppose.

## SUPPOSES

Scena. v.

CLEANDER. PHILOGANO. LITIO. PASIPIHLO.

YEa, but howe will ye prove that he is not *Erostrato*, having such presumptiōs to the cōtrarie? or how shall it be thought that you are *Philogano*, when an other taketh upon him this same name, and for prooфе bringeth him for a witnesse, which hath bene ever reputed here for *Erostrato*?

*Phi.* I will tel you sir, let me be kept here fast in prison, & at my charges let there be some man sent into *Sicilia*, that may bring hither with him two or three of the honestest mē in *Cathanea*, and by them let it be proved if I or this other be *Philogano*, and whether he be *Erostrato* or *Dulipo* my servant: & if you finde me contrarie, let me suffer death for it.

*Pa.* I will go salute master Doctour.

*Cle.* It will aske great labour & great expences to prove it this way, but it is the best remedie that I can see.

*Pa.* God save you sir.

*Cle.* And reward you as you have deserved.

*Pa.* Then shall he give me your favour continually.

*Cle.* He shall give you a halter, knave and villein that thou arte.

*Pa.* I knowe I am a knave, but no villein. I am your servaunt.

*Cle.* I neither take thee for my servāt, nor for my friend.

*Pa.* Why? wherein have I offended you sir?

*Cle.* Hence to the gallowes knave.

*Pa.* What softe and faire sir, I pray you, *I præsequar*, you are mine elder.

*Cle.* I will be even with you, be you sure, honest man.

*Pa.* Why sir? I never offended you.

*Cle.* Well, I will teach you: out of my sight knave.

*Pa.* What? I am no dogge, I would you wist.

*Cle.* Pratest thou yet villein? I will make thee.

*Pa.* What will you make me? I see wel the more a man doth suffer you, the worsse you are.

## SUPPOSES

*Cle.* Ah villein, if it were not for this gentleman, I wold tell you what I.

*Pa.* Villein? nay I am as honest a man as you.

*Cle.* Thou liest in thy throate knave.

*Pbi.* O sir, stay your wisedome.

*Pas.* What will you fight? marie come on.

*Cle.* Well knave, I will meete with you another time, goe your way.

*Pas.* Even when you list sir, I will be your man.

*Cle.* And if I be not even with thee, call me cut.

*Pas.* Nay by the Masse, all is one, I care not, for I have nothing: if I had either landes or goods, peradventure you would pull me into the lawe.

*Pbi.* Sir, I perceive your pacience is moved.

*Cle.* This villaine: but let him goe, I will see him punished as he hath deserved. Now to the matter, how said you?

*Pbi.* This fellow hath disquieted you sir, peradventure you would be loth to be troubled any further.

*Cle.* Not a whit, say on, & let him go with a vengeance.

*Pbi.* I say, let them send at my charge to *Cathanea*.

*Cle.* Yea I remember that wel, & it is the surest way as this case requireth: but tel me, how is he your servant? and how come you by him? enforme me fully in the matter.

*Pbi.* I will tell you sir: when the Turkes won *Otranto*.

*Cle.* Oh, you put me in remembrance of my mishappes.

*Pbi.* How sir?

*Cle.* For I was driven among the rest out of the towne (it is my native countrey) and there I lost more than ever I shall recover againe while I live.

*Pbi.* Alas, a pitifull case by S. Anne.

*Cle.* Well, proceede.

*Pbi.* At that time (as I saide) there were certaine of our countrey that scoured those costes upon the seas, with a good barke, well appointed for the purpose, and had espiall of a Turkey vessell that came laden from thence with great abundance of riches.

*Cle.* And peradventure most of mine.

*Pbi.* So they boarded them, & in the end over came them, & brought the goods to *Palermo*, frō whence they came, and amōgst other things that they had, was this villeine my

Lawyers a  
never wea  
to get  
money.

A gentle  
suppose.

## SUPPOSES

servaunt, a boy at that time, I thinke not past five yeeres olde.

*Cle.* Alas, I lost one of that same age there.

*Phi.* And I beyng there, and liking the Childe's favour well, proffered them foure and twentie ducates for him, and had him.

*Cle.* What? was the childe a Turke? or had the Turkes brought him from *Otranto*?

*Phi.* They saide he was a Childe of *Otranto*, but what is that to the matter? once .xxiiii. Ducattes he cost me, that I wot well.

*Cle.* Alas, I speake it not for that sir, I woulde it were he whome I meane.

*Phi.* Why, whom meane you sir?

*Liti.* Beware sir, be not to lavish.

*Cle.* Was his name *Dulipo* then? or had he not another name?

*Liti.* Beware what you say sir.

*Phi.* What the devill hast thou to doe? *Dulipo*? no sir his name was *Carino*.

*Liti.* Yea, well said, tell all and more to, doe.

*Cle.* O Lord, if it be as I thinke, how happie were I? & why did you change his name then?

*Phi.* We called him *Dulipo*, bycause when he cryed as Ch[i]ldren doe sometimes, he woulde alwayes cry on that name *Dulipo*.

*Cle.* Well, then I see well it is my owne onely Childe, whome I loste, when I loste my countrie: he was named *Carino* after his grandfather, and this *Dulipo* whome he alwayes remembred in his lamenting, was his foster father that nourished him and brought him up.

*Li.* Sir, have I not told you enough of ye falsehood of *Ferara*? this gentleman will not only picke your purse, but beguile you of your servaunt also, & make you beleve he is his son.

*Cle.* Well goodfellow, I have not used to lie.

*Liti.* Sir no, but every thing hath a beginning.

*Cle.* Fie, *Philogano* have you not the least suspecte that may be of me.

*Liti.* No marie, but it were good he had the most suspecte that may be.

## SUPPOSES

*Cle.* Well, hold thou thy peace a litle good f[e]llow. I pray you tell me *Philogano* had ye child any remembrance of his fathers name, his mothers name, or ye name of his familie?

*Pbi.* He did remember them, and could name his mother also, but sure I have forgotten the name.

*Liti.* I remember it well enough.

*Pbi.* Tell it then.

*Liti.* Nay, that I will not marie, you have tolde him too much al ready.

*Pbi.* Tell it I say, if thou can.

*Liti.* Cā? yes by ye masse I cā wel enough: but I wil have my tong pulled out, rather thā tell it, unlesse he tell it first: doe you not perceve sir, what he goeth about?

*Cle.* Well, I will tell you then, my name you know alredy: my wife his mothers name was *Sopbronia*, the house that I came of, they call *Spiagia*.

*Liti.* I never heard him speake of *Spiagia* but in deede I have heard him say, his mothers name was *Sopbronia*: but what of y<sup>t</sup>? a great matter I promise you. It is like enoughe that you two have compact together to deceive my maister.

*Cle.* What nedeth me more evident tokens? this is my sonne out of doubt whom I lost eighteen yeares since, and a thousand thousand times have I lamented for him: he shuld have also a mould on his left shoulder.

*Li.* He hath a moulde there in deede: and an hole in an other place to, I would your nose were in it.

*Cle.* Faire wordes fellow *Liti*: oh I pray you let us goe talkle with him, O fortune, howe much am I bounde to thee if I finde my sonne?

*Pbi.* Yea how little am I beholde to fortune, that know not where my sonne is become, and you whome I chose to be mine advocate, will nowe (by the meanes of this *Dulipe*) become mine adversarie?

*Cle.* Sir, let us first goe find mine: and I warrant you <sup>A right suppose.</sup> yours will be founde also ere it be long.

*Pbi.* God graunt: goe we then[.]

*Cle.* Since the dore is open, I will ne[ith]er knocke nor cal, but we will be bolde to goe in.

*Li.* Sir, take you heede, least he leade you to some mischiefe.

## SUPPOSES

*Phi.* Alas *Litio*, if my sonne be loste what care I what become of me?

*Li.* Well, I have tolde you my minde Sir, doe you as you please.

*Exeunt: Damon and Psiteria come in.*

### Scena sexta.

#### DAMON. PSITERIA.

**C**ome hither you olde kallat, you tatling huswife, that the devill cut oute your tong: tell me, howe could *Pasiphilo* know of this geere but by you?

*Psi.* Sir, he never knewe it of me, he was the firste that tolde me of it.

*Da.* Thou liest old drabbe, but I would advise you tel me the truth, or I wil make those old bones rattle in your skin.

*Psi.* Sir, if you finde me contrarie, kill me.

*Da.* Why? where should he talke with thee?

*Psi.* He talked with me of it here in the streeete.

*Da.* What did you here?

*Psi.* I was going to the weavers for a webbe of clothe you have there.

*Da.* And what cause coulde *Pasiphilo* have to talke of it, unlesse thou began the mater first?

*Psi.* Nay, he began with me sir, reviling me, bycause I had tolde you of it: I asked him how he knewe of it, and he said he was in the stable when you examined me ere while.

*Da.* Alas, alas, what shall I doe then? in at dores olde whore, I wil plucke that tong of thine out by the rootes one day. Alas it greeveth me more that *Pasiphilo* knoweth it, than all the rest. He that will have a thing kept secrete, let him tell it to *Pasiphilo*: the people shall knowe it, and as many as have eares and no mo. By this time he hath tolde it in a hundredth places. *Cleander* was the firste, *Erostrato* the seconde, and so from one to another throughout the citie. Alas, what dower, what mariage shall I nowe prepare for my daughter? O poore doloro[u]s *Damon*, more miserable than

## SUPPOSES

miserie it selfe, would God it were true that *Polynesta* tolde me ere while: that he who hathe deflowered hir, is of no servile estate, (as hitherto he hath bene supposed in my service) but that he is a gentleman borne of a good parentage in *Sicilia*. Alas, small riches shoulde content me, if he be but of an honest familie: but I feare that he hathe devised these toyes to allure my daughtres love. Well I wil goe examine hir againe, my minde giveth me that I shall perceive by hir tale whether it be true or not. But is not this *Pasiphilo* that cōmeth out of my neighbours house? what the devill ayleth him to leape and lauge so like a foole in ye high way?

*Pasiphilo commeth out of the [house] laughing.*

The first  
suppose  
brought to  
conclusion

### Scena septima.

P[ASIPHIL]O. DAMON.

O God, that I might finde *Damon* at home.

*Da.* What the divill would he with me?

*Pas.* That I may be the firste that shall bring him these newes.

*Da.* What will he tell me, in the name of God?

*Pas.* O Lord, how happie am I? loke where he is.

*Da.* What newes *Pasiphilo*, that thou arte so merie?

*Pas.* Sir I am mery to make you glad: I bring you joyfull newes.

*Da.* And that I have nede of *Pasiphilo*.

*Pas.* I knowe sir, that you are a sorowfull man for this mishap that hath chaunced in your house, peradventure you, thoughte I had not knownen of it. But let it passe, plucke up your sprits, and rejoice: for he that hath done you this injurie is so well borne, and hath so riche parents, that you may be glad to make him your sonne in law.

*Da.* How knowest thou?

*Pas.* His father *Philogano* one of the worthiest men in all *Cathanea*, is nowe come to the citie, and is here in your neighbours house.

*Da.* What, in *Erostratos* house?

## SUPPOSES

*Pas.* Nay in *Dulipos* house : for where you have alwayes supposed this gentlemā to be *Erostrato*, it is not so, but your seruaunt whom you have emprisoned hitherto, supposed to be *Dulipo*, he is in dede *Erostrato*: and that other is *Dulipo*. And thus they have alwayes, even since their first arival in this citie, exchaunged names, to the ende that *Erostrato* the maister, under ye name of *Dulipo* a servant, might be entertained in your house, & so winne the love of your daughter.

*Da.* Wel, then I perceive it is evē as *Polinesta* told me.

*Pas.* Why, did she tell you so?

*Da.* Yea : But I thought it but a tale.

*Pas.* Well, it is a true tale : and here they will be with you by and by : both *Philogano* this worthie man, and maister doctor *Cleander*.

*Da.* *Cleander* ? what to doe ?

*Pas.* *Cleander* ? Why therby lies another tale, the moste fortunate adventure that ever you heard : wot you what ? this other *Dulipo*, whome all this while we supposed to be *Erostrato*, is founde to be the sonne of *Cleander*, whome he lost at the losse of *Otranto*, and was after solde in *Sicilia* too this *Philogano*: the strangest case that ever you heard : a mā might make a Comedie of it. They wil come even straight, and tell you the whole circumstance of it themselves.

*Da.* Nay I will first goe heare the storie of this *Dulipo*, be it *Dulipo* or *Erostrato* that I have here within, before I speake with *Philogano*.

*Pas.* So shall you doe well sir, I will goe tell them that they may stay a while, but loke where they come.

*Damon goeth in, Scenese, Cleander and Philogano come upon the stage.*

### Scena. viii.

SCENESE. CLEANDER. PHILOGANO.

**S**Ir, you shal not nede to excuse ye matter any further, since I have received no greater injurie than by words, let thē passe like wind, I take them well in worthe : and am rather well pleased than offended : for it shall bothe be a good

## SUPPOSES

warning to me another time howe to trust every man at the first sighte, yea, and I shall have good game here after to tel this pleasant story another day in mine owne countrey.

*Cle.* Gentleman, you have reason: and be you sure, that as many as heare it, will take great pleasure in it. And you *Philogano* may thinke, that god in heaven above, hath ordained your comming hither at this present to the ende I mighte recover my lost sonne, whom by no other meanes I coulde ever have founde oute.

*Phi.* Surely sir I thinke no lesse, for I think that not so much as a leafe falleth from the tree, without the ordinance of god. But let us goe seke *Damon*, for me thinketh every day a yeare, every houre a daye, and every minute to much till I see my *Erostrato*.

*Cle.* I cannot blame you, goe we then. *Carino* take you that gentleman home in the meane time, the fewer the better to be present at such affaires.

*Pasiphilo* stayeth their going in.

### Scena. ix.

P[ASIPHILO.] CLEANDER.

**M**Aister doctor, will you not shew me this favour, to tell me the cause of your displeasure?

*Cle.* Gentle *Pasiphilo*, I muste needes confesse I have done thee wrong, and that I beleved tales of thee, whiche in deede I finde now contrary.

*Pas.* I am glad then that it proeede[d] rather of ignorance than of malice.

*Cle.* Yea beleve me *Pasiphilo*.

*Pas.* O sir, but yet you shoulde not have given me suche foule wordes.

*Cle.* Well, content thy selfe *Pasiphilo*, I am thy frende as I have always bene: for prooef whereof, come suppe with me to night, & from day to day this seven night be thou my guest. But beholde, here cometh *Damō* out of his house.

*Here they come all togither.*

## SUPPOSES

### Scena decima.

CLEANDER. PHILOGANO. DAMON. EROSTRATO.

PASIPHILO. POLINESTA. NEVOLA.

and other servaunts.

WE are come unto you sir, to turne you[r] sorowe into joy and gladnesse: the sorow, we meane, that of force you have sustained since this mishappe of late fallen in your house. But be you of good comforte sir, and assure your selfe, that this yong man which youthfully and not maliciously hath committed this amorous offence, is verie well able (with consent of this worthie man his father) to make you sufficient amendes: being borne in *Cathanea of Sicilia*, of a noble house, no way inferiour unto you, and of wealth (by y<sup>e</sup> reporte of suche as knowe it) farre exceeding that of yours.

*Phi.* And I here in proper person, doe presente unto you sir, not onely my assured frendship and brotherhoode, but do earnestly desire you to accepte my poore childe (though unworthy) as your sonne in lawe: and for recompence of the injurie he hath done you, I profer my whole lands in dower to your daughter: yea and more would, if more I might.

*Cle.* And I sir, who have hitherto so earnestly desired your daughter in mariage, doe now willingly yelde up and quite claime to this yong man, who both for his yeares and for the love he beareth hir, is most meetest to be hir husbād. For wher I was desirous of a wife by whom I might have yssue, to leave that litle which god hath sent me: now have I litle neede, that (thankes be to god) have foundē my deerely beloved sonne, whō I loste of a childe at y<sup>e</sup> siege of *Otranto*.

*Da.* Worthy gentlemā, your friendship, your alliaunce, and the nobilitie of your birthe are suche, as I have muche more cause to desire them of you than you to request of me that which is already graunted. Therfore I gladly, and willingly receive the same, and thinke my selfe moste happie now of all my life past, that I have gottē so toward a sonne in lawe to my selfe, and so worthye a father in lawe to my daughter: yea and muche the greater is my contention, since this

## SUPPOSES

worthie gentleman maister *Cleander*, doth holde himselfe satisfied. And now behold your sonne.

*Ero.* O father.

*Pas.* Beholde the naturall love of the childe to the father: for inwarde joye he cannot pronounce one worde, in steade wherof he sendeth sobbes and teares to tell the effect of his inward in[t]ention. But why doe you abide here abrode? wil it please you to goe into the house sir?

*Da.* *Pasiphilo* hath saide well: will it please you to goe in sir?

*Nr.* Here I have brought you sir, bothe fetters & boltes.

*Da.* Away with them now.

*Nr.* Yea, but what shal I doe with them?

*Da.* Marie I will tell thee *Nevola*: to make a righte ende of our supposes, lay one of those boltes in the fire, and make thee a suppositorie as long as mine arme, God save the sample. Nobles and gentlemen, if you suppose that our supposes have given you sufficient cause of delighte, shewe some token, whereby we may suppose you are content.

*Et plauserunt.*

*FINIS.*

JOCASTA :  
A Tragedie written in  
Greeke by *Euripides*, translated  
and digested into A<sup>t</sup>e by George Gas-  
coyne, and Francis Kinwelmershe  
of Grayes Inne,  
and there by them presented,  
1566.

*The argument of the Tragedie.*

To scourge the cryme of wicked Laius,  
And wrecke the foule Incest of Oedipus,  
The angry Gods styrred up theyr sonnes, by strife  
With blades embrewed to reave eache others life :  
The wife, the mother, and the concubyne,  
(Whose fearefull hart foredrad theyr fatall fine,)  
- Hir sonnes thus dead, disdayneth longer lyfe,  
- And slayes hirself with selfsame bloody knyfe :  
- The daughter she, surprisde with childish dreade  
(That durst not dye) a lothsome lyfe doth leade,  
Yet rather chose to guide hir banisht sire,  
Than cruell Creon should have his desire.  
Creon is King, the \*type of Tyranny,  
And Oedipus, myrrour of misery.

*Fortunatus Infælix.*

*\* Fygure.*

## The names of the Interloquutors.

*Jocasta, the Queene.*

*Servus, a noble man of the Queenes traine.*

*Bailo, governour to the Queenes sonnes.*

*Antigone, daughter to the Queen.*

*Chorus, foure Thebane dames.*

*Polynices & } sonnes to Oedipus & the Queen.*

*Eteocles.*

*Creon, the Queenes brother.*

*Meneceus, sonne to Creon.*

*Tyresias, the divine priest.*

*Manto, the daughter of Tyresias.*

*Sacerdos, the sacrificyng priest.*

*Nuntii, three messangers from the campe.*

*Oedipus, the olde King father to Eteocles and Polynices, sonne  
and husbande to Jocasta the Queen.*

The Tragedie presented as it were  
in Thebes.

¶ The order of the dumme shewes  
and Musickes before every Acte.

Irste, before the beginning of the first A<sup>c</sup>te, did sounde a dolefull & straunge noyse of violles, Cythren, Bandurion, and such like, during the whiche, there came in uppon the Stage a king with an Imperial crown upon his head, very richely apparellled: a Scepter in his righte hande, a Mounde with a Crosse in his lefte hande, sitting in a Chariote very richely furnished, drawne in by foure Kinges in their Dublettes and Hosen, with Crownes also upon their heade. Representing unto us Ambition, by the hystorie of *Sesostres* king of *Egypt*, who beeing in his time and reigne a mightie Conquerour, yet not content to have subdued many princes, and taken from them their kingdomes and dominions, did in like maner cause those Kinges whome he had so overcome, to draw in his Chariote like Beastes and Oxen, thereby to content his unbrideled ambitious desire. After he had beene drawne twyce about the Stage, and retyred, the Musicke ceased, and *Jocasta* the Queene issued out of hir house, beginning the firste A<sup>c</sup>te, as followeth. *Jocasta* the Queene issueth out of hir Pallace, before hir twelve Gentlemen, following after hir eight Gentle women, whereof foure be the *Chorus* that remayne on the Stage after hir departure. At hir entrance the Trumpettes sounded, and after she had gone once about the Stage, she turneth to one of hir most trustie and esteemed ser-vaunts, and unto him she discloseth hir grieve, as foloweth.

## JOCASTA

The first Acte. The first Scene.

JOCASTA. SERVUS.

O Faithfull servaunt of mine auncient sire,  
Though unto thee, sufficiently be knowne  
The whole discourse of my recurelesse grieve  
By seing me from Princes royall state  
Thus basely brought into so great cōtempt,  
As mine own sonnes repine to heare my plaint,  
Now of a Queene but barely bearing name,  
Seyng this towne, seing my fleshe and bloude,  
Against it selfe to levie threatning armes,  
(Wherof to talke my heart it rendes in twaine)  
Yet once againe, I must to thee recompte  
The wailefull thing that is already spred,  
Because I know, that pitie will compell  
Thy tender hart, more than my naturall childe,  
With ruthfull teares to mone my mourning case.

Ser. My gracious Queene, as no man might surmount  
The constant faith I beare my sovraine Lorde,  
So doe I thinke, for love and trustie zeale,  
No Sonne you have, doth owe you more than I:  
For hereunto I am by dutie bounde,  
With service meete no lesse to honor you,  
Than that renoumed Prince your deere father.  
And as my duties be most infinite,  
So infinite, must also be my love:  
Then if my life or spending of my bloude  
May be employde to doe your highnesse good,  
Commaunde (O Queene) commaund this carcasse here,  
In spite of death to satisfie thy will,  
So, though I die, yet shall my willing ghost  
Contentedly forsake this withered corps,  
For joy to thinke I never shewde my selfe  
Ingrateful once to such a worthy Queene.

Joca. Thou knowst what care my carefull father tooke,  
In wedlockes sacred state to settle me

## JOCASTA

With *Laius*, king of this unhappy *Thebs*,  
That most unhappy now our Citie is :  
Thou knowst, how he, desirous still to searche  
The hidden secrets of supernall powers, *3*  
Unto Divines did make his ofte recourse,  
Of them to learne when he should have a sonne,  
That in his Realme might after him succeede :  
Of whom receiving answerre sharpe and sowre,  
That his owne sonne should worke his wailfull ende,  
The wretched king (though all in vayne) did seeke  
For to eschew that could not be eschewed :  
And so, forgetting lawes of natures love, *Jan 1555-1555*  
No sooner had this paynfull wombe brought foorth  
His eldest sonne to this desired light,  
But straight he chargde a trustie man of his  
To beare the childe into a desert wood,  
And leave it there, for Tigers to devoure.

*Ser.* O lucklesse babe, begot in wofull houre.

*Joc.* His servant thus obedient to his hest,  
Up by the heeles did hang this faultlesse Impe,  
And percing with a knife his tender feete,  
Through both the wounds did drawe the slender twigs,  
Which being bound about his feeble limmes,  
Were strong inough to holde the little soule.  
Thus did he leave this infant scarcely borne,  
That in short time must needes have lost his life,  
If destenie (that for our greater greefes  
Decreede before to keepe it still alive)  
Had not unto this childe sent present helpe :  
For so it chaunst, a shepheard passing by,  
With pitie movde, did stay his giltlesse death :  
He tooke him home, and gave him to his wife,  
With homelie fare to feede and foster up :  
Now harken how the heavens have wrought the way  
To *Laius* death, and to mine owne decay.

„ *Ser.* Experience proves, and daily is it seene,

„ In vaine (too vaine) man strives against the heavens. —

*Joca.* Not farre fro thence, the mightie *Polibus*,  
Of *Corinth* King, did keepe his princely court,  
Unto whose wofull wife (lamenting muche

## JOCASTA

Shee had no ofspring by hir noble pheere)  
The curteous shepherd gave my little sonne :  
Which gratefull gift, the Queene did so accept,  
As nothing seemde more precious in hir sight :  
Partly, for that, his faitures were so fine,  
Partly, for that, he was so beautifull,  
And partly, for bicause his comely grace  
Gave great suspicion of his royll bloude.  
The infant grewe, and many yeares was demde  
*Polibus* sonne, till time, that *Oedipus*  
(For so he named was) did understande  
That *Polibus* was not his sire in deede,  
Whereby forsaking frendes and countrie there,  
He did returne to seeke his native stocke :  
And being come into *Phocides* lande,  
Toke notice of the cursed oracle,  
How first he shoulde his father doe to death,  
And then become his mothers wedded mate.

Ser. O fierce aspect of cruell planets all,  
That can decree such seas of heynous faultes.

*Joca.* Then *Oedipus*, fraught full of chilling feare,  
By all meanes sought t'avoyde this furious fate,  
But whiles he weende to shunne the shameful deede,  
Unluckly guided by his owne mishappe,  
He fell into the snare that most he feared :  
For loe, in *Phocides* did *Laius* lye,  
To ende the broyles that civill discorde then  
Had raysed up in that unquiet lande,  
By meanes whereof my wofull *Oedipus*,  
Affording ayde unto the other side,  
With murdring blade unwares his father slewe.  
Thus heavenly doome, thus fate, thus powers divine,  
Thus wicked reade of Prophets tooke effect :  
Now onely restes to ende the bitter happe  
Of me, of me his miserable mother.  
Alas, how colde I feele the quaking bloud  
Passe too and fro within my trembling brest ?  
*Oedipus*, when this bloudy deede was doone,  
Forst foorth by fatall doome, to *Thebes* came,  
Where as full soone with glory he atchievde

## JOCASTA

The crowne and scepter of this noble lande,  
By conquering *Sphinx* that cruell monster loe,  
That earst destroyde this goodly flouring soyle :  
And thus did I (O hatefull thing to heare)  
To my owne sonne become a wretched wife.

*Ser.* No mervayle, though the golden Sunne withdrew  
His glittering beames from such a sinfull facte.

*Joca.* And so by him that from this belly sprang,  
I brought to light (O cursed that I am)  
Aswell two sonnes, as daughters also twaine :  
But when this monstrous mariage was disclosde,  
So sore began the rage of boyling wrath  
To swell within the furious brest of him,  
As he him selfe by stresse of his owne nayles,  
Out of his head did teare his grieffull eyne,  
Unworthy more to see the shining light.

*Ser.* How could it be, that knowing he had done  
So foule a blot, he would remayne alive ?

„ *Joca.* So deepeley faulteth none, the which unwares  
„ Doth fall into the crime he can not shunne :  
And he (alas) unto his greater greefe,  
Prolongs the date of his accursed dayes,  
Knowing that life doth more and more increase  
The cruell plages of his detested gilte,  
„ Where stroke of griesly death dothe set an ende  
„ Unto the pangs of mans increasing payne.

*Ser.* Of others all, moste cause have we to mone  
Thy wofull smarte (O miserable Queene)  
Such and so many are thy greevous harmes.

*Joca.* Now to the ende this blinde outrageous sire  
Should reape no joye of his unnaturall fruite,  
His wretched sons, prickt foorth by furious spight,  
Adjudge their father to perpetuall prison :  
There buried in the depthe of dungeon darke,  
(Alas) he leades his discontented life,  
Accursing still his stony harted sonnes,  
And wishing all th' infernall sprites of hell,  
To breathe suche poysned hate into their brestes,  
As eche with other fall to bloudy warres,  
And so with pricking poynt of piercing blade,

## JOCASTA

To rippe their bowels out, that eche of them  
With others bloud might st[a]yne his giltie hands,  
And bothe at once by stroke of speedie death  
Be foorthwith throwne into the *Stigian* lake.

*Ser.* The mightie Gods prevent so fowle a deede.

*Joca.* They to avoyde the wicked blasphemies,  
And sinfull prayer of their angrie sire,  
Agreed thus, that of this noble realme,  
Until the course of one ful yere was runne,  
*Eteocles* should sway the kingly mace,  
And *Polynice* as exul should departe,  
Till time expyrde: and then to *Polynice*  
*Eteocles* should yelde the scepter up:  
Thus yere by yere the one succeeding other,  
This royll crowne should unto bothe remayne.

*Ser.* Oh thunbridled mindes of ambicous men.

*Joca.* *Eteocles* thus plast in princely seate,  
Drunke with the sugred taste of kingly raigne,  
Not onely shut his brother from the crowne,  
But also from his native country soyle.  
Alas poore *Polynice*, what might he doe,  
Unjustly by his brother thus betrayed?  
To *Argos* he, with sad and heavie cheere  
Forthwith convayde him selfe, on whom at length  
With fauning face good fortune smyled so,  
As with *Adrastus* king of *Argives* there,  
He founde such favour and affinitie,  
As (to restore my sonne unto his raigne,)  
He hath besie[gd]e this noble citie *Thebes*,  
And hence proceedes my most extreme annoye:  
For, of my sonnes, who ever doe prevaile,  
The victorie will turne unto my grieve:  
Alas, I feare (such is the chaunce of warre)  
That one, or both shall purchase death therby.  
Wherfore, to shunne the worst that may befall,  
Thoughe comfortlesse, yet as a pitifull mother  
Whom nature binds to love hir loving sonnes,  
And to provide the best for their availe,  
I have thought good by prayers to entreate  
The two brethren (nay rather cruel foes)

## JOCASTA

A while to staie their fierce and furious fight,  
Till I have tried by meanes for to apease  
The swelling wrath of their outraging willes,  
And so with much to doe, at my request  
They have forborne unto this onely houre.

*Ser.* Small space g[o]d wot, to stint so great a strife.

*Joca.* And even right now, a trustie man of mine,  
Returned from the campe, enforming me  
That *Polynice* will straight to *Thebes* come,  
Thus of my woe, this is the wailefull sume.  
And for bycause, in vaine and bootelesse plainte  
I have small neede to spend this litle time,  
Here will I cease, in wordes more to bewray  
The restlesse state of my afflicted minde,  
Desiring thee, thou goe to *Eteocles*,  
Hartly on my behalfe beseching him,  
That out of hand according to his promise,  
He will vouchsafe to come unto my courte,  
I know he loves thee well, and to thy wordes  
I thinke thou knowst he will give willing eare.

*Ser.* (O noble Queene) sith unto such affayres  
My spedie diligence is requisite,  
I will applie effectually to doe  
What so your highnesse hath commaunded me.

*Joca.* I will goe in, and pray the Gods therwhile,  
With tender pitie to appease my grieve.

*Jocasta* goeth off the stage into bir pallace, bir foure  
bandmaides follow bir, the soure Chorus also follow  
bir to the gates of bir pallace, after comming on the  
stage, take their place, where they cōtinue to the end  
of the Tragedie.

## SERVUS SOLUS.

” **T**He simple man, whose mervaile is so great  
” At stately courts, and princes regall seate,  
” With gasing eye but onely doth regarde  
” The golden glosse that outwardly appeares,  
” The crownes bedeckt with pearle and precious stones,  
” The riche attire imbot with beaten golde,

he courte  
rely  
inted.

## JOCASTA

„ The glittering mace, the pompe of swarming traine,  
„ The mightie halles heapt full of flattering frendes,  
„ The chambers huge, the goodly gorgeous beddes,  
„ The gilded roofes embowde with curious worke,  
„ The faces sweete of fine disdayning dames,  
„ The vaine suppose of wanton raigne at luste :  
„ But never viewes with eye of inward thought,  
„ The painefull toile, the great and grevous cares,  
„ The troubles still, the newe increasing feares,  
„ That princes nourish in their jealous brestes :  
„ He wayeth not the charge that *Jove* hath laid  
„ On princes, how for themselves they raigne not :  
„ He weenes, the law must stoope to princely will,  
„ But princes frame their noble wills to lawe :  
„ He knoweth not, that as the boystrous wind  
„ Doth shake the toppes of highest reared towres,  
„ So doth the force of frowarde fortune strike  
„ The wight that highest sits in haughtie state.  
Lo *Oedipus*, that sometime raigned king  
Of *Thebane* soyle, that wonted to supprese  
The mightest Prince, and kepe him under checke,  
That fearefull was unto his forraine foes,  
Now like a poore afflicted prisoner,  
In dungeon darke, shut up from cheerefull light,  
In every part so plagued with annoy,  
As he abhorrts to leade a longer life,  
By meanes wherof, the one against the other  
His wrathfull sonnes have planted all their force,  
And *Thebes* here, this auncient worthy towne,  
With threatening siege girt in on everie side,  
In daunger lyes to be subverted quite,  
If helpe of heavenly *Jove* upholde it not,  
But as darke night succedes the shining day,  
So lowring grieve comes after pleasant joy.  
Well now the charge hir highnesse did commaund  
I must fulfill, though haply all in vaine.

*Servus goeth off the stage by the gates called Electrae.*  
*Antygone attended with .iii. gentlewomen and hir*  
*governour commeth out of the Queene hir mothers*  
*Pallace.*

## JOCASTA

BALIO. ANTIGONE.

O Gentle daughter of King *Oedipus*,  
O sister deare to that unhappy wight  
Whom brothers rage hath reaved of his right,  
To whom, thou knowst, in yong and tender yeares  
I was a friend and faithfull gove[r]nour,  
Come forth, sith that hir grace hath graunted leave,  
And let me knowe what cause hath moved nowe  
So chaste a maide to set hir daintie foote  
Over the thresholde of hir secrete lodge?  
Since that the towne is furnishte every where  
With men of armes and warlike instrumentes,  
Unto our eares there cōmes no other noyse,  
But sounde of trumpe, and neigh of trampling stedes,  
Which running up and downe from place to place,  
With hideous cries betoken bloude and death:  
The blasing sunne ne shineth halfe so brighte,  
As it was wont to doe at dawne of day:  
The wretched dames throughout the wofull towne,  
Together clustering to the temples goe,  
Beseching *Jove* by way of humble plainte,  
With tender ruthe to pitie their distresse.

*An.* The love I beare to my sweete *Polynice*,  
My deare brother, is onely cause hereof.

*Bai.* Why daughter, knowst thou any remedie  
How to defend thy fathers citie here  
From that outrage and fierce repyning wrathe,  
Which he against it, justly hath conceived?

*An.* Oh governour might this my faultesse bloude  
Suffise to stay my brethrens dyre debate,  
With glad content I coulde afford my life  
Betwixte them both to plant a perfect peace.  
But since (alas) I cannot as I woulde,  
A hote desire enflames my fervent mind  
To have a sight of my sweete *Polynice*.  
Wherfore (good guide) vouchsafe to guide me up  
Into some tower about this hugie court,  
From whence I may behold our enmies campe,  
Therby at least to feede my hungry eyes

## JOCASTA

But with the sight of my beloved brother:  
Then if I die, contented shall I die.

*Bai.* O princly dame, the tender care thou takste  
Of thy deare brother, deserveth double praise:  
Yet crav'st thou that, which cannot be obtainde,  
By reason of the distance from the towne  
Unto the plaine, where tharmie lies incampte:  
And furthermore, besemeth not a maide  
To shew hir selfe in such unseemly place,  
Whereas among such yong and lustie troupes  
Of harebraine. souldiers marching to and fro,  
Both honest name and honour is empairde:  
But yet rejoice, sith this thy great desire,  
Without long let, or yet without thy paine,  
At wishe and will shortly may be fulfillde.  
For *Polynice* forthwith will hither come,  
Even I my selfe was lately at the campe,  
Commaunded by the *Queene* to bid him come,  
Who laboureth still to linke in frendly league,  
Hir jarring sonnes (which happe so hoped for,  
Eftsones I pray the gracious gods to graunt)  
And sure I am, that ere this hour passe,  
Thou shalt him here in person safely see.

*Anti.* O loving frend, doest thou then warrant me,  
That *Polynice* will come unto this courte?

*Bai.* Ere thou be ware thou shalt him here beholde.

*Anti.* And who (alas) doth warrant his adventure,  
That of *Eteocles* he take no harme?

*Bai.* For constant pledge, he hath his brothers faith,  
He hath also the truce that yet endures.

*An.* I feare alas, alas I greatly feare,  
Some trustlesse snare his cruell brother layes  
To trappe him in.

*Bai.* Daughter, god knowes how willing I would be  
With sweete relieve to comforte thy distresse,  
But I cannot impart to thee, the good  
Which I my selfe doe not as yet enjoye.  
The wailefull cause that moves *Eteocles*  
With *Polynice* to enter civil warres  
Is overgreat, and for this onely cause

## JOCASTA

Full many men have broke the lawes of truth,  
And topsieturvie turned many townes,  
" To gredie (daughter) too too gredie is  
" Desire to rule and raigne in kingly state.  
Ne can he bide, that swaise a realme alone  
To have another joynde with him therin :  
Yet must we hope for helpe of heavenly powers,  
Sith they be juste, their mercy is at hand,  
To helpe the weake when worldly force doth faile.

*An.* As both my brethren be, so both I beare  
As much good will as any sister may,  
But yet the wrong that unto *Polynice*  
This trothlesse tyrant hath unjustlie shewd,  
Doth lead me more, to wishe the prosperous life  
Of *Polynice*, than of that cruell wretch,  
Besides that, *Polynice* whiles he remainde  
In *Thebes* here, did ever love me more,  
Than did *Eteocles*, whose swelling hate  
Is towards me increased more and more:  
Wherof I partely may assure my selfe,  
Considering he disdaynes to visite me,  
Yea, happily he intends to reave my life,  
And having power he will not sticke to doe it.  
This therefore makes me earnestly desire  
Oft tymes to see him: yet ever as I thinke  
For to discharge the duetie of a sister,  
The feare I have of hurt, doth chaunge as fast  
My doubtfull love into disdainefull spight.

*Bai.* Yet daughter, must ye trust in mightie *Jove*,  
His will is not, that for thoffence of one  
So many suffer undeserved smarte:  
I meane of thee, I meane of *Polynice*,  
Of *Jocasta* thy wofull aged mother,  
And of *Ismena* thy beloved sister.  
Who though for this she doth not outwardly  
From drearie eyen distill lamenting teares,  
Yet do I thinke, no lesse afflicting grieve  
Doth inwardly torment hir tender brest.

*An.* Besides all this, a certaine jelousie,  
Lately conceyvde (I know not whence it springs)

## JOCASTA

Of *Creon*, my mothers brother, appaules me much,  
Him doubt I more than any danger else.

*Bai.* Deare daughter, leave this foolishe jelousie,  
And seeing that thou shalt heere shortly finde  
Thy brother *Polynice*, go in agayne.

*An.* O joyfull would it be to me therwhile,  
To understande the order of the hoste,  
Whether it be such as have sufficient power  
To overthrowe this mightie towne of *Thebes*.  
What place supplies my brother *Polynice*?  
Where founde ye him? what answerre did he give?  
And though so great a care perteineth not  
Unto a mayde of my unskill[full] yeres,  
Yet, forbicause my selfe partaker am  
Of good and evill with this my countreysoyle,  
I long to heare thee tell those fearefull newes,  
Which otherwise I cannot understand.

*Bai.* So noble a desire (O worthy dame)  
I much commende: and briefly as I can,  
Will satisfie thy hungry minde herein.  
The power of men that *Polynice* hath brought,  
(Wheroft he, (being *Adrastus* sonne in lawe)  
Takes chiefest charge) is even the floore of *Grece*,  
Whose hugie traine so mightie seemes to be,  
As I see not, how this our drouping towne  
Is able to withstand so strong a siege.  
Entering the fielde their armie did I finde  
So orderly in forme of battaile set,  
As though they would forthwith have given the charge:  
In battailes seaven the host devided is,  
To eche of which, by order of the king,  
A valiant knight for captaine is assignde:  
And as you know this citie hath seven gates,  
So everie captaine hath his gate prescribde,  
With fierce assault to make his entrie at.  
And further, passing through our frouning foes  
(That gave me countnaunce of a messanger)  
Harde by the King I spied *Polynice*,  
In golden glistring armes most richely cladde,  
Whose person many a stately prince enpalde,

## JOCASTA

And many a comely crowned head enclosde :  
At sight of me his colour straight he chaungde,  
And like a loving childe, in clasped armes  
He caught me up, and frendly kist my cheke,  
Then hearing what his mother did demaunde  
With glad consent according to hir hest  
Gave me his hand, to come unto the court,  
Of mutuall truce desirous so he seemde,  
He askt me of *Antygone* and *Ismena*,  
But chiefelie unto thee above the rest  
He gave me charge most heartly to command h

*An.* The gods give grace he may at length :  
His kingly right, and I his wished sight.

*Bai.* Daughter no more, tis time ye nowe r  
It standes not with the honor of your state  
Thus to be seene suspiciously abrode :

„ For vulgar tongues are armed evermore  
„ With slanderous brute to bleamishe the renou  
„ Of vertues dames, which though at first it spr  
„ Of slender cause, yet doth it swell so fast,  
„ As in short space it filleth everie eare  
„ With swifte report[e] of undeserved blame :  
„ You cannot be to curious of your name :  
„ Fond shewe of evill (though still the minde b  
„ Decayes the credite oft, that Ladies had,  
„ Sometimes the place presumes a wanton mynd  
„ Repayre sometymes of some, doth hurt their l  
„ Sometimes the light and garishe proude attire  
„ Persuades a yelding bent of pleasing youthes.  
The voyce that goeth of your unspotted fame,  
Is like a tender floure, that with the blast  
Of everie little winde doth fade away.  
Goe in deere childe, this way will I goe see  
If I can meete thy brother *Polynice*.

*Antigone with hir maides returneth into  
pallace, hir governour goeth out by the g  
loydes.*

A glasse for  
yong women.

## JOCASTA

### CHORUS.

I F greedie lust of mans ambitious eye  
(That thirsteth so for swaye of earthly things)  
Would eke foresee, what mischeses growe therby,  
What carefull toyle to quiet state it brings,  
What endlesse grieve from such a fountaine springs :  
Then should he swimme in seas of sweete delight,  
That nowe complaines of fortunes cruell spight.

For then he would so safely shielde himselfe  
With sacred rules of wisdomes sage advise,  
As no alluring trayne of trustles pelfe,  
To fonde affectes his fancie should entise,  
Then warie heede would quickly make him wise :  
Where contrary (such is our skillesse kind)  
We most doe seeke, that most may hurt the minde.

Amid the troupe of these unstable toyes,  
Some fancies loe to beautie must be bent,  
Some hunt for wealth, and some set all their joyes,  
In regall power of princely governement,  
Yet none of these from care are cleane exempt :  
For either they be got with grievous toyle,  
Or in the end forgone with shamefull foyle.

This flitting world doth firmly nought retaine,  
Wherin a man may boldly rest his trust,  
Such fickle chaunce in fortune doth remaine,  
As when she lust, she threatneth whom she lust,  
From high renoume to throwe him in the dust :  
Thus may we see that eche triumphing joye  
By fortunes froune is turned to annoye.

Those elder heades may well be thought to erre,  
The which for easie life and quiet dayes,  
The vulgar sorte would seeme for to preferre,  
If glorious *Phœbe* with-holde his glistring rayes,  
From such a peere as crowne and scepter swayes,  
No mervaile though he hide his heavenly face,  
From us that come of lesse renoumed race.

Selde shall you see the ruine of a Prince,  
But that the people eke like brunt doe beare,  
And olde recordes of auncient time long since,

*Argumentum  
a maiore.*

## JOCASTA

From age to age, yea almost everie where,  
With prooфе herof hath glutted every eare :  
Thus by the follies of the princes hart,  
The bounden subiect still receiveth smart.

Loe, how unbridled lust of privat raigne,  
Hath pricked both the brethren unto warre :  
Yet *Polynice*, with signe of lesse disdaine,  
Against this lande hath brought from countries f  
A forraine power, to end this cruell jarre,  
Forgetting quite the dutie, love, and zeale,  
He ought to beare unto this common weale.

But whosoever gets the victorie,  
We wretched dames, and thou O noble towne,  
Shall feele therof the wofull miserie,  
Thy gorgeous pompe, thy glorious high renoume  
Thy stately towers, and all shal fall a downe,  
Sith raging *Mars* will eache of them assist  
In others brest to bathe his bloudie fist.

But thou(\*) O sonne of *Semel*, and of *Jove*,  
(That tamde the proude attempt ofgiaunts stro  
Doe thou defende, even of thy tender love,  
Thy humble thralls from this afflicting wrong,  
Whom wast of warre hath now tormented long  
So shall we never faile ne day ne night  
With reverence due thy prayses to resight.

Bacchus.

Bacchus was  
the God  
whom they  
most  
honored  
in Thebes.

*Finis Aetus primi.*

Done by F. Kinwelmarshe.



## JOCASTA

### The order of the second dumbe shewe.

Before the beginning of this seconde Acte dyd soiud a very dolefull noise of flutes: during the which there came in upon the stage two coffins covered with hearclothes, & brought in by .viii. in mourning weed: & accōpanied with .viii. other mourners: & after they had caried the coffins about the stage, there opened & appeared a Grave, wherin they buried y<sup>e</sup> coffins & put fire to them: but the flames did sever & parte in twaine, signifying discord by the history of two brethrē, whose discord in their life was not onely to be wondred at, but being buried both in one Tombe (as some writers affirme) the flames of their funeralls did yet parte the one frō the other in like maner, and would in no wise joyne into one flame. After the Funerals were ended & the fire cōsumed, the grave was closed up again, the mourners withdrew thē off the stage, & immediately by ye gates *Homoloydes* entred *Pollinyses* accompanied with vi. gentlemen and a page that carried his helmet and Target: he & his men unarmed saving their gorgets, for that they were permitted to come into the towne in time of truce, to the end *Jocasta* might bring the two brethrē to a parle: and *Pollinyses* after good regard takē round about him, speake as foloweth.

## JOCASTA

Actus. 2. Scena. 1.

POLINICES. CHORUS. JOCASTA.  
ETEOCLES.

Loe here mine owne citie and native soyle,  
Loe here the nest I ought to nestle in,  
Yet being thus entrencht with mine owne towres,  
And that, from him the safeconduct is given  
Which doth enjoye as much as mine should be,-  
My feete can treade no step without suspect : -  
For where my brother bides, even there behoves  
More warie scout than in an enmies campe.  
Yet while I may w[i]thin this right hand holde  
[Sworde.] This (\*)bronde, this blade, (unyeldē ever yet)  
My life shall not be lefte without revenge.  
But here beholde the holy sancturie,  
Of *Bacc[u]s* eke the worthie Image, loe  
The aultars where the sacred flames have shone,  
And where of yore these giltlesse hands of mine  
Full oft have offered to our mightie gods :  
I see also a worthie companie  
Of *Thebane* dames, resembling unto me  
The traine of *Jocasta* my deare mother :  
Beholde them clad in clothes of griesly blacke,  
[Never.] That hellishe hewe that (\*)nay for other harmes  
So well besemed wretched wightes to weare :  
For why, ere long their selves, themselves shall see  
(Gramercy to their princes tyrannie)  
Some spoyled of their sweete and sucking babes,  
Some lese their husband, other some their sire,  
And some their friends that were to them full der  
But now tis time to lay the sworde aside,  
And eke of them to knowe where is the Queene :  
O worthie dames, heavie, unhappy ye,  
Where resteth now the restlesse queene of *Thebes* ?  
*Chor.* O woorthie impe sprong out of worthie

## JOCASTA

Renoumed Prince, whom wee have lookt for long,  
And nowe in happie houre arte come to us,  
Some quiet bring to this unquiet realme.  
O queene, O queene, come foorth and see thy sonne,  
The gentle frute of all thy joyfull seede.

*Jocast.* My faithfull frends, my deare beloved maydes,  
I come at call, and at your wordes I move  
My feebled feete with age and agonie:  
Where is my sonne? O tell me where is he,  
For whome I sighed have so often syth,  
For whom I spende both nighthes and dayes in teares?

*Poli.* Here noble mother, here, not as the king,  
Nor as a Citizen of stately *Thebes*,  
But as a straunger nowe, I thanke my brother.

*Jocast.* O sonne, O sweete and my desyred sonne,  
These eyes they see, these handes of myne thee touche,  
Yet scarsly can this mynde beleeve the same,  
And scarsly can this brused breast susteyne  
The sodeyne joye that is incloste therein:  
O gladsome glasse, wherein I see my selfe.

*Chor.* So graunt the Gods, for our common good,  
You frendry may your sonnes both frendes beholde.

*Jocast.* At thy departe, O lovely chylde, thou lefte  
My house in teares, and mee thy wretched dame,  
Myrrour of martirdome, (\*)waymenting still  
Th' unworthie exile thy brother to thee gave:  
Ne was there ever sonne or friende farre off,  
Of his deare frendes or mother so desyred,  
As thy returne, in all the towne of *Thebes*.  
Lamenting.  
And of my selfe more than the rest to speake,  
I have as thou mayste see, cleane cast asyde  
My princely roabes, and thus in wofull weede,  
Bewrapped have these lustlesse limmes of myne:  
Naught else but teares have trickled from myne eyes,  
And eke thy wretched blynde and aged syre,  
Since first he hearde what warre tweene you there was,  
As one that did his bitter curse repente,  
Or that he prayed to Jove for your decaye,  
With stretching string, or else with bloudie knyfe  
Hath sought full ofte to ende his loathed lyfe.

## JOCASTA

Thou this meane whyle my sonne, hast lingred lor  
In farre and forreyn coastes, and wedded eke,  
By whome thou mayste, (when heavens appoyntes  
Straunge issue have by one a stranger borne,  
Whiche greeves me sore, and much the more deare  
Bicause I was not present at the same,  
There to-performe thy loving mothers due.  
But for I fynde thy noble matche so meete,  
And woorthie bothe for thy degree and byrthe,  
I seeke to conforte thee by myne advise,  
That thou returne this citie to inhabite,  
Whiche best of all may seeme to be the bowre,  
Bothe for thy selfe and for thy noble spouse.  
Forget thou then thy brothers injuries,  
And knowe deare chylde, the harme of all misseha  
That happes twixt you, must happe likewise to me  
Ne can the cruell sworde so slightly touche  
Your tender fleshe, but that the selfe same wound  
Shall deeply bruse this aged brest of myne.

„*Cho.* There is no love may be comparde to that  
„The tender mother beares unto hir chyld :  
„For even somuche the more it dothe encrease,  
„As their grieve growes, or contentations cease.

„*Poli.* I knowe not mother, if I prayse deserve,  
(That you to please, whome I ought not displease  
Have traynde my selfe among my trustlesse foes :  
But Nature drawes (whether he will or nill)

➢ Eche man to love his native countrey soyle :  
And who shoulde say, that otherwise it were,  
His young should never with his hearte agree.  
This hath me drawne besyde my bounden due,  
To set full light this lucklesse lyfe of myne :  
For of my brother, what may I else hope,  
But traynes of treason, force and falshoode bothe ?  
Yet neyther perill present, nor to come,  
Can holde me from my due obedience :  
I graunte I can not grieflesse, wel beholde  
My fathers pallace, the holie aultars,  
Ne lovely lodge wherin I fostred was :  
From whence driven out, and chaste unworthily,

## JOCASTA

I have to long aboade in forreyn coastes :  
And as the growing greene and pleasant plante,  
Dothe beare freshe braunches one above another,  
Even so amidde the huge heape of my woes,  
Doth growe one grudge more greevous than the rest,  
To see my deare and dolefull mother, cladde  
In mourning tyre, to tyre hir mourning minde,  
Wretched aloney for my wretchednesse,  
So lykes that enimie my brother best :  
Soone shall you see that in this wandring worlde,  
No enmitie is equall unto that  
That dark disdayne (the cause of every evill)  
Dooth breede full ofte in consanguinitie.  
But Jove, he knowes what dole I doe endure,  
For you and for my fathers wretched woe,  
And eke how deeply I desire to knowe  
What wearie lyfe my loving sisters leade,  
And what anoye myne absence them hath given.

*Jocast.* Alas, alas, howe wrekefull wrath of Gods  
Doth still afflicte *Oedipus* progenie :  
The fyrste cause was thy fathers wicked bedde,  
And then (oh why doe I my plagues recompte ?)  
My burden borne, and your unhappie birth :  
" But needes we must with pacient heartes abyde,  
" What so from high the heavens doe provide.  
With thee my chylde, fayne would I question yet  
Of certaine things : ne woulde I that my wordes  
Might thee anoye, ne yet renewe thy grieve.

*Poli.* Saye on, deare mother, say what so you please :  
What pleaseth you, shall never mee disease.

*Jocast.* And seemes it not a heavie happe my sonne,  
To be deprived of thy countrey coastes ?

*Poly.* So heavie happe as toungh can not expresse.

*Jocast.* And what may moste molest the mynde of man  
Th[is]at] is exiled from his native soyle ?

*Poli.* The libertie hee with his countrey loste,  
" And that he lacketh freedome for to speake,  
" What seemeth best, without controll or checke.

*Jocast.* Why so ? eche servant lacketh libertie  
To speake his minde, without his maisters leave.

Exile an  
ceding gr  
to an hor  
mynde.

## JOCASTA

All exyles  
are like  
bondmen.

„Poli. In exile, every man, or bonde or free,  
„Of noble race, or meaner parentage,  
„Is not in this unlike unto the slave,  
„That muste of force obey to eche mans will,  
„And prayse the peeviousnesse of eche mans prude.

Jocast. And seemed this so grievous unto thee?

Poli. What griefe can greater be, than so constrainde  
Slavelike to serve gaynst right and reason bothe,  
Yea muche the more, to him that noble is,  
By stately lyne, or yet by vertuous lyfe,  
And hath a heart lyke to his noble mynde.

Jocast. What helpeth moste in suche adversitie?

Poli. Hope helpeth moste to comfort miserie.

Jocast. Hope to returne from whence he fyrist was driven?

Poli. Yea, hope that happeneth oftentymes to late,  
And many die before such hap may fall.

Jocast. And howe didst thou before thy mariage sonne,  
Mainteyne thy lyfe, a straunger so bestad?

Poli. Sometryme I founde (though seldom so it were)  
Some gentle heart, that coulde for curtesye,  
Contente himselfe to succour myne estate.

Jocast. Thy fathers friends and thyne, did they not helpe  
For to releve that naked neede of thyne?

Poli. Mother, he hath a foolishe fantasie,  
„That thinkes to fynd a frende in miserie.

Jocast. Thou mightest have helpe by thy nobilitie.

Poli. Covered alas, in cloake of povertie?

Jocast. Wel ought we then that are but mortall heere,  
„Above all treasure counte our countrey deare:  
Yea let me knowe my sonne, what cause thee moved  
To goe to *Greece*?

Poli. The flying fame that thundred in myne eares,  
How king *Adrastus*, governour of *Greece*,  
Was answered by Oracle, that he  
Should knitte in linkes of lawfull mariage,  
His two faire daughters, and his onely heires,  
One to a Lyon, th'other to a Boare:  
An awnser such as eche man wondred at.

Jocast. And how belongs this awnser now to thee?

Poli. I toke my gesse even by this ensigne heere,

few frends  
in miserie.

## JOCASTA

A Lyon loe, which I did alwayes beare :  
Yet thinke I not, but Jove alone brought  
These handes of myne to suche an high exploite.

*Jocast.* And howe yet came it to this straunge effect ?

*Poli.* The shining day had runne his hasted course,  
And deawie night bespread his mantell darke,  
When I that wandred after wearie toyle,  
To seke some harbrough for myne irked limmes,  
Gan fynde at last a little cabbin, close  
Adjoyned faste unto the stately walles,  
Wher king *Adrastus* held his royll towres.  
Scarce was I there in quiet well ycought,  
But thither came another exile eke,  
Named *Tydeus*, who strave perforce to drive  
Mee from this sorie seate, and so at laste,  
We settled us to fell and bloudie fight,  
Wherof the rumour grewe so great foorthwith,  
That straight the king enformed was therof,  
Who seeing then the ensignes that wee bare,  
To be even such as were to him foresayde,  
Chose eche of us to be his sonne by lawe,  
And sithens did solemnize eke the same.

*Jocast.* Yet woulde I know, if that thy wyfe be suche  
As thou canst joy in hir ? or what she is ?

*Poli.* O mother deare, fayrer ne wyser dame  
Is none in *Greece*, *Argia* is hir name.

*Jocast.* Howe couldst thou to this doubtfull enterprise,  
So many bring, thus armed all at once ?

*Poli.* *Adrastus* sware, that he woulde soone restore  
Unto our right both *Tydeus*, and me :  
And fyrst for mee, that had the greater neede,  
Wherby the best and boldest blouds in *Greece*,  
Have followed me unto this enterpryse.  
A thing both just and grievous unto me,  
Greevous I saye, for that I doe lament  
To be constrainyd by such open wrong,  
To warre agaynst myne owne deare countrey feeres.  
But unto you (O mother) dothe pertain  
To stinte this stryfe, and both deliver mee  
From exile now, and eke the towne from siege :

Small causes  
may move  
the needy to  
contend.

## JOCASTA

For otherwise, I sweare you here by heavens,  
Eteocles, who now doth me disdayne  
For brother, shortly shall see me his lorde.  
I aske the seate, wherof I ought of right  
Possesse the halfe, I am *Oedipus* sonne,  
And yours, so am I true sonne to you both.  
Wherfore I hope that as in my defence,  
The worlde will weygh, so Jove wil me assiste.

*Eteocles commeth in here by the gates Electræ, himself armed, and before him .xx. gentlemen in armour, his two pages, wherof the one beareth his Target, the other his helme.*

*The dames did love Polynice and hate Eteocles.*  
*Chor.* Beholde O queene, beholde O worthie queene,  
Unwoorthie he, *Eteocles* here cōmes,  
So, woulde the Gods, that in this [n]oble realme  
Shoulde never long unnoble tyrant reigne,  
Or that with wrong the right and doutlesse heire,  
Shoulde banisht be out of his princely seate.  
Yet thou O queene, so fyle thy sugred toung[.]  
And with such counsell decke thy mothers tale,  
That peace may both the brothers hartes inflame,  
And rancour yelde, that erst possesse the same.

*Eteoc.* Mother, beholde, your hestes for to obey,  
In person nowe am I resorted hither:  
In haste therefore, fayne woulde I knowe what cause  
With hastie speede, so moved hath your minde  
To call me nowe so causelesse out of time,  
When common wealth moste craves my onely ayde:  
Fayne woulde I knowe what quent commoditie  
Perswades you thus to take a truce for tyme,  
And yeld the gates wide open to my foe,  
The gates that myght our stately state defende,  
And now are made the path of our decay.

*Joca.* Represse deare son, those raging stormes of wrath,  
,, That so bedimme the eyes of thine intent,  
,, As when the tongue (a redy Instrument)  
,, Would fayne pronounce the meaning of the minde,  
,, It cannot speake one honest seemely worde.  
,, But when disdayne is shrunke, or sette asyde,  
,, And mynde of man with leysure can discourse

## JOCASTA

„ What seemely wordes his tale may best beseeme,  
„ And that the young unfoldes without affectes  
„ Then may proceede an awnswere sage and grave,  
„ And every sentence sawst with sobernesse:  
Wherfore unbende thine angrie browes deare childe,  
And caste thy rolling eyes none other waye,  
That here doest not *Medusaes* (a) face beholde,  
But him, even him, thy bloud and brother deare.  
And thou behold, my *Polinices* eke,  
Thy brothers face, wherein when thou mayst see  
Thine owne image, remember therewithall,  
That what offence thou wouldest to him were done,  
The blowes thereof rebounde unto thy selfe.  
And hereof eke, I wouldest you both forewarne,  
When frendes or brethren, kinsfolke or allies,  
(Whose hastic hearts some angrie moode had moved)  
Be face to face by some of pitie brought,  
Who seekes to ende their discorde and debate:  
They onely ought consider well the cause  
For which they come, and cast out of their minde  
For evermore the olde offences past:  
So shall sweete peace drive pleading out of place.  
Wherfore the first shall *Polinices* be,  
To tell what reason first his minde did rule,  
That thus our walles with forrein foes enclosde  
In sharpe revenge of causelesse wrongs receiv'd,  
As he alledgedh by his brothers doome:  
And of this wicked woe and dire (b) debate,  
Some God of pitie be the equall judge,  
Whome I beseeche, to breath in both your breasts  
A yelding heart to deepe desire of peace.  
*Poli.* My woorthie dame, I finde that tried truthe  
Doth beste beseeme a simple naked tale,  
Ne needes to be with painted proces prickt,  
That in hir selfe hath no diversitie,  
But alwayes shewes one undisguised face,  
Where deepe deceipt and lies must seeke the shade,  
And wrap their wordes in guilefull eloquence,  
As ever fraught with contrarietie:  
So have I often sayde, and say againe,

One of the  
furies.

Rehersall  
olde grud  
deth hind  
al reconciliatiōn.

(b) Cruell  
vengeable

Truth ple  
eth simply  
when fals  
hood uset  
eloquence

## JOCASTA

That to avoide our fathers foule reproche  
And bitter curse, I parted from this lande  
With right good will, yet thus with him agreed,  
That while the whirling wings of flying time  
Might roll one yeare aboue the heavenly spheare,  
So long alone he might with peace possesse  
  
(c) Crown or sceptre. Our fathers seate in princely (c) Diademe,  
And when the yeare should eke his course renue,  
Might I succeede to rule againe as long.  
And that this lawe might still be kept for aye,  
He bound him selfe by vowe of solemne othe  
By Gods, by men, by heaven, and eke by earth :  
Yet that forgot, without all reverence  
Unto the Gods, without respect to right,  
Without respect that reason ought to rule,  
His faith and troth both troden under foote,  
He still usurps most tyrantlike with wrong  
The right that doth of right to me belong. (✓)  
But if he can with equall doome consent,  
That I retourne into my native soyle  
To sway with him alike the kingly seate  
And evenly beare the bridle both in hand,  
Deare mother mine I sweare by all the Gods  
To raise with speede the siege from these our wall  
And send the souldiers home from whence they came  
Whiche if he graunt me not, then must I do  
(Though loth) as much as right and reason would,  
To venge my cause that is both good and just.  
Yet this in heaven the Gods my records be,  
And here in earth each mortall man may know,  
That never yet my giltlesse heart did fayle  
Brotherly duetie to *Eteocles*,  
And that causlesse he holdes me from mine owne.  
Thus have I said O mother, even as much  
As needfull is, wherein I me assure:  
That in the judgement both of good and badde,  
My words may seeme of reason to proceede,  
Constrained thus in my defence to speake.

*Chor.* None may denie, O pere of princely race  
But that thy words, are honest, good and just,

## JOCASTA

And such as well beseeme that tong of thine.

„*Eteo.* If what to some seemes honest good and just,

„Could seeme even so in every doubtfull mind,

„No darke debate nor quarell could arise :

„But looke, how many men so many minds, <

„And that, that one man judgeth good and just,

„Some other deemeas as deepeley to be wrong.

To say the truth (mother) this minde of mine

Doth fleete full farre from that farfetch of his,

Ne will I longer cover my conceit :

If I could rule or reigne in heaven above,

And eke commaund in depth of darksome hell,

No toile ne travell should my sprites abashe,

To take the way unto my restlese will,

To climbe aloft, nor downe for to descend.

Then thinke you not, that I can give consent

To yeld a part of my possession,

Wherin I live and lead the (\*) monarchie.

Sundrye  
men sun  
minds.

Only rul

„A witlesse foole may every man him gesse,

„That leaves the more and takes him to the lesse.

With this, reproch might to my name redound,

If he, that hath with forren power spoilde

Our pleasaunt fields, might reave from me perforce,

What so he list by force of armes demand.

No lesse reprove the citizens ensewes,

If I, for dread of Greekish hosts, should graunt

That he might climbe to heighth of his desire.

In fine, he ought not thus of me to crave

Accord, or peace, with bloudy sword in hand,

But with humilitie and prayer both,

For often is it seene, and proofoe doth teach,

„Swete words prevale, where sword and fire do faile.

Yet this, if here within these stately walles

He list to live, the sonne of *Oedipus*,

And not as king of *Thebes*, I stand content.

But let him thinke, since now I can commaunde,

This necke of mine shall never yeld to yoke

Of servitude: let bring his banners splayde,

Let speare and shield, sharpe sworde, and cyndring flames

Procure the parte that he so vainely claimes:

## JOCASTA

As long as life within this brest doth last,  
I nill (\*) consent that he should reigne with me.  
If lawe of right may any way be broke,  
" Desire of rule within a climbing brest  
" To breake a vow may beare the buckler best.  
" *Cho.* Who once hath past the bounds of honestie  
" In ernest deedes, may passe it well in words.  
" *Foca.* O sonne, amongst so many miseries  
This benefitte hath crooked age, I find,  
That as the tracke of trustlesse time hath taught,  
" It seeth much, and many things discernes,  
" Which recklesse youth can never rightly judge,  
Oh, cast aside that vaine ambition,  
That corosive, that cruell pestilence,  
That most infects the minds of mortall men :  
" In princely palace and in stately townes  
" It crepeth ofte, and close with it convayes,  
" (To leave behind it) damage and decayes :  
" By it be love and amitie destroyde,  
" It breakes the lawes and common concord beates,  
" Kingdomes and realmes it topsie turvie turnes,  
And now, even thee, hir gall so poisoned hath,  
That the weake eies of thine affection  
Are blinded quite, and see not to them selfe[.]  
But worthy childe, drive from thy doubtfull brest  
This monstrous mate, in steade wherof embrace  
" Equalitie, which stately states defends  
" And binds the minde with true and trustie knots  
" Of frendly faith which never can be broke[.]  
" This, man of right should properly possesse,  
And who that other doth the more embrace,  
Shall purchase paine to be his just reward  
By wrathfull wo, or else by cruell death.  
" This, first devided all by equall bonds  
" What so the earth did yeld for our availe :  
" This, did devide the nightes and dayes alike,  
" And that the vaile of darke and dreadfull night  
" (Which shrowds in misty clouds the pleasaunt lig  
" Ne yet the golden beames of *Phœbus* rayes  
" (Which cleares the dimmed ayre with gladsome

Tullyes  
opinyon.

Youth seeth  
not so much  
as age.

Ambition  
doth de-  
stroye al :  
equalitie  
doth mayn-  
tayne al  
things.

## JOCASTA

„Can yet heape hate in either of them both.  
If then the dayes and nightes to serve our turne  
Content themselves to yeld each other place,  
Well oughtest thou with waightie dome to graunt  
Thy brothers right to rule the reigne with thee,  
Which heavens ordeyned common to you both:  
If so thou nill O sonne, O cruell sonne,  
„In whose high brest may justice builde hir boure  
„When princes harts wide open lye to wrong?  
Why likes thee so the tipe of tyrannie  
With others losse to gather greedy gaine?  
„Alas how farre he wanders from the truth  
„That compts a pompe, all other to command,  
„Yet can not rule his owne unbridled will,  
„A vaine desire much riches to possesse  
„Whereby the brest is brusde and battered still,  
„With dread, with daunger, care and cold suspecte.  
„Who seekes to have the thing we call inough,  
„Acquainte him first with contentation,  
„For plenteousnesse is but a naked name.  
„And what suffiseth use of mortall men,  
„Shall best apay the meane and modest hearts.  
„These hoorded heapes, of golde and worldly wealth  
„Are not the proper goods of any one,  
„But pawnes which *fewe* powres out aboundingly  
„That we likewise might use them equally,  
„And as he seemes to lend them for a time,  
„Even so in time he takes them home agayne,  
„And would that we acknowledge every houre,  
„That from his handes we did the same receive:  
„There nothing is so firme and stayde to man,  
„But whyrlies about with wheeles of restlesse time.  
Now if I should this one thing thee demaunde,  
Which of these two thou wouldest chuse to keepe,  
The towne quiet or unquiet tyrannie?  
And wouldest thou say I chuse my kingly chayre?  
O witlesse answere sent from wicked heart,  
For if so fall (which mightie God defende)  
Thine enimies hand should overcome thy might,  
And thou shouldest see them sacke the towne of *Thebes*,

If the head  
be evill the  
body cannot  
be good.

Content is  
riche

Riches are  
but borrowed  
ware.

## JOCASTA

More care to loose than pleasure to posses.

The chaste virgins ravished for wrecke,  
The worthy children in captivitie,  
Then shouldest thou feele that scepter, crowne, &  
Yeelde deeper care to see them tane away,  
Than to possesse them yeldeth deepe content.  
Now to conclude my sonne, Ambition  
Is it that most offends thy blynded thought,  
Blame not thy brother, blame ambition  
From whome if so thou not redeeme thy selfe,  
I feare to see thee buy repentance deare.

Cho. Yea deare, too deare when it shal come to

Joc. And now to thee my *Polinices* deare,  
I say that sillie was *Adrastus* reade,  
And thou God knowes a simple sillie soule,  
He to be ruled by thy heady wil,  
And thou, to warre against the *Thebane* walls,  
These walls I say whose gates thy selfe should gard  
Tell me I pray thee, if the Citie yelde,  
Or thou it take by force in bloudie fight,  
(Which never graunt the Gods I them beseekē)  
What spoyles? what Palmes? what signe of victori  
Canst thou set up to have thy countrie woonne?  
What title worthie of immortall fame,  
Shall blased be in honor of thy name?  
O sonne, deare sonne, beleeve thy trustie dame,  
The name of glorie shall thy name refuse,  
And flie full farre from all thy fonde attemptes.  
But if so fall thou shouldest be overcome,  
Then with what face canst thou returne to *Greece*,  
That here hast lefte so many *Greekes* on grounde?  
Eache one shall curse and blame thee to thy face,  
As him that onely caused their decaye,  
And eke condemne *Adrastus* simple heade,  
That such a pheere had chosen for his childe.  
So may it fall, in one accursed houre,  
That thou mayst loose thy wife and countrie both  
Both which thou mayst with little toyle attaine,  
If thou canst leave high minde and darke disdainē

Cho. O mightie Gods of goodnesse, never gra  
Unto these evilles, but set desired peace

Small glory  
for a rebel to  
see his owne  
country  
spoyley.

## JOCASTA

Betwene the hearts of these two friendly foes.

*Ete.* The question that betwixt us two is growen,  
Beleeve me mother, can not ende with words :  
You waste your breath, and I but loose my time,  
And all your travell lost and spent in vaine :  
For this I sweare, that peace you never get  
Betwene us two, but with condition,  
That whilst I live, I will be Lord of *Thebes*.  
Then set aside these vaine forwasted wordes,  
And yelde me leave to go where neede doth presse :  
And now good sir, get you out of these walles,  
Unlesse you meane to buy abode with bloude.

*Po.* And who is he that seekes to have my bloude,  
And shall not shed his owne as fast as myne ?

*Ete.* By thee he standes, and thou standst him before :  
Loe here the sworde that shall perfourme his worde.

*Po.* And this shall eke mainteine my rightfull cause.

*Joc.* O sonnes, dear sonnes, away with glittiring armes :  
And first, before you touch eache others flesh,  
With doubled blowes come pierce this brest of mine.

*Po.* Ah wretch, thou art both vile and cowarde like,  
Thy high estate esteemes thy life to deare.

*Ete.* If with a wretch or coward shouldest thou fighte,  
Oh dastard villaine, what first moved thee  
With swarmes of Greekes to take this enterprise ?

*Po.* For well I wist, that cankred heart of thine  
Coulde safely kepe thy heade within these walles,  
And flee the fielde when combate should be callde.

*Ete.* This truce assureth thee *Polynices*,  
And makes thee bolde to give such bosting wordes :  
So be thou sure, that had this truce not bene,  
Then long ere this, these handes had bene embrude,  
And eke this soyle besprinkled with thy bloude.

*Po.* Not one small drop of my bloude shalt thou spill,  
But buy it deare against thy cankred will.

*Joc.* O sonnes, my sonnes, for pittie yet refrayne.

*Cb.* Good Gods, who ever sawe so strange a sight ?  
True love and frindship both be put to flight.

*Po.* Yelde villein, yelde my right which thou withholdst.

*Ete.* Cut of thy hope to reigne in *Thebane* walles,

## JOCASTA

Nought hast thou here, nor nought shal ever have,  
Away. *Po.* O aultars of my countrie soyle.  
*Ete.* Whome thou art come to spoyle and to deface.  
*Po.* O Gods, give eare unto my honest cause.  
*Ete.* With forreine power his countrie to invade.  
*Po.* O holy temples of the heavenly Gods.  
*Ete.* That for thy wicked deedes do hate thy name  
*Po.* Out of my kingdome am I driven by force.  
*Ete.* Out of the which thou camst me for to drive.  
*Po.* Punish O Gods this wicked tyrant here.  
*Ete.* Pray to the Gods in *Greece* and not in *Thebes*.  
*Po.* No savage beast so cruell nor unjust.  
*Ete.* Not cruel to my countrie like to thee.  
*Po.* Since from my right I am with wrong deprived.  
*Ete.* Eke from thy life if long thou tarie here.  
*Po.* O father heare what injuries I take.  
*Ete.* As though thy divelishe deedes were hid from him.  
*Po.* And you mother. *Eteo.* Have done thou not deservest  
With that false tong thy mother once to name.  
*Po.* O deare Citie. *Eteo.* When thou arivest in *Greece*,  
Chuse out thy dwelling in some mustie Moores.  
*Po.* I must departe, and parting must I prayse  
Oh deare mother the depth of your good will.  
*Joc.* O sonne. *Eteo.* Away I say out of these walls.  
*Po.* I can not chuse but must thy will obey,  
Yet graunt me once my father for to see.  
*Ete.* I heare no prayers of my enemie.  
*Po.* Where be my sweete sisters? *Eteo.* And canst thou yet  
With shamelesse tong once name thy noble race  
That art become a common foe to *Thebes*?  
Be sure thou shall them never see againe,  
Nor other friend that in these walls remaine.  
*Po.* Rest you in peace, O worthy mother myne.  
*Joc.* Howe can that be and thou my joye in warre?  
*Po.* Hence forth n'am I your joy ne yet your sonne.  
*Joc.* Alas the heavens me whelme with all mishap.  
*Po.* Lo here the cause that stirreth me by wrong.  
*Ete.* Much more is that he profereth unto me.  
*Po.* Well, speake, darest thou come armed to the field?  
*Ete.* So dare I come, wherfore dost thou demaunde?

## JOCASTA

*Po.* For needs or thou must ende this life of mine,  
Or quenche my thirst with pouring out thy bloud.

*Eteo.* Ah wretch, my thirst is all as drie as thine.

*Joc.* Alas and welaway, what heare I sonnes ?  
How can it be ? deare children can it be  
That brethrens heartes such rancour should enrage ?

*Eteo.* And that right soone the proofe shall playnely shew.

*Jo.* Oh say not so, yet say not so deare sonnes.

*Po.* O royll race of *Thebes* now take thine ende.

*Cbo.* God shield. *Eteo.* O slow & sluggish heart of mine,  
Why do I stay t'embrew these slothfull hands ?  
But for his greater grieve I will departe,  
And at returne if here I finde my foe,  
This hastic hande shall ende our hote debate.

*Eteocles here goeth out by the gates Eletræ.*

*Po.* Deare Citizens, and you eternall Gods,  
Beare witnesse with me here before the worlde,  
How this my fierce and cruell enimie,  
Whom causelesse now my brother I do call,  
With threatnes of death my lingri[n]g steps doth drive  
Both from my right and from my countrey soyle,  
Not as beseemes the sonne of *Oedipus*,  
But as a slave, an abject, or a wretche :  
And since you be both pitifull and juste,  
Vouchsafe O Gods, that as I part with grieve,  
So may I yet returne with joyfull spoyle  
Of this accursed tyraunt and (he slayne)  
I may recover quietly mine owne.

*Polynice goeth out by the gates Homoloides.*

*Jo.* O wretched wretch *Jocasta*, wher is founde  
The miserie that may compare to thine ?  
O would I had nor gasing eyes to see,  
Nor listning eares to heare that now I dread :  
But what remaines, save onely to entreate  
That cruell dole wold yet so curteous be  
To reave the breath out of this wofull brest,  
Before I harken to some wofull newes.  
Rest you here dames, and pray unto the Gods  
For our redresse, and I in that meane while  
Will shut my selfe from sight of lothsome light.

*Jocasta goeth into bir Pallace.*

## JOCASTA

*Chs.* O mightie God, the governour of *Thebes*  
Pitie with speede the Payne *Jocasta* bydes,  
And eke our needes O mightie *Bacchus* helpe,  
Bende willing eare unto our just complaint:  
Leave them not comfortlesse that trust in thee,  
We have no golde nor silver thee to give,  
Ne sacrifice to those thine aultars due,  
In steede wherof we consecrate our harts  
To serve thy will, and hestes for to obey.

*Whyles the Chorus is thus praying to  
Eteocles returneth by the gates called*

Scena .2. Actus .2.

ETEOCLES. CREON.

**S**ince I have ridde mine enmie out of sight,  
The best shall be for *Creon* nowe to sende,  
(My mothers brother) that with him I may  
Reason, consulte, conferre, and counsell bothe,  
What shall be best to use in our defence,  
Before we venter forth into the field.  
But of this travayle, loe, he me acquites  
That comes in haste towards these roiall towres.

*Here Creon attended by foure gentlemen  
in by the gates Homoloydes.*

*Cre.* O mightie king, not causelesse nowe I come  
To finde, that long have sought your maistie.  
So to discharge the duetie that I owe  
To you, by conforte and by counsell bothe.

*Ete.* No lesse desire this harte of mine did pre  
To send for thee *Creon*, since that in vaine  
My mother hath hir words and travayle spent,  
To reconcile *Polynices* and me:  
For he (so dull was his capa[c]itie)  
Did thinke, he could by dread of daunger, winne  
My princely heart to yeeld to him his realme.

*Cre.* I understande, the armie that he brings

## JOCASTA

Agaynst these walles, is such, that I me doubte  
Our cities force may scarce the same resist.  
Yet true it is, that right and reason both  
Are on our side, which bring the victorie  
Ofteimes: for we our countrey to defend,  
They to subdue the same in armes are come.  
But what I would unto your highnesse shewe,  
Is of more weight, and more behoves to know.

*Ete.* And what is that? oh quickly tell it me.

*Cre.* A Greeke prisner is come unto my hands.

*Ete.* And what sayth he that doth so much impore?

*Cre.* That even alredy b[e] their ranks in raye,  
And streight will give assault to these our walles.

*Ete.* Then must I streight prepare our Citizens  
In glittering arms to march into the felde.

*Cre.* O Prince (and pardon me) thy youthfull yers  
Nor see them selfe, ne let thee once discerne,  
What best behoveth in this doubtfull case.

„For Prudence, she that is the mightie queene  
„Of all good workes, growes by experience,  
„Which is not founde with fewe dayes seeking for.

*Ete.* And were not this both sounde and wise advise,  
Boldly to looke our foemen in the face,  
Before they spred our fields with hugie hoste,  
And all the towne beset by siege at once?

*Cre.* We be but few, and they in number great.

*Ete.* Our men have yet more courage farre than they.

*Cre.* That know I not, nor am I sure to say.

*Ete.* Those eyes of thine in little space shall see  
How many I my selfe can bring to grounde.

*Cre.* That would I like, but harde it is to doe.

*Ete.* I nill penne up our men within the walles.

*Cre.* In counsell yet the victorie consistes.

*Ete.* And wilt thou then I use some other reade?

*Cre.* What else? be still a while, for hast makes wast.

*Ete.* By night I will the Cammassado give.

*Cre.* So may you do and take the overthrowe.

*Ete.* The vaantage is to him that doth assaulte.

*Cre.* Yet skirmishe given by night is perillous.

*Ete.* Let set upon them as they sit at meat.

## JOCASTA

*Cre.* Sodayne assaults affray the minde no doubt,  
But we had neede to overcome. *Ete.* So shall we do.

*Cre.* No sure, unlesse some other counsell helpe.

*Ete.* Amid their trenches shall we them invade?

*Cre.* As who should say, were none to make defence.

*Ete.* Should I then yeld the Citie to my foes?

*Cre.* No, but advise you well if you be wise.

*Ete.* That were thy parte, that knowest more than I.

*Cre.* Then shall I say that best doth seeme to me?

*Ete.* Yea *Creon* yea, thy counsell holde I deare.

*Cre.* Seven men of courage have they chosen out.

*Ete.* A slender number for so great emprise.

*Cre.* But they them chose for guides and capitaynes.

*Ete.* To such an hoste? why they may not suffice.

*Cre.* Nay, to assault the seven gates of the citie.

*Ete.* What then behoveth so bestad to done?

*Cre.* With equall number see you do them match.

*Ete.* And then commit our men in charge to them?

*Cre.* Chusing the best and boldest blouds in *Thebes*.

*Ete.* And how shall I the Citie then defende?

*Cre.* Well with the rest, for one man sees not all.

*Ete.* And shall I chuse the boldest or the wisest?

*Cre.* Nay both, for one without that other fayles.

*Ete.* Force without wisedome then is little worth.

*Cre.* That one must be fast to that other joynde.

*Ete.* *Creon* I will thy counsell follow still,  
For why, I hold it wise and trusty both,  
And out of hand for now I will departe  
That I in time the better may provide  
Before occasion slip out of my hands,  
And that I may this *Polynices* (\*) quell:  
For well may I with bloody knife him slea  
That comes in armes my countrie for to spoyle.  
But if so please to fortune and to fate  
That other ende than I do thinke may fall,  
To thee my frend it resteth to procure  
The mariage twixt my sister *Antygone*  
And thy deare sonne *Hæmone*, to whom for dowre  
At parting thus I promise to performe  
*As much as late I did* (\*) behestee to thee:

Kyll.

*Promisse.*

## JOCASTA

My mothers bloude and brother deare thou arte,  
Ne neede I crave of thee to gard hir well,  
As for my father care I not, for if  
So chaunce I dye, it may full well be sayd  
His bitter curses brought me to my bane.

*Cre.* The Lord defend, for that unworthy were.

*Ete.* Of Thebes towne the rule and scepter loe  
I neede nor ought it otherwise dispose  
Than unto thee, if I dye without heyre.  
Yet longs my lingring mynde to understand,  
The doubtfull ende of this unhappy warre:  
Wherfore I will thou send thy sonne to seke  
*Tyresias* the devine, and learne of him,  
For at my call I knowe he will not come  
That often have his artes and him reproved.

*Cre.* As you commaund, so ought I to performe.

*Ete.* And last, I thee and citie both commaund,  
If fortune frendly favour our attempts,  
And make our men triumphant victors all,  
That none there be so hardie ne so bolde  
For *Polynices* bones to give a grave:  
And who presumes to breake my heste herein,  
Shall dye the death in penaunce of his paine:  
For though I were by bloud to him conjoynde  
I part it now, and justice goeth with me  
To guide my steppes victoriously before.  
Pray you to Jove he deigne for to defende,  
Our Citie safe both now and evermore.

*Cre.* Gramercie worthie prince, for all thy love  
And faithfull trust thou doest in me repose,  
And if should hap, that I hope never shall,  
I promise yet to doe what best behoves,  
But chieflie this I sweare and make a vowe,  
For *Polynices* nowe our cruell foe,  
To holde the hest that thou doest me commaunde.

*Creon attendeth Eteocles to the gates Electrae he returneth  
and goeth out by the gates called Homoloydes.*

## JOCASTA

### CHORUS.

O Fierce and furious *Mars*, whose harmefull har  
Rejoyceth most to shed the giltlesse blood,  
Whose headie wil doth all the world subvert,  
And doth envie the pleasant mery moode,  
Of our estate that erst in quiet stooode.  
Why doest thou thus our harmellesse towne annoye,  
Which mightie *Bacchus* governed in joye?

Father of warre and death, that dost remove  
With wrathfull wrecke from wofull mothers breast,  
The trustie pledges of their tender love,  
So graunt the Gods, that for our finall rest,  
Dame *Venus* pleasant lookes may please thee best,  
Wherby when thou shalt all amazed stand,  
The sword may fall out of thy trembling hand.

And thou maist prove some other way full well  
The bloudie prowesse of thy mightie speare,  
Wherwith thou raisest from the depth of hell,  
The wrathfull sprites of all the furies there,  
Who when the[y] w[a]ke, doe wander every wher  
And never rest to range about the coastes,  
Tenriche that pit with spoile of damned ghostes.

And when thou hast our fieldes forsaken thus,  
Let cruell discorde beare thee companie,  
Engirt with snakes and serpents venomous,  
Even she that can with red virmilion dye  
The gladsome greene that florish特 pleasantly,  
And make the greedie ground a drinking cup,  
To sup the bloud of murdered bodyes up.

Yet thou returne O joye and pleasant peace,  
From whence thou didst against our wil depart,  
Ne let thy worthie minde from travell cease,  
To chase disdaine out of the poysned harte,  
That raised warre to all our paynes and smarte,  
Even from the brest of *Oedipus* his sonne,  
Whose swelling pride hath all this jarre begonne.

And thou great God, that doest all things decree  
And sitst on highe above the starrie skies,

## JOCASTA

Thou chieffest cause of causes all that bee,  
Regard not his offence but heare our cries,  
And spedily redresse our miseries,  
For what ca[n] we poore wofull wretches doe  
But crave thy aide, and onely cleave therto?

*Finis Actus secundi.*

Done by G. Gascoyngne.

## The order of the thirde dumbe shewe.

BEfore the beginning of this .iii. Act did sound a very dolefull noise of cornettes, during the which there opened and appeared in the stage a great Gulfe. Immediatly came in .vi. gentlemē in their dublets & hose, bringing upon their shulders baskets full of earth and threwe them into the Gulfe to fill it up, but it would not so close up nor be filled. Then came the ladyes and dames that stoode by, throwing in their cheynes & Jewels, so to cause it stoppe up and close it selfe: but when it would not so be filled, came in a knigthe with his sword drawen, armed at all poyntes, who walking twise or thrise about it, & perusing it, seing that it would nether be filled with earth nor with their Jewells and ornaments, after solempne reverence done to the gods, and curteous leave taken of the Ladyes and standers by, sodeinly lepte into the Gulfe, the which did close up immediatly: betokning unto us the love that every worthy person oweth unto his native coūtrie, by the historye of *Curtius*, who for the lyke cause adventured the like in Rome. This done, blinde *Tyresias* the devine prophete led in by hys daughter, and conducted by *Meneceus* the son of *Creon*, entreth by the gates *Electrae*, and sayth as followeth.

## JOCASTA

Actus .iii. Scena .i.

TYRESIAS. CREON. MANTO. MENECREUS. SACERDO

**T**Hou trustie guide of my so trustlesse steppes  
Deer daughter mine go we, lead thou y<sup>e</sup> way,  
For since the day I first did leese this light  
Thou only art the light of these mine eyes:  
And for thou knowst I am both old & weake  
And ever longing after lovely rest,  
Direct my steppes amyd the playnest pathes,  
That so my feble feete may feele lesse paine.  
*Meneceus* thou gentle childe, tell me,  
Is it farre hence, the place where we must goe,  
Where as thy father for my comming stayes?  
For like unto the slouthfull snayle I drawe,  
(Deare sonne) with paine these aged legges of mine,

*Creon returneth by the gates Homoloydes.*

And though my minde be quicke, scarce can I move

*Cre.* Comfort thy selfe devine, *Creon* thy frend  
Loe standeth here, and came to meeete with thee  
To ease the paine that thou mightst else sustaine,

„For unto elde eche travell yeldes annoy  
And thou his daughter and his faithfull guide,  
Loe rest him here, and rest thou there withall  
Thy virgins hands, that in sustayning him  
Doest well acquire the duetie of a childe.  
„For crooked age and hory silver heares  
„Still craveth helpe of lustie youthfull yeares.

*Tyr.* Gramercie Lorde what is your noble will?

*Cre.* What I would have of thee *Tyresias*  
Is not a thing so soone for to be sayde.  
But rest a whyle thy weake and weary limmes  
And take some breath now after wearie walke,  
And tell I pray thee, what this crowne doth meane.  
That sits so kingly on thy skilfull heade?

*Tyr.* Know this, that for I did with grave advis  
Foretell the Citizens of *Athens* towne,  
How they might best with losse of litle bloude,

Age must be  
helped by  
youth.

## JOCASTA

Have victories against their enimies,  
Hath bene the cause why I doe weare this Crowne,  
As right rewarde and not unmeete for me.

*Cre.* So take I then this thy victorius crowne,  
For our availe in token of good lucke,  
That knowest, how the discord and debate  
Which late is fallen betwene these brethren twaine,  
Hath brought all *Thebes* in daunger and in dreade.  
*Eteocles* our king, with threatning armes,  
Is gone against his greekish enimies,  
Commaunding me to learne of thee (who arte  
A true divine of things that be to come)  
What were for us the safest to be done,  
From perill now our countrey to preserve.

*Tyr.* Long have I bene within the towne of *Thebes*,  
Since that I tyed this trustie young of mine  
From telling truth, fearing *Eteocles*:  
Yet, since thou doest in so great neede desire  
I should reveale things hidden unto thee,  
For common cause of this our common weale,  
I stand content to pleasure thee herein.  
But first (that to this mightie God of yours  
There might some worthie sacrifice be made)  
Let kill the fairest goate that is in *Thebes*  
Within whose bowelles when the Preest shall loke,  
And tell to me what he hath there espyed,  
I trust t'advise thee what is best to doen.

*Cre.* Lo here the temple, and ere long I looke  
To see the holy preest that hither cōmes,  
Bringing with him the pure and faire offrings,  
Which thou requirest: for not long since, I sent  
For him, as one that am not ignorant  
Of all your rytes and sacred ceremonyes:  
He went to choose amid our herd of goates,  
The fattest there: and loke where now he commes.

*Sacerdos accompanied with xvi. Bacchanales and all  
bis rytes and ceremonies, entreth by the gates Homo-  
loydes.*

*Sacer.* O famous Citizens, that holde full deare  
Your quiet country: Loe where I doe come

## JOCASTA

Most joyfully, with wonted sacrifice,  
So to beseeche the supreme Citizens,  
To stay our state that staggirgly doth stand,  
And plant us peace where warre and discord growes:  
Wherfore, with hart devoute and humble cheere,  
Whiles I breake up the bowels of this beast,  
(That oft thy veneyarde *Bacchus* hath destroyed,)  
Let every wight crave pardon for his faults,  
With bending knee about his aultars here.

*Tyr.* Take here the salt, and sprincke therwithall  
About the necke: that done, cast all the rest  
Into the sacred fire, and then annoynce  
The knife prepared for the sacrifice.

O mightie Jove, preserve the precious gifte  
That thou me gave, when first thine angrie *Queene*,  
For deepe disdayne did both mine eyes do out,  
Graunt me, I may foretell the truth in this,  
For, but by thee, I know that I ne may,  
Ne wil, ne can, one trustie sentence say.

*Sa.* This due is done. *Tyr.* With knife then stick ye kid.

*Sac.* Thou daughter of devine *Tyresias*,  
With those unspotted virgins hands of thine  
Receive the bloude within this vessell here,  
And then lanchlye it. *Page* 111

## JOCASTA

That seemes corrupt, and were not onely that,  
In all the rest, they are both sound and hole.

*Tyr.* Now cast at once into the holy flame  
The swete incense, and then advertise mee  
What hew it beares, and every other ryte  
That ought may helpe the truth for to conjecte.

*Sac.* I see the flames doe sundrie coulours cast,  
Now bloody sanguine, straight way purple, blew,  
Some partes seeme blacke, some gray, and some be greene.

*Tyr.* Stay there, suffyseth this for to have scene.

Know *Creon*, that these outward seemely signes

(By that the Gods have let me understand

Who know the truth of every secrete thing)

Betoken that the Citie great of *Thebes*

Shall Victor be against the Greekish host,

If so consent be given: but more than this

I lyst not say. *Cre.* Alas, for curtesie

Say on *Tyresias*, never have respect

To any living man, but tell the truth.

*Sacerdos returneth with the Bacchanales, by the  
gates Homoloides.*

*Sac.* In this meane while I will returne with speede  
From whence I came: for lawfull is it not,  
That suche as I should heare your secreries.

*Tyr.* Contrary then to that which I have sayde,

The incest foule, and childbirth monstruous

Of *Jocasta*, so stirres the wrath of *Jove*,

This citie shall with bloody channels swimme,

And angry *Mars* shall overcome it all

With famine, flame, rape, murther, dole and death:

These lustie towres shall have a headlong fall,

These houses burnde, and all the rest be razde,

And soone be sayde, here whilome *Thebes* stooede.

One onely way I finde for to escape,

Which bothe would thee displease to heare it tolde,

And me to tell percase were perillous.

Thee therfore with my travell I commende

To *Jove*, and with the rest I will endure,

What so shall chaunce for our adversitie.

*Cre.* Yet stay a whyle, *Tyr.* *Creon* make me not stay

## JOCASTA

By force. *Cre.* Why fleest thou? *Tyr.* Syr tis not from thee  
I flee, but from this fortune foule and fell.

*Cre.* Yet tell me what behoves the citie doe?

*Tyr.* Thou *Creon* seemest now desirous still  
It to preserve: but if as well as I

Thou knewest that which is to thee unknowne,  
Then wouldest thou not so soone consent thereto.

*Cre.* And would not I with eare minde desire  
The thing that may for *Thebes* ought avayle?

*Tyr.* And dost thou then so instantly request  
To know which way thou mayest the same preserve?

*Cre.* For nothing else I sent my sonne of late  
To seeke for thee. *Tyr.* Then will I satisfie

Thy greedie minde in this: but first tell me,

*Menetius* where is he? *Cre.* Not farre from me.

*Tyr.* I pray thee sende him out some other where.

*Cre.* Why wouldest thou that he should not be here?

*Tyr.* I would not have him heare what I should say.

*Cre.* He is my sonne, ne will he it reveale.

*Tyr.* And shall I then while he is present speake?

*Cre.* Yea, be thou sure that he no lesse than I,  
Doth wishe full well unto this common weale.

*Tyr.* Then *Creon* shalt thou knowe: the meane to save  
This Citie, is, that thou shalt slea thy sonne,  
And of his bodie make a sacrifice  
For his countrey: lo heere is all you seeke  
So much to knowe, and since you have me forst  
To tell the thing that I would not have tolde,  
If I have you offended with my words,  
Blame then your selfe, and eke your frowarde fate.

*Cre.* Oh cruel words, oh, oh, what hast thou sayde,  
Thou cruell sothsayer? *Tyr.* Even that, that heaven  
Hath ordeined once, and needes it must ensue.

*Cre.* How many evils hast thou knit up in one?

*Tyr.* Though evill for thee, yet for thy countrey good.

*Cre.* And let my countrey perishe, what care I?

„*Tyr.* Above all things we ought to holde it deare.

*Cre.* Cruell were he, that would not love his childe.

„*Tyr.* For cōmō weale, were well, that one man waile.

*Cre.* To loose mine owne, I liste none other save.

## JOCASTA

„*Tyr.* Best Citizens care least for privat gayne.  
*Cre.* Depart, for nowe, with all thy prophecies.  
„*Tyr.* Lo, thus the truth doth alwayes hatred get.  
*Cre.* Yet pray I thee by these thy silver heares,  
„*Tyr.* The harme that cōmes from heaven can not be  
*Cre.* And by thy holy spirite of prophecie, (scapt.  
„*Tyr.* What heaven hath done, that cannot I undoe.  
*Cre.* That to no moe this secrete thou reveale.  
*Tyr.* And wouldest thou have me learne to make a lye?  
*Cre.* I pray thee hold thy peace. *Tyr.* That will I not:  
But in thy woe to yelde thee some reliefe,  
I tell thee once, thou shalt be Lorde of *Thebes*,  
Which happe of thine this string did well declare,  
Which from the heart doth out aloneley growe.  
So did the peece corrupted playnly shewe,  
An argument most evident to prove  
Thy sonne his death. *Cre.* Well, yet be thou content  
To keepe full close this secrete hidden grieve.  
*Tyr.* I neither ought, ne will keepe it so close.  
*Cre.* Shall I be then the murtherer of mine owne?  
*Tyr.* Ne blame not me, but blame the starres for this.  
*Cre.* Can heavens condemne but him alone to dye?  
*Tyr.* We ought beleeve the cause is good and just.  
*Cre.* Unjust is he condemnes the innocent.  
„*Tyr.* A foole is he accuseth heavens of wrongs.  
*Cre.* There can no ill thing come from heavēs above.  
„*Tyr.* Then this that heaven commaunds can not be ill.  
*Cre.* I not beleeve that thou hast talkt with God.  
*Tyr.* Because I tell thee that doth thee displease.  
*Cre.* Out of my sight accursed lying wretch.  
*Tyr.* Go daughter go, oh what foole is he  
That puts in ure to publish prophecies?  
„For if he do fore tell a froward fate,  
„Though it be true, yet shall he purchase hate:  
„And if he silence keepe, or hide the truth,  
„The heavy wrath of mightie Gods ensuth.  
*Appollo* he might well tell things to come,  
That had no dread the angry to offende.  
But hye we daughter hence some other way.  
*Tyresias with Manto his daughter, returneth by the gates  
called Electrae.*

Great folly  
to accuse the  
gods.

A thankles  
office to for  
tell a mis-  
chiefe.

## JOCASTA

Scena. 2.

CREON. MENECEUS.

**O**H my deare childe, well hast thou heard with  
These weary newes, or rather wicked tales  
That this devine of thee devined hath :  
Yet will thy father never be thy foe,  
With cruell doome thy death for to consent.

No greater  
honor than to  
dye for thy  
country.

*Me.* You rather ought, O father, to consent  
Unto my death, since that my death may bring  
Unto this towne both peace and victorie.

„ Ne can I purchase more prayse worthy death  
„ Than for my countries wealth to lose my breath.

*Cre.* I cannot prayse this witesse will of thine.

*Me.* You know deare father, that this life of o  
„ Is brittle, short, and nothing else in deede

„ But tedious toyle and pangs of endlesse Payne :

„ And death, whose darte to some men seemes so  
„ Brings quiet ende to this unquiet life.

„ Unto which ende who soonest doth arrive,  
„ Finds soonest rest of all his restlesse grieve.

„ And were it so, that here on earth we felte  
„ No pricke of paine, nor that our flattring dayes

„ Were never dasht by foward fortunes frowne,  
„ Yet beeing borne (as all men are) to dye,

„ Were not this worthy glory and renowne,  
„ To yelde the countrey soyle where I was borne

„ For so long time, so shorte a time as mine ?

I can not thinke that this can be denied.

Then if to shunne this haughtie high behest,  
Mine onely cause, O father, doth you move,

Be sure, you seeke to take from me your sonne,

The greatest honor that I can attayne :

But if your owne commoditie you move,

So much the lesse you ought the same allowe :

For looke, how much the more you have in *The*

So much the more you ought to love the same :

Here have you *Hemone*, he that in my steade

(O my deare father) may with you remaine,

## JOCASTA

So that, although you be deprived of me  
Yet shall you not be quite deprived of heires.

*Cre.* I can not chuse, deare sonne, but disalowe  
This thy too hastie, hote desire of death :  
For if thy life thou settest all so lighte,  
Yet oughtest thou thy father me respect,  
Who as I drawe the more to lumpishe age,  
So much more neede have I to crave thine ayde :  
Ne will I yet, with stubborne tong denye,  
„That for his common weale to spende his life,  
„Doth win the subject high renoumed name.  
„But howe ? in armour to defende the state,  
„Not like a beast to bleede in sacrifice :  
And therwithal, if any shoulde consent  
To such a death, then should the same be I,  
That have prolonged life even long enough,  
Nay many dayes have I nowe to drawe on.  
And more availe might to the countrie come,  
Deare sonne, to hold that lustie life of thine,  
That art both yong and eke of courage stout  
Than may by me that feeble am and olde.  
Then live deare sonne in high prosperitie,  
And give me leave that worthy am to dye.

*Mene.* Yet worthy were not that unworthy chaunge.

*Cre.* If such a death bring glorie, give it me.

*Mene.* Not you, but me, the heavens cal to die.

*Cre.* We be but one in flesh and body both.

*Mene.* I father ought, so ought not you, to die.

*Cre.* If thou sonne die, thinke not that I can live :  
Then let me die, and so shall he first die,

That ought to die, and yet but one shal die.

*Me.* Although I, father, ought t' obey your hestes,  
Yet evill it were in this to yelde your will.

*Cre.* Thy wit is wylie for to worke thy wo.

*Me.* Oh, tender pitie moveth me thereto.

*Cre.* A beast is he, that kils himselfe with a knife,  
„Of pitie to preserve an others life.

*Me.* Yet wise is he, that doth obey the Gods.

*Cre.* The Gods will not the death of any wight.

*Me.* Whose life they take, they give him life also.

## JOCASTA

*Cre.* But thou dost strive to take thy life thy selfe.  
*Me.* Nay them to obey, that will I shall not live.  
*Cre.* What fault, O sonne, condemneth thee to death?  
*Me.* Who liveth (father) here without a fault?  
*Cre.* I see no gylte in thee that death deserves.  
*Me.* But God it seeth that every secrete seeth.  
*Cre.* How shoulde we knowe what is the will of God?  
*Me.* We knowe it then, when he reveales the same.  
*Cre.* As though he would come doune to tell it us,  
*Me.* By divers meanes his secrets he discloseth.  
*Cre.* Oh, fonde is he, who thinkes to understand  
The mysteries of *Jove* his secrete mynde:  
And for to ende this controversie here,  
Loe thus I say, I will we both live yet:  
Prepare thee then, my (\*) hestes to holde and keepe,  
And pull a downe that stubborne heart of thyne,  
*Me.* You may of me, as of your selfe dispose,  
And since my life doth seeme so deare to you,  
I will preserve the same to your availe,  
That I may spende it alwayes to your wil.  
*Cre.* Then, thee behoves out of this towne to flie:  
Before the bold and blinde *Tyresias*  
Doe publish this that is as yet unknowne.

## JOCASTA

*Cre.* Oh, tarry not my deare sonne, tarry not.

*Me.* Beholde father, I goe. You dames of *Thebes*,  
Pray to almighty *Jove* for my retourne :  
You see how mine unhappye starres me drive  
To go my countrie fro : and if so chaunce,  
I ende in woe my pryme and lustie yeares  
Before the course of Nature do them call,  
Honor my death yet with your drery plaints :  
And I shall eke, where so this carkas come,  
Pray to the Gods that they preserve this towne.

*Meneceus departeth by the gates Electrae.*

### CHORUS.

**W**hen she that rules the rolling wheele of chaunce,  
Doth turne aside hir angrie frowning face,  
On him, whom erst she deigned to advance,  
She never leaves to gaulde him with disgrace,  
To tosse and turne his state in every place,  
Till at the last she hurle him from on high  
And yeld him subject unto miserie :  
And as the braunche that from the roote is reft,  
He never winnes like life to that he lefte :  
Yea though he do, yet can not tast of joy  
Compare with pangs that past in his annoy.

Well did the heavens ordeine for our behoofe  
Necessitie, and fates by them alowde,  
That when we see our high mishappes aloofe  
(As though our eyes were mufled with a cloude)  
Our froward will doth shrinke it selfe and shrowde  
From our availe wherwith we runne so far[r]e :  
As none amends can make that we do marre :  
Then drawes evill happe & strives to shew his strēghth,  
And such as yeld unto his might, at length  
He leades them by necessitie the way  
That destinie preparede for our decay.

## JOCASTA

The Mariner amide the swelling seas  
Who seeth his barke with many a billowe beaten,  
Now here, now there, as wind and waves best please  
When thundring Jove with tempest list to threaten,  
And dreades in depest gulfe for to be eaten,  
Yet learnes a meane by mere necessitie  
To save himselfe in such extremitie:  
For when he seeth no man hath witte nor powre  
To flie from fate when fortune list to lowre,  
His only hope on mightie Jove doth caste,  
Wherby he winnes the wished heaven at last.

How fond is that man in his fantasie,  
Who thinks that Jove the maker of us al,  
And he that tempers all in heaven on high,  
The sunne, the mone, the starres celestiall,  
So that no leafe without his leave can fall,  
Hath not in him omnipotence also  
To guide and governe all things here below?  
O blinded eies, O wretched mortall wights,  
O subiect slaves to every ill that lights,  
To scape such woe, such paine, such shame and  
Happie were he that never had bin borne.

Well might duke *Creon* driven by destinie,  
(If true it be that olde *Tyresias* saith)  
Redeme our citie from this miserie,  
By his consent unto *Meneceus* death,  
Who of himselfe wold faine have lost his breth:  
„But every man is loth for to fulfill  
„The heavenly hest that pleaseth not his will.  
„That publique weale must needes to ruine go  
„Where private profite is preferred so.  
Yet mightie God, thy only aide we crave,  
This towne from siege, and us from sorowe save.

*Finis Actus tertii.* done by G. Gascoygne

## JOCASTA

### The order of the fourth dumbe shewe.

Before the beginning of this fourth Acte, the Trumpets, drummes and fifes sounded, and a greate peale of ordinaunce was shot of : in the which ther entred upon the stage .vi. knights armed at al points : wherof three came in by the Gates *Electra*, and the other three by the Gates *Homoloides* : either parte beeing accompanied with .vii. other armed men : and after they had marched twice or thrice about the Stage, the one partie menacing the other by their furious lookes and gestures, the .vi. knights caused their other attendants to stand by, and drawing their Swords, fell to cruell and couragious combate, continuing therein, till two on the one side were slayne. The third perceiving, that he only remayned to withstand the force of .iii. enimies, did politiquely rūne aside : wherewith immediatly one of the .iii. followed after him, and when he had drawnen his enimie thus from his companie, hee turned againe and slewe him. Then the seconde also ranne after him, whom he slewe in like māner, and consequently the thirde, and then triumphantly marched abouthe the Stage wyth hys sword in his hand. Hereby was noted the incomparable force of concorde betwene brethren, who as long as they holde together may not easily by any meanes be overcome, and being once dissevered by any meanes, are easily overthrown. The history of the brethren *Horatii & Curiatii*, who agreed to like combate and came to like ende. After that the dead carkasses were caried from the Stage by the armed men on both parties, and that the victor was triumphantly accompanied out, also came in a messanger armed from the campe, seeking the Queene, and to hir spake as foloweth.

## JOCASTA

Actus .iiii. Scena .i.

NUNCIUS. JOCASTA.

*Nuncius commeth in by the gates Homoloides.*

O Sage and sober dames, O shamefast maids,  
O faithful servants of our aged Queene,  
Come leade hir forth, sith unto hir I bring  
Such secrete newes as are of great importe.  
Come forth, O Queene, surceasse thy wofull plaint,  
And to my words vouchsafe a willing eare.

*The Queene with hir traine commeth out  
of hir Pallace.*

*Joca.* My servant deare, doest thou yet bring me  
Of more mishappe? ah were wretch, alas,  
How doth *Eteocles*? whom heretofore  
In his encreasing yeares, I wonted ay  
From daungerous happe with favoure to defend,  
Doth he yet live? or hath untimely death  
In cruell fight berefte his flowring life?

*Nun.* He lives (O Queene) hereof have ye no do  
From such suspecte my selfe will quit you soone.

*Joca.* The vētrous Greekes have haply tane the t

*Nun.* The Gods forbid.

*Joca.* Our souldiers then, perchance,  
Dispersed bene and yelden to the sword.

*Nun.* Not so, they were at first in daunger sure,  
But in the end obtineid victorie.

*Joca.* Alas, what then becōmes of *Polynice*?  
Oh canst thou tell? is he dead or alive?

*Nun.* You have (O Queene) yet both your sonne

*Joca.* Oh, how my harte is eased of his paine.  
Well, then proceede, and briefly let me heare,  
How ye repulst your proud presuming foes,  
That thereby yet at least I may assuage  
The swelling sorrowes in my dolefull brest,  
In that the towne is hitherto preservde:

## JOCASTA

And for the rest, I trust that might[ie] *Jove*  
Will yeld us ayde.

*Nun.* No soner had your worthy valiant sonne,  
Severde the Dukes into seaven severall partes,  
And set them to defence of severall gates,  
And brought in brave arraye his horssemen out,  
First to encounter with their mightie foen,  
And likewise pitcht, the footemen face to face  
Against the footemen of their enimies,  
But fiercely straight, the armies did approche,  
Swarming so thicke, as coverde cleane the fielde,  
When dreadfull blast of braying trumpets sounde,  
Of dolefull drummes, and thundring cannon shot,  
Gave hideous signe of horrour of the fight,  
Then gan the *Greekes* to give their sharpe assaulte,  
Then from the walls our stout couragious men,  
With rolling stones, with paisse of hugie beames,  
With flying darteres, with flakes of burning fire,  
And deadly blowes, did beate them backe againe:  
Thus striving long, with stout and bloudie fighte,  
(Whereby full many thousands slaughtered were)  
The hardie *Greeks* came underneath the walls:  
Of whome, first *Capaney* (a lustie Knight)  
Did scale the walls, and on the top thereof  
Did vaunt himselfe, when many hundred moe,  
With fierce assaultes did follow him as fast.  
Then loe, the Captaines seaven bestirrde themselves,  
(Whose names ye have alreadie understande)  
Some here, some there, nought dreading losse of life,  
With newe reliefe to feede the fainting breach:  
And *Polynice*, he bended all the force  
Of his whole charge, against the greatest gate,  
When sodenly a flashe of lightning flame  
From angrie skies strake captaine *Capaney*  
That there downe dead he fell: at sight whereof  
The gazers on were fraught with soden feare.  
The rest, that strove to mount the walles so fast,  
From ladders toppe did headlong tumble downe.  
Herewith our men encouragde by good happe,  
Toke hardy harts, and so repulst the *Greekes*.

## JOCASTA

Ther was *Eteocles*, and I with him,  
Who setting first those soulidiers to their charge,  
Ranne streight to thother gates: unto the weake  
He manly comforte gave: unto the bold  
His lusty words encreased courage still:  
In so much as th' amased Grecian king  
When he did heare of *Capaney* his death,  
Fearing thereby the Gods became his foen,  
Out from the trench withdrew his wearie host.  
But rashe *Eteocles* (presuming too too much  
Upon their flight) did issue out of *Thebes*,  
And forwarde straight with strength of chivalrie,  
His flying foes couragiously pursude.  
Too long it were to make recompt of all  
That wounded bene, or slaine, or captive now:  
The cloudy ayre was filled round aboue  
With houling cries and wofull wayling plaints:  
So great a slaughter (O renownmed Queene)  
Before this day I thinke was never seene.  
Thus have we now cut of the fruitlesse hope  
The Grecians had, to sacke this noble towne.  
What joyfull end will happen hereunto  
Yet know I not: the gods tourne all to good.  
"To conquer, lo, is doubtlesse worthy praise,  
"But wisely for to use the conquest gotte,  
"Hath ever wonne immortall sound of fame.  
Well, yet therewhile in this we may rejoice,  
Sith heaven and heavenly powers are pleasede therew  
*Jocca.* This good successe was luckie sure, and st  
As for my parte I little loked for:  
To save the towne and eke to have my sonnes  
(As you report) preserved yet alive.  
But yet proceede, and further let me know  
The finall ende that they agreed upon.  
*Nun.* No more (O queene) let this for now suf  
Sith hitherto your state is safe inough.  
*Jocca.* These words of thine, do whelme my jeal  
With great suspecte of other mischieves hidde.  
*Nun.* What would you more, alredy being sure  
That both your sonnes in safetie do remaine?

## JOCASTA

*Joca.* I long to know the rest, or good or bad.

*Nun.* O let me now retourne to *Eteocles*,  
That of my service greatly stands in neede.

*Joca.* Right well I see, thou doest conceale the woorst.

*Nun.* Oh force me not, the good now beeing past,  
To tell the yll.

*Joca.* Tell it I say, on paine of our displeasure.

*Nun.* Since thus ye seeke to heare a dolefull tale,  
I will no longer stay: witte ye therefore,  
Your desperate sonnes togither be agreed  
For to attempt a wicked enterprise:  
To private fight they have betrouwht themselves,  
Of which conflicte, the ende must needes be this,  
That one do live, that other die the death.

*Joca.* Alas, alas, this did I ever feare.

*Nun.* Now, sith in summe I have revealed that,  
Which you have heard with great remorse of mind,  
I will proceede, at large to tell the whole.  
When your victorious sonne, with valiant force  
Had chast his foes into their joyning tents,  
Even there he staide, and straight at sound of trumpe  
With stretched voice the herault thus proclaimde:  
You princely Greekes, that hither be arrived  
To spoile the fruite of these our fertile fields,  
And us to drive from this our Native soile,  
O suffer not so many giltlesse soules  
By this debate descend in Stygian lake,  
For private cause of wicked *Polynice*,  
But rather let the brethren, hand to hand,  
By mutuall blowes appease their furious rage,  
And so to cease from sheding further bloud:  
And, to the end you all might understand  
The profite that to every side may fall,  
Thus much my Lord thought good to profer you,  
This is his will, if he be overcome,  
Then *Polynice* to rule this kingly realme:  
If so it happe (as reason would it should)  
Our rightfull prince to conquerre *Polynice*,  
That then no one of you make more adoo,  
But straight to *Argos* Ile hast home againe.

## JOCASTA

This, thus pronounst unto the noble Greeks,  
No soner did the sound of trumpet cease,  
But *Polynice* stipt forth before the host,  
And to these words this answere did he make :  
O thou, (not brother) but my mortall foe,  
Thy profer here hath pleased me so well,  
As presently, without more long delay,  
I yeld my selfe prepared to the field.  
Our noble King no soner heard this vaunt,  
But forth as fast he prest his princely steppes,  
With eger mind, as hoovering falcon woonts  
To make hir stoope, when pray appeares in sight  
At all assayes they both were bravely armed,  
To eithers side his sword fast being girt,  
In eithers hand was put a sturdy launce :  
About *Eteocles* our souldiers cloong,  
To comforte him, and put him then in mind,  
He fought for safetie of his country soile,  
And that in him consisted all their hope.  
To *Polynice* the king *Adrastus* swore,  
If he escaped victor from the fielde,  
At his returne he would in *Greece* erecte  
A golden Image unto mightie *Jove*  
In signe of his triumphing victorie.  
But all this while seeke you (O noble queene)  
To hinder this your furious sonnes attempte :  
Intreat the Gods it may not take effecte,  
Els must you needes ere long deprived be  
Of both your sonnes, or of the one at least.

*Nuncius returneth to the camp by the gates  
Homoloydes.*

JOCASTA. ANTIGONE.

**A**ntigone my swete daughter, come forth  
Out of this house, that nought but woe ret  
Come forth I say, not for to sing or daunce,  
But to prevent (if in our powers it lie)  
That thy malicious brethren (swolne with ire)

## JOCASTA

And I alas, their miserable mother,  
Be not destroide by stroke of dreadfull death.

*Antigone commeth out of bir mothers Pallace.*

*Anti.* Ah swete mother, ah my beloved mother,  
Alas alas, what cause doth move ye now  
From trembling voice to send such carefull cries?  
What painefull pang? what grieve doth gripe you now?

*Joca.* O deare daughter, thy most unhappie brethren  
That sometimes lodgde within these wretched loynes  
Shall die this day, if *Jove* prevent it not.

*Anti.* Alas what say you? alas what do you say?  
Can I (alas) endure to see him dead,  
Whom I thus long have sought to see alive?

*Joca.* They both have vowde (I quake alas to tell)  
With trenchant blade to spill eche others blood.

*Antig.* O cruell *Eteocles*, ah ruthlesse wretch,  
Of this outrage thou only art the cause,  
Not *Polynice*, whom thou with hatefull spight  
Hast reaved first of crowne and countrie soyle,  
And now doest seeke to reave him of his life.

*Joca.* Daughter no more delay, lets go, lets go.

*Anti.* Ah my sweete mother, whither shall I go?

*Joca.* With me, deere daughter, to the greekish host.

*Anti.* Alas how can I go? unles I go  
In daunger of my life, or of good name?

*Joca.* Time serves not now (my well beloved childe)  
To way the losse of life or honest name,  
But rather to prevent (if so we may)  
That wicked deede, which only but to thinke,  
Doth hale my hart out of my heavie brest.

*Anti.* Come then, lets go, good mother let us go,  
But what shall we be able for to doe,  
You a weake old woman forworne with yeares,  
And I God knowes a silly simple mayde?

*Joca.* Our wofull wordes, our prayers & our plaintes,  
Pourde out with streames of overflowing teares,  
(Where Nature rules) may happen to prevayle,  
When reason, power, and force of armes do fayle.  
But if the glowing heate of boyling wrath  
So furious be, as it may not relent,

## JOCASTA

Then I atwixt them both will throw my selfe,  
And this my brest shal beare the deadly blowes,  
That otherwise should light upon my sonnes:  
So shall they shead my bloud and not their owne.  
Well now deere daughter, let us hasten hence,  
For if in time we stay this raging strife,  
Then haply may my life prolonged be:  
If ere we come the bloudy deede be done,  
Then must my ghost forsake this feeble corps:  
And thou, deare childe, with dolour shalt bewaile,  
Thy brothers death and mothers all at once.

*Jocasta with Antigone, and all bir traine (excepte the Chorus) goeth towards the campe, by the gates Homolydes.*

## CHORUS.

**W**Hoso hath felt, what faith and fervent love  
A mother beares unto hir tender sonnes,  
She and none other sure, can comprehend  
The dolefull grieve, the pangs and secret paine,  
That presently doth pierce the princely brest  
Of our afflicted Queene: alas, I thinke  
No martyrdome might well compare with hirs.  
So ofte as I recorde hir restlesse state,  
Alas me thinkes I feele a shivering feare  
Flit to and fro along my flushing vaines.  
Alas for ruth, that thus two brethren shoulde,  
Enforce themselves to shed each others bloud.  
Where are the lawes of nature nowe become?  
Can fleshe of fleshe, alas can bloud of bloud,  
So far forget it selfe, as slay it selfe?  
O lowring starres, O dimme and angrie skies,  
O geltie fate, suche mischiefe set aside.  
But if supernall powers decreed have,  
That death must be the ende of this debate,  
Alas what floudes of teares shall then suffise,  
To weepe and waile the neere approaching death:

## JOCASTA

I meane the death of sonnes and mother both,  
And with their death the ruine and decay,  
Of *Oedipus* and his princely race?  
- But loe, here *Creon* cōmes with carefull cheare:  
Tis time that now I ende my just complaint.  
*Creon commeth in by the gates Homoloydes.*

### CREON. NUNCIUS.

**A**lthough I straightly charg[d]e my tender childe  
To flee from *Thebes* for safegarde of him selfe,  
And that long since he parted from my sight,  
Yet doe I greatly hang in lingring doubt,  
Least passing through the gates, the privie watch  
Hath stayed him by some suspect of treason.  
And so therewhile, the prophets having skride  
His hidden fate, he purchast have the death  
Which I by all meanes sought he might eschewe:  
And this mischaunce so much I feare the more,  
How much the wished conquest at the first,  
Fell happily unto the towne of *Thebes*,  
But wise men ought with patience to sustaine  
The sundrie haps that slipperie fortune frames.

*Nuncius commeth in by the gates Electræ.*

*Nun.* Alas, who can direct my hastie steppes  
Unto the brother of our wofull Queene?  
But loe where carefully he standeth here.

*Cre.* If so the minde may dread his owne mishap,  
Then dread I much, this man that seekes me thus,  
Hath brought the death of my beloved sonne.

*Nun.* My Lorde, the thing you feare is very true,  
Your sonne *Meneceus* no longer lives.

*Cre.* Alas who can withstand the heavenly powers?  
Well, it beseemes not me, ne yet my yeares,  
In bootelesse plaint to wast my wailefull teares:  
Do thou recount to me his lucklesse deathe,  
The order, forme, and manner of the same.

*Nun.* Your sonne (my Lorde) came to *Eteocles*,

## JOCASTA

And tolde him this in presence of the rest:  
Renoumed King, neither your victorie,  
Ne yet the safetie of this princely Realme  
In armour doth consist, but in the death  
Of me, of me, (O most victorious King)  
So heavenly dome of mightie Jove commaunds.  
I (knowing what avayle my death should yeld  
Unto your grace, and unto native land)  
Might well be deemde a most ungratefull sonne  
Unto this worthy towne, if I would shunne  
The sharpest death to do my countrie good:  
In mourning weed now let the vestall Nimpes,  
With [pl]ainyng tunes commend my faultlesse ghost  
To highest heavens, while I despoyle my selfe,  
That afterwarde (sith *Jove* will have it so)  
To save your lives, I may receyve my death,  
Of you I crave, O curteous Citizens,  
To shrine my corps in tombe of marble stone:  
Whereon grave this: *Meneceus here doth lie,*  
*For countries cause that was content to die.*  
This saide, alas, he made no more a doe,  
But drewe his sword, and sheathde it in his brest.  
*Cre.* No more, I have inough, returne ye nowe  
From whence ye came.

*Nuncius returneth by the gates Eleætræ.*  
Well, since the bloud of my beloved sonne,  
Must serve to slake the wrath of angrie *Jove*,  
And since his onely death must bring to *Thebes*  
A quiet ende of hir unquiet state,  
Me thinkes good reason would, that I henceforth  
Of *Thebane* soyle should beare the kingly swaye:  
Yea sure, and so I will ere it be long,  
Either by right, or else by force of armes.  
Of al mishap loe here the wicked broode,  
My sister first espoused hath hir sonne  
That slewe his sire, of whose accursed seede  
Two brethren sprang, whose raging hatefull hearts  
By force of boyling yre are bolne so sore  
As each do thyrst to sucke the others bloude:  
But why do I sustaine the smart hereof?

## JOCASTA

Why should my bloud be spilt for others gilte?  
Oh welcome were that messenger to me  
That brought me word of both my nephewes deathes:  
Then should it soone be sene in every eye,  
Twixt prince and prince what difference would appear,  
Then should experience shewe what grieve it is  
To serve the humours of unbridled youth.  
Now will I goe for to prepare with sped  
The funerals of my yong giltlesse sonne,  
The which perhaps may be accompanied  
With th' obsequies of proude *Eteocles*.  
*Creon goeth out by the gates Homoloydes.*

Any messenger is welcome that bringeth tidings of advancement.

*Finis Actus. 4.*

### CHORUS.

O Blissful concord, bredde in sacred brest  
Of him that guides the restlesse rolling sky,  
That to the earth for mans assured rest  
From heighth of heavens vouchsafest downe to flie,  
In thee alone the mightie power doth lie,  
With swete accorde to kepe the frouning starres  
And every planet else from hurtfull warres.  
  
In thee, in thee such noble vertue bydes,  
As may commaund the mightiest Gods to bend,  
From thee alone such sugred frendship slydes  
As mortall wightes can scarcely comprehend,  
To greatest strife thou setst delightfull ende,  
O holy peace, by thee are onely founde  
The passing joyes that every where abound.  
  
Thou onely thou, through thy celestiall might,  
Didst first of al, the heavenly pole devide  
From th'olde confused heape that *Chaos* hight:  
Thou madste the Sunne, the Moone, and starres to glide,  
With ordred course about this world so wide:  
Thou hast ordainde *Dan Tytans* shining light,  
By dawne of day to chase the darkesome night.

## JOCASTA

When tract of time returns the lustie *Ver*,  
By thee alone, the buddes and blossomes spring,  
The fieldes with floures be garnisht every where,  
The blooming trees, abundant fruite do bring,  
The cherefull birds melodiously do sing,  
Thou dost appoint, the crop of sommers seede  
For mans reliefe, to serve the winters neede.

Thou doest inspire the heartes of princely peeres  
By providence, proceeding from above,  
In flowring youth to choose their worthie feeres,  
With whome they live in league of lasting love,  
Till fearefull death doth flitting life remove,  
And loke how fast, to death man payes his due,  
So fast againe, doste thou his stocke renue.

By thee, the basest thing advaunced is,  
Thou everie where, dost graffe such golden peace,  
As filleth man, with more than earthly blisse,  
The earth by thee, doth yelde hir swete increase  
At becke of thee, all bloody discords cease,  
And mightiest Realmes in quiet do remaine,  
Wheras thy hand doth holde the royll raine.

But if thou faile, then al things gone to wracke,  
The mother then, doth dread hir naturall childe,  
Then every towne is subject to the sacke,  
Then spotlesse maids, the virgins be defilde,  
Then rigor rules, then reason is exilde:  
And this, thou wofull *Thebes*, to our great paine,  
With present spoile, art likely to sustaine.

Me thinke[s] I heare the wailfull weeping cries  
Of wretched dames, in everie coast resound,  
Me thinkes I see, how up to heavenly skies  
From battred walls, the thundring clappes rebound  
Me thinke[s] I heare, how all things go to groun  
Me thinke[s] I see, how souldiers wounded lye  
With gasping breath, and yet they can not dye,

## JOCASTA

By meanes wherof, oh swete *Meneceus* he,  
That gives for countries cause his guiltlesse life,  
Of others all, most happy shall he be:  
His ghost shall flit from broiles of bloody strife,  
To heavenly blisse, where pleasing joyes be rife:  
And would to God, that this his fatall ende  
From further plagues, our citie might defend.

O sacred God, give eare unto thy thrall,  
That humbly here upon thy name doth call,  
O let not now, our faultlesse bloud be spilt,  
For hote revenge of any others gilt.

*Finis Aetus quarti.*

Done by F. Kinwelmarshe.

## JOCASTA

### The order of the laste dumbe shewe.

First the Stillpipes sounded a very mournful melody, in which time came upon the Stage a womā clothed in a white garment, on hir head a piller, double faced, the formost face fair & smiling, the other behinde blacke & louring, muffled with a white laune about hir eyes, hir lap ful of Jewelles, sitting in a charyot, hir legges naked, hir fete set upō a great roūd bal, & beyng drawē in by .iiii. noble personages, she led in a string on hir right hand .ii. kings crowned, and in hir lefte hand .ii. poore slaves very meanly attyred. After she was drawen about the stage, she stayed a little, changing the kings unto the left hande & the slaves unto the right hand, taking the crownes from the kings heads she crowned therwith the .ii.

## JOCASTA

Actus .[v]. Scena. 1.

CREON. CHORUS.

**A**Las what shall I do? bemone my selfe?  
Or rue the ruine of my Native lande,  
About the which such cloudes I see enclosde,  
As darker cannot cover dreadfull hell.  
With mine own eyes I saw my own deare sonne  
All gorde with bloud of his too bloody brest,  
Which he hath shed full like a friend, too deare  
To his countrey, and yet a cruell foe  
To me, that was his friend and father both.  
Thus to him selfe he gaynde a famous name,  
And glory great, to me redoubled payne:  
Whose haplesse death in my afflicted house,  
Hath put suche playnt, as I ne can espie  
What comfort might acquiet their distresse.  
I hither come my sister for to seeke,  
*Jocasta*, she that might in wofull wise  
Amid hir high and overpining cares,  
Prepare the baynes for his so wretched corps,  
And eke for him that nowe is not in life,  
May pay the due that to the dead pertaynes,  
And for the honor he did well deserve,  
To give some giftes unto infernall Gods.

*Cho.* My Lorde, your sister is gone forth long since,  
Into the campe, and with hir *Antigone*,  
Hir daughter deare.

*Cre.* Into the campe? alas and what to do?

*Cho.* She understoode, that for this realme foorthwith  
Hir sonnes were greed in combate for to joyne.

*Cre.* Alas, the funerals of my deare sonne  
Dismayed me so, that I ne did receive,  
Ne seeke to knowe these newe unwelcome newes.  
But loe, beholde a playne apparant signe  
Of further feares: the furious troubled lookes  
Of him that commeth heere so hastilye.

## JOCASTA

### Scena. 1.

MURDERS. CREON. CHORUS.

**A**las, alas, what shall I doe? alas,  
What striching voyce may serve my wofull wo?  
O wretched I, ten thousande times a wretch,  
The messenger of dread and cruell death  
*Cre.* Yet more mishap? and what unhappy newes?  
*Nun.* My Lord, your nephues both have lost thei  
*Cre.* Out and alas, to me and to this towne,  
Thou doest accompt great ruine and decay,  
You roiall familie of *Oedipus*:  
And heare you this? your liege and soveraigne Lorde  
The brethren both are slayne and done to death.

*Cho.* O cruell newes, most cruell that can come,  
O newes that might these stony walles provoke  
For tender ruthe to brust in bitter teares,  
And so they would, had they the sense of man.

*Cre.* O worthy yong Lordes, that unworthy were  
Of such unworthy death, O me moste wretch.

*Nun.* More wretched shall ye deeme your selfe, m  
When you shall heare of further miserie.

*Cre.* And can there be more miserie than this?  
*Nun.* With hir deare sonnes the queene hir self is

*Cho.* Bewayle ladies, alas good ladies waile,  
This harde mischaunce, this cruell common evill,  
Ne hencefoorth hope for ever to rejoyce.

*Cre.* O *Jocasta*, miserable mother,  
What haplesse ende thy life alas hath hent?  
Percase the heavens purveyed had the same,  
Moved therto by the wicked wedlocke  
Of *Oedipus* thy sonne yet might thy scuse  
But justly made, that knewe not of the crime.  
But tell me messenger, oh tell me yet  
The death of these two brethren, driven therto,  
Not thus all onely by their drearie fate,  
But by the banning and the bitter cursse

We harken  
sometime(s)  
willingly to  
wofull news.

## JOCASTA

Of their cruell sire, borne for our annoy,  
And here on earth the onely sourse of evill.

*Nun.* Then know my Lorde, the battell that begonne  
Under the walles, was brought to luckie ende.

*Eteocles* had made his fo[e]men flee

Within their trenches, to their foule reproche:

But herewithall the brethren both straightway

Eche other chalenge foorth into the fielde,

By combate so to stinte their cruell strife,

Who armed thus amid the fielde appeard,

First *Polynice* turning toward Greece

His lovely lookes, gan *Juno* thus beseeche:

O heavenly queene, thou seest, that since the day

I first did wedde *Adrastus* daughter deare,

And stayde in Greece, thy seruaunt have I bene:

Then (be it not for mine unworthiness)

Graunt me this grace, the victorie to winne,

Graunt me, that I with high triumphant hande,

May bathe this blade within my brothers brest:

I know I crave unworthy victorie,

Unworthy triumphes, and unworthy spoyles,

Lo he the cause, my cruell enimie.

The people wept to heare the wofull wordes

Of *Polynice*, foreseeing eke the ende

Of this outrage and cruell combate tane,

Eche man gan looke upon his drouping mate,

With mindes amazed, and trembling hearts for dread,

Whom pitie perced for these youthfull knightes.

*Eteocles* with eyes up cast to heaven,

Thus sayde:

O mightie *Jove* his daughter graunt to me,

That this right hande with this sharpe armed launce

(Passing amid my brothers cankred brest,)

It may eke pierce that cowarde hart of his,

And so him slea that thus unworthily

Disturbes the quiet of our common weale.

So sayde *Eteocles*, and trumpets blowne,

To sende the summons of their bloody fighte,

That one the other fiercely did encounter,

Like Lions two yfraught with boyling wrath,

## JOCASTA

Bothe coucht their launces full agaynst the face,  
But heaven it \*nolde that there they should themtein  
Upon the battred shields the mighty speares  
Are bothe ybroke, and in a thousande shivers  
Amid the ayre flowne up into the heavens:  
Beholde agayne, with naked sworde in hande,  
Eche one the other furiously assaultes.  
Here they of *Thebes*, there stooe the *Greekes* in doubt  
Of whom doth eche man feele more chilling dread,  
Least any of the twayne should lose his life,  
Than any of the twayne did feele in fight.  
Their angry lookes, their deadly dauntinge blowes,  
Might witnesse well, that in their heartes remaynde  
As cankred hate, disdayne, and furious moode,  
As ever bred in beare or tygers brest.  
The first that hapt to hurt was *Polinice*,  
Who smote the righte thighe of *Eteocles*:  
But as we deeme, the blow was nothing deepe,  
Then cryed the *Greekes*, and lepte with lightned hart  
But streight agayne they helde their peace, for why?  
*Eteocles* gan thrust his wicked sworde  
In the lefte arme of unarmed *Polinice*,  
And let the bloud from bare unfenced fleshe,  
With falling drops distill upon the ground,  
Ne long he stayes, but with an other thrust  
His brothers belly boweld with his blade,  
Then wretched he, with bridle left at large,  
From of his horsse fell pale upon the ground,  
Ne long it was, but downe our duke dismountes  
From of his startling steede, and runnes in hast,  
His brothers haplesse helme for to unlace,  
And with such hungry minde desired spoyle,  
(As one that thought the fielde already woonne)  
That at unwares, his brothers dagger drawne,  
And griped fast within the dying hand,  
Under his side he recklesse doth receive,  
That made the way to his wyde open hart.  
Thus falles *Eteocles* his brother by,  
From both whose breasts the bloud fast bubbling, gav  
A sory shewe to *Greekes* and *Thebanes* both.

## JOCASTA

*Cho.* Oh wretched ende of our unhappy Lordes.

*Cre.* Oh *Oedipus*, I must bewaile the death  
Of thy deare sonnes, that were my nephewes both,  
But of these blowes thou oughtest feele the smarte,  
That with thy wonted prayers, thus hast brought  
Such noble blouds to this unnable end.

But now tell on, what followed of the Queene?

*Nun.* Whē thus with pierced harts, by their owne hands  
The brothers fell and wallowed in their bloud,  
(That one still tumbling on the others gore)  
Came their afflicted mother, then to late,  
And eke with hir, chast childe *Antygone*,  
Who saw no sooner how their fates had falne,  
But with the doubled echo of alas,  
She dymmde the ayre with loude complaints and cryes:  
Oh sonnes (quod she) too late came all my helpe,  
And all to late have I my succour sent:  
And with these wordes, upon their carcas colde  
She shrched so, as might have stayed the Sunne  
To mourne with hir: the wofull sister eke,  
(That both hir chekes did bathe in flowing teares)  
Out from the depth of hir tormented brest,  
With scalding sighes gan draw these weary words,  
O my deare brethren, why abandon ye  
Our mother deare, when these hir aged yeares,  
(That of themselves are weake and growne with griefe,)  
Stoode most in neede of your sustaining helpe?  
Why doe you leave hir thus disconsolate?  
At sounde of such hir weeping long lament,  
*Eteocles* our king helde up his hand,  
And sent from bottome of his wofull brest  
A doubled sighe, devided with his griefe,  
In faithfull token of his feeble will  
To recomfort his mother and sister both:  
And in [the] steade of sweete contenting words,  
The trickling teares raynde downe his paled chekes:  
Then claspt his hands, and shut his dying eyes.  
But *Polynice*, that turned his rolling eyen  
Unto his mother and his sister deare,  
With hollow voyce and fumbling young, thus spake:

## JOCASTA

Mother, you see how I am now arryved  
Unto the h[ea]ven of mine unhappy ende:  
Now nothing doth remaine to me, but this,  
That I lament my sisters life and yours,  
Left thus in everlasting woe and grieve:  
So am I sory for *Eteocles*,  
Who though he were my cruell enimie,  
He was your sonne, and brother yet to me:  
But since these ghostes of ours must needs go down,  
With stagging steppes into the *Stigian* reigne,  
I you besech, mother and sister bothe,  
Of pitie yet, that you will me procure  
A royll tombe within my native realme:  
And now shut up with those your tender handes,  
These grieffull eyes of mine, whose dazed light  
Shadowes of dreadfull death be come to close.  
Now rest in peace, this sayde, he yeeded up  
His fainting ghost, that ready was to part.  
The mother thus beholding both hir sonnes  
Ydone to death, and overcome with dole,  
Drewe out the dagger of hir *Pollinice*,  
From brothers brest, and gorde therewyth her throte  
Falling betweene hir sonnes:  
Then with hir feebled armes, she doth [e]nfolde  
Their bodies both, as if for company  
Hir uncontented corps were yet content  
To passe with them in *Charons* ferrie boate.  
When cruell fate had thus with force bereft  
The wofull mother and hir two deare sonnes,  
All sodenly allarme, allarme, they crye,  
And hote conflict began for to aryse  
Betwene our armie and our enemyes:  
For either part would have the victoriye.  
A while they did with equall force maintaine  
The bloody fight, at last the Greekes do flee,  
Of whom could hardly any one escape,  
For in such hugie heapes our men them slew.  
The ground was coverde all with carcases:  
And of our souldiers, some gan spoyle the dead,  
Some other were that parted out the pray,

## JOCASTA

And some pursuing. *Antigone* toke up  
The Queene *Jocasta*, and the brethren both,  
Whom in a chariot hither they will bring  
Ere long: and thus, although we gotten have  
The victory over our enemies,  
Yet have we lost much more than we have wonne.

*Creon* exit.

*Cbo.* O hard mishap, we doe not onely heare  
The wearie newes of their untimely death,  
But eke we must with wayling eyes beholde  
Their bodies deade, for loke where they be brought.

## Scena. 3.

ANTIGONE. CHORUS.

**M**ost bitter plaint, O ladyes, us behoves  
Behoveth eke not onely bitter plainte,  
But that our heares dyshevylde from our heades  
About our shoulders hang, and that our breasts  
With bouncing blowes be all be battered,  
Our gasty faces with our nayles defaced:  
Behold, your Queene twixt both hir sonnes lyes slayne,  
The Queene whom you did love and honour both,  
The Queene that did so tenderly bring up  
And nourishe you, eche one like to hir owne,  
Now hath she left you all (O cruell hap)  
With hir too cruell death in dying dreade,  
Pyning with pensifenesse without all helpe.  
O weary life, why bydste thou in my breast  
And I contented be that these mine eyes  
Should see hir dye that gave to me this life,  
And I not venge hir death by losse of life?  
Who can me give a fountaine made of mone,  
That I may weepe as muche as is my will,  
To sowsse this sorow up in swelling teares?

*Cbo.* What stony hart could leave for to lament?

## JOCASTA

*Anti.* O Polinice, now hast thou with thy bloud  
Bought all too deare the title to this realme,  
That cruell he *Eteocles* thee rest,  
And now also hath reft thee of thy life,  
Alas, what wicked dede can wrath not doe?  
And out alas for mee.  
Whyle thou yet livedst, I had a lively hope  
To have some noble wight to be my pheece,  
By whome I might be crownde a royall Queene:  
But now, thy hastie death hath done to dye  
This dying hope of mine, that hope hencefoorth  
None other wedlocke, but tormenting woe,  
If so these trembling hands for cowarde dread  
Dare not presume to ende this wretched life.

*Cbo.* Alas deare dame, let not thy raging griefe  
Heape one mishap upon another's head.

*Anti.* O dolefull day, wherein my sory sire  
Was borne, and yet O more unhappye houre  
When he was crowned king of stately *Thebes*  
The *Hymenei* in unhappye bed,  
And wicked wedlocke, wittingly did joyne,  
The giltlesse mother with hir giltie sonne,  
Out of which roote we be the braunches borne,  
To beare the scourge of their so foule offence:  
And thou, O father, thou that for this facte,  
Haste torne thine eyes from thy tormented head,  
Give eare to this, come foorth, and bende thine ear  
To bloudie newes, that canst not them beholde:  
Happie in that, for if thine eyes could see  
Thy sonnes bothe slayne, and even betweene them  
Thy wife and mother dead, bathed and imbrude  
All in one bloud, then wouldest thou dye for dole,  
And so might ende all our unluckie stocke.  
But most unhappye nowe, that lacke of sighte  
Shall linger life within thy lucklesse brest,  
And still tormented in suche miserie,  
Shall alwayes dye, because thou canst not dye.

*Oedipu*

## JOCASTA

Scena. 4.

OEDIPUS. ANTIGONE. CHORUS.

W<sup>H</sup>y dost thou call out of this darkesome denne,  
(The lustlesse lodge of my lamenting yeres,)  
(O daughter deare) thy fathers blinded eyes,  
Into the light I was not worthy of?  
Or what such sight (O cruell destenie)  
Without tormenting cares might I beholde,  
That image am of deathe and not of man?

*Anti.* O father mine, I bring unluckie newes  
Unto your eares, your sonnes are nowe both slayne,  
Ne doth your wife (that wonted was to guyde  
So piteously your staylesse stumbling steppes)  
Now see this light, alas and welaway.

*Oed.* O heape of infinite calamities,  
And canst thou yet encrease when I thought least  
That any grieve more great could grow in thee?  
But tell me yet, what kinde of cruell death  
Had these three sory soules?

*Anti.* Without offence to speake, deare father mine,  
The lucklesse lotte, the frowarde frowning fate  
That gave you life to ende your fathers life,  
Have ledde your sonnes to reave eche others life.

*Oed.* Of them I thought no lesse, but tell me yet  
What causelesse death hath caught from me my deare,  
(What shall I call hir) mother or my wife?

*Anti.* When as my mother sawe hir deare sonnes dead,  
As pensive pangs had prest hir tender heart,  
With bloudlesse cheeke and gastly lookes she fell,  
Drawing the dagger from *Eteocles* side,  
She gorde hirselfe with wide recurelesse wounde:  
And thus, without mo words, gave up the ghost,  
Embracing both hir sonnes with both hir armes.  
In these affrightes this frozen heart of mine,  
By feare of death mayntaines my dying life.

*Cho.* This drearie day is cause of many evils,  
Poore *Oedipus*, unto thy progenie,  
The Gods yet graunt it may become the cause  
Of better happe to this afflicted realme.

## JOCASTA

Scena. 5.

CREON. OEDIPUS. ANTIGONE.

**G**ood Ladies leave your bootelesse vayne complaynt,  
Leave to lament, cut off your wofull cryes,  
High time it is as now for to provide  
The funerals for the renownmed king :  
And thou *Oedipus* hearken to my wordes,  
And know thus muche, that for thy daughters dower,  
*Antigone* with *Hemone* shall be wedde.  
Thy sonne our king not long before his death  
Assigned hath the kingdome should descende  
To me, that am his mothers brother borne,  
And so the same might to my sonne succeede.  
Now I that am the lorde and king of *Thebes*,  
Will not permit that thou abide therein :  
Ne marvell yet of this my heady will,  
Ne blame thou me, for why, the heavens above  
(Which onely rule the rolling life of man,)  
Have so ordeynde, and that my words be true,  
*Tyresias* he that knoweth things to come,  
By trustie tokens hath foretolde the towne,

## JOCASTA

Agaynst whose doome no counsell can prevayle.  
Thus hate I now my life, and last of all,  
Lo by the newes of this so cruell death  
Of bothe my sonnes and deare beloved wife,  
Mine angrie constellation me commaundes  
Withouten eyes to wander in mine age,  
When these my weery, weake, and crooked limmes  
Have greatest neede to crave their quiet rest.  
O cruell *Creon*, wilt thou slea me so,  
For cruelly thou doste but murther me,  
Out of my kingdome now to chase me thus :  
Yet can I not with humble minde beseeche  
Thy curtesie, ne fall before thy feete.  
Let fortune take from me these worldly giftes,  
She can not conquere this courageous heart,  
That never yet could well be overcome,  
To force me yelde for feare to villanie :  
Do what thou canst I will be *Oedipus*.

*Cre.* So hast thou reason *Oedipus*, to say,  
And for my parte I would thee counsell eke,  
Still to maynteine the high and hawtie minde,  
That hath bene ever in thy noble heart :  
For this be sure, if thou wouldest kisse these knees,  
And practise eke by prayer to prevayle,  
No pitie coulde persuade me to consent  
That thou remayne one onely houre in *Thebes*.  
And nowe, prepare you worthie Citizens,  
The funeralls that duely doe pertayne  
Unto the Queene, and to *Eteocles*,  
And eke for them provide their stately tombes.  
But *Pollynice*, as common enimie  
Unto his countrey, carrie foorth his corps  
Out of the walles, ne none so hardie be  
On peine of death his bodie to engrave,  
But in the fieldes let him unburied lye,  
Without his honour, and without complaynte,  
An open prae for savage beastes to spoyle.  
And thou *Antigone*, drie up thy teares,  
Plucke up thy sprites, and cheere thy harmelesse hearte  
To mariage : for ere these two dayes passe,

## JOCASTA

Thou shalt espouse *Hemsne* myne onely heire.

*Antig.* Father, I see us wrapt in endlesse woe,  
And nowe muche more doe I your state lamente,  
Than these that nowe be dead, not that I thinke  
Theyr greate missehappes too little to bewayle,  
But this, that you (you onely) doe surpassee  
All wretched wightes that in this worlde remayne.  
But you my Lorde, why banishe you with wrong  
My father thus out of his owne perforce?  
And why will you denye these guiltlesse bones  
Of *Polinice*, theyr grave in countrey soyle?

*Creon.* So would not I, so woulde *Eteocles*.

*Anti.* He cruel was, you fonde to hold his hestes

*Creon.* Is then a fault to doe a kings cōmaund?

*Anti.* When his cōmaunde is cruell and unjust.

*Creon.* Is it unjust that he unburied be?

*Anti.* He not deserv'd so cruel punishment.

*Creon.* He was his countreys cruell enimie.

*Anti.* Or else was he that helde him from his r

*Cre.* Bare he not armes against his native land?

*Anti.* Offendeth he that sekes to winne his own

*Cre.* In spite of thee he shall unburied be.

*Anti.* In spite of thee these hands shall burie hi

*Cre.* And with him eke then will I burie thee.

*Anti.* So graunt the gods, I get none other grav  
Then with my *Polinices* deare to rest.

*Cre.* Go sirs, lay holde on hir, and take hir in.

*Anti.* I will not leave this corps unburied.

*Cre.* Canst thou undoe the thing that is decree

*Anti.* A wicked foule decree to wrong the dead

*Cre.* The ground ne shall ne ought to cover hi

*Anti.* *Creon*, yet I beseche thee for the love,

*Cre.* Away I say, thy prayers not prevaile.

*Anti.* That thou didst beare *Jocasta* in hir life,

*Cre.* Thou dost but waste thy words amid the

*Anti.* Yet graunt me leave to washe his wound

*Cre.* It can not be that I should graunt thee s

*Anti.* O my deare *Polinice*, this tirant yet

She sheweth  
y<sup>e</sup> frutes of  
true kyndly  
love.

With all his w[r]ongfull force can not fordoe,  
But I will kisse these colde pale lippes of thine,

## JOCASTA

And washe thy wounds with my waymenting teares.

*Cre.* O simple wench, O fonde and foolishe girle,  
Beware, beware, thy teares do not foretell  
Some signe of hard mishap unto thy mariage.

*Anti.* No, no, for *Hemone* will I never wed.

*Cre.* Dost thou refuse the mariage of my sonne?

*Anti.* I will nor him, nor any other wed.

*Cre.* Against thy will then must I thee constraine.

*Anti.* If thou me force, I sweare thou shalt repent.

*Cre.* What canst thou cause that I should once repent?

*Anti.* With bloudy knife I can this knot unknit.

*Cre.* And what a foole were thou to kill thy selfe?

*Anti.* I will ensue some worthie womans steppes.

*Cre.* Speake out *Antigone*, that I may heare.

*Anti.* This hardie hande shall soone dispatch his life.

*Cre.* O simple foole, and darste thou be so bolde?

*Anti.* Why should I dread to do so doughtie deed?

*Cre.* And wherfore dost thou wedlocke so despise?

*Anti.* In cruel exile for to folow him. (*pointing to Oedipus*)

*Cre.* What others might beseeme, beseemes not thee.

*Anti.* If neede require with him eke will I die.

*Cre.* Departe, departe, and with thy father die,

Rather than kill my childe with bloudie knife:

Go hellish monster, go out of the towne.

*Creon exit.*

*Oed.* Daughter, I must commende thy noble heart.

*Anti.* Father, I will not live in companie  
And you alone wander in wildernesse.

The duty of  
a childe truly  
performed.

*Oed.* O yes deare daughter, leave thou me alone  
Amid my plagues: be merrie while thou maist.

*Anti.* And who shal guide these aged feete of yours,  
That banisht bene, in blinde necessitie?

*Oed.* I will endure, as fatal lot me drives:

Resting these crooked sorie sides of mine  
Where so the heavens shall lend me harbrough.  
And in exchange of rich and stately towers,  
The woodes, the wildernes, the darkesome dennes,  
Shall be the bowre of mine unhappy bones.

*Anti.* O father now where is your glorie gone?

„*Oed.* One happie day did raise me to renoune,

## JOCASTA

„ One haplesse day hath throwne mine honour doun.

*Anti.* Yet will I beare a part of your mishappes.

*Oed.* That sitteth not amid thy pleasant yeares.

„ *Anti.* Deare father yes, let youth give place to age.

*Oed.* Where is thy moother? let me touch hir face,  
That with these handes I may yet feele the harme  
That these blinde eyes forbide me to beholde.

*Anti.* Here father, here hir corps, here put your hande.

*Oed.* O wife, O moother, O both wofull names,  
O wofull mother, and O wofull wyfe,

O woulde to God, alas, O woulde to God  
Thou nere had bene my mother, nor my wyfe.  
But where lye nowe the paled bodies two,  
Of myne unluckie sonnes, Oh where be they?

*Anti.* Lo here they lye one by an other deade.

*Oedip.* Stretch out this hand, dere daughter, stretch this  
Upon their faces. (hande)

*Anti.* Loe father, here, lo, nowe you touche them both.

*Oedi.* O bodies deare, O bodies dearely bought  
Unto your father, bought with high missehap.

*Anti.* O lovely name of my deare *Pollinice*,  
Why can I not of cruell *Creon* crave,  
Ne with my death nowe purchase thee a grave?

## JOCASTA

I am exilde farre from my countrey soyle,  
And suffer dole that I ought not endure.

„*Anti.* O father, father, Justice lyes on sleepe,  
„ Ne doth regarde the wrongs of wretchednesse,  
„ Ne princes swelling prydē it doth redresse.

*Oedi.* O carefull caytife, howe am I nowe changd  
From that I was? I am that *Oedipus*,  
That whylome had triumphant victorie,  
And was bothe dread and honored eke in *Thebes*:  
But nowe (so pleaseth you my frowarde starres)  
Downe headlong hurlde in depth of myserie,  
So that remaynes of *Oedipus* no more  
As nowe in mee, but even the naked name,  
And lo, this image, that resembles more  
Shadowes of death, than shape of *Oedipus*.

Justice  
sleepeth.

A Glasse for  
brittel Beutie  
and for lusty  
limmes.

*Antig.* O father, nowe forgette the pleasaunt dayes  
And happie lyfe that you did whylom leade,  
The muse whereof redoubleth but you[r] grieve:  
Susteyne the smarte of these your present paynes  
With pacience, that best may you preserve.  
Lo where I come, to live and die with you,  
Not (as sometymes) the daughter of a king,  
But as an abject nowe in povertie,  
That you, by presence of suche faithfull guide,  
May better beare the wrecke of miserie.

*Oedi.* O onely comforte of my cruell happe.

*Anti.* Your daughters pitie is but due to you:  
Woulde God I might as well ingrave the corps  
Of my deare *Pollinice*, but I ne maye,  
And that I can not, doubleth all my dole.

*Oedi.* This thy desire, that is both good and juste,  
Imparte to some that be thy trustie frendes,  
Who movde with pitie, maye procure the same.

„*Anti.* Beleeve me father, when dame fortune frownes,  
„ Be fewe that fynde trustie companions.

*Oedi.* And of those fewe, yet one of those am I:  
Wherfore, goe we nowe daughter, leade the waye  
Into the stonie rockes and highest hilles,  
Where fewest trackes of steppings may be spyde.  
„ Who once hath sit in chaire of dignitie,

## JOCASTA

„ May shame to shewe himselfe in miserie.  
*Anti.* From thee, O countrey, am I forst to pa  
Despoiled thus in flower of my youth,  
And yet I leave within my enimies rule,  
*Ismene* my unfortunate sister.

*Oed.* Deare citizens, beholde your Lord and Ki  
Answer for  
Magistratus. That Thebes set in quiet government,  
Now as you see, neglected of you all,  
And in these ragged ruthfull weedes bewrapt,  
Ychased from his native countrey soyle,  
Betakes himself (for so this tirant will)  
To everlasting banishment: but why  
Do I lament my lucklesse lot in vaine?  
„ Since every man must beare with quiet minde,  
„ The fate that heavens have earst to him assignd

## CHORUS.

Example here, loe take by *Oedipus*,  
You Kings and Princes in prosperitie,  
And every one that is desirous  
To sway the seate of worldlie dignitie,  
How fickle tis to trust in Fortunes whel:—  
For him whome now she hoyseth up on hie,  
If so he chaunce on any side to reele,  
She hurles him downe in twinkling of an eye:  
And him againe, that grovleth nowe on ground,  
And lieth lowe in dungeon of dispaire,  
Hir whirling wheele can heave up at a bounde,  
And place aloft in stay of statelie chaire, —  
As from the Sunne the Moone withdrawes hir f:  
So might of man doth yelde dame Fortune plac

*Finis Actus quinti.* Done by G. Gascoigne



## EPILOGUS

Lo here the fruit of high aspiring minde,  
Who weenes to mount above the mooving Skies:  
Lo here the trap that titles proud do finde,  
See, ruine growes, when most we reach to rise:  
Sweete is the name, and statelie is the raigne  
Of kinglie rule, and swey of royall seate,  
But bitter is the tast of Princes gaine,  
When climbing heades do hunte for to be great.  
Who would forecast the banke of restlesse toyle,  
Ambitious wightes do freight their brestes withall,  
The growing cares, the feares of dreadfull foyle,  
To yll successe that on such flightes doth fall,  
He would not streyne his practize to atchieve  
The largest limits of the mightiest states.  
But oh, what fansies sweete do still relieve  
The hungrie humor of these swelling hates?  
What poysone sweet inflameth high desire?  
Howe soone the hautie heart is pufft with pride?  
Howe soone is thirst of sceptre set on fire?  
Howe soone in rising mindes doth mischief slide?  
What bloudie sturres doth glut of honor breed?  
Thambitious sonne doth oft surpresse his sire:  
Where natures power unfained love should spread,  
There malice raignes and reacheth to be higher.  
O blinde unbridled search of Sovereintie,  
O tickle traine of evill attayned state,  
O fonde desire of princelie dignitie,  
Who climbes too soone, he ofte repentes too late.  
The golden meane, the happie doth suffise,  
They leade the posting day in rare delight,  
They fill (not feede) their uncontented eyes,  
They reape such rest as doth beguile the [n]ight,  
They not envie the pompe of haughtie traine,  
Ne dreade the dinte of proude usurping swoorde,  
But plaste alowe, more sugred joyes attaine,  
Than swaye of loftie Scepter can afoorde.

## EPILOGUS

Cease to aspire then, cease to soare so hie,  
And shunne the plague that pierceth noble bres  
To glittring courtes what fondnesse is to flie,  
When better state in baser Towers rests?

*Finis Epilogi.* Done by Chr. Yelverton.

---

NOTE (Reader) that there were in *Thebes* fowre gates, wherof the chief and most commonly u the gates called *Ele&træ* and the gates *Homoloydes*. Th thought good to explane: as also certe words whic cōmon in use are noted and expounded in the marger begin those notes at request of a gentlewoman who r not poētycall words or termes. I trust those and t my notes throughout the booke, shall not be hurtf Reader.

## HEARBES

¶ *The Frute of reconciliation,*

Written upon a reconciliation be-  
twene two freendes.

¶  
THe hatefull man that heapeth in his mynde,  
Cruell revenge of wronges forepast and done,  
May not (with ease) ye pleasaunt pathway finde,  
Of friendly verse which I have now begone,  
Unlesse at first his angry brest untwinde,  
The crooked knot which canckred choller knit,  
And then recule with reconciled grace.  
Likewise I finde it sayde in holy write,  
If thou entend to turne thy fearefull face,  
To God above: make thyne agreement yet,  
First with thy Brother whom thou didst abuse,  
Confesse thy faultes, thy fowardnesse and all,  
So that the Lord thy prayer not refuse.  
When I consider this, and then the brall,  
Which raging youth (I will not me excuse)  
Did whilome breede in mine unmellowed brayne,  
I thought it meete before I did assay,  
To write in ryme the double golden gayne,  
Of amitie: first yet to take away  
The grutch of grief, as thou doest me constraine,  
By due desert whereto I now must yeeld,  
And drowne for aye in depth of *Letbes* lake,  
Disdaynefull moods whom frendship cannot weelde:  
Pleading for peace which for my parte I make  
Of former strife, and henceforth let us write  
The pleasant frutes of faythfull friends delight.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

## HEARBES

Two gentlemen did run three courses at the Ring for one kisse to be takē of a fair gentlewoman being then present, with this condicion, that the winner should have the kisse, and the loser be bound to write some verses upon the gaine or losse therof. Now it fortuned that the winner triumphed, saying, he much lamented that in youth he had not seen the warres. Whereupon the loser compyled these following, in discharge of the condition above rehearsed.

**T**HIS vaine availe which thou by *Mars* hast woonne,  
Should not allure thy flitting minde to feelde,  
Where sturdie steeds in depth of dangers roonne,  
By guttes wel gnawen by clappes that Canons yelde.  
Where faithlesse friendes by warrefare waxen ware,  
And runne to him that giveth best rewarde :  
No feare of lawes can cause them for to care,  
But robbe and reave, and steale without regarde,  
The fathers coate, the brothers steede from stall :  
The deare friendes purse shall picked be for pence,  
The native soile, the parentes left and all,  
With *Tant tra tant*, the Campe is marching hence.  
But when bare beggrie bidds them to beware,  
And late repentance rules them to retire,  
Like hivelesse Bees they wander here and there,  
And hang on them who (earst) did dreade their ire.  
This cut throte life (me seemes) thou shouldst not like,  
And shunne the happie haven of meane estate :  
High *Jove* (perdy) may sende what thou doest seeke,  
And heape up poundes within thy quiet gate.  
Nor yet I would that thou shouldst spende thy dayes  
In idlenesse to teare a golden time :  
Like countrey loutes, which compt none other praise,  
But grease a sheepe, and learne to serve the swine.  
In vaine were then the giftes which nature lent,  
If *Pan* so presse to passe dame *Pallas* lore :  
But my good friende, let thus thy youth be spent,  
Serve God thy Lord, and prayse him evermore.  
Search out the skill which learned booke do teach,  
And serve in feeld when shadowes make thee sure :  
Hold with the head, and row not past thy reach.

## HEARBES

But plead for peace which plenty may procure.  
And (for my life) if thou canst run this race,  
Thy bagges of coyne will multiply apace.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

Not long after the writing hereof: he departed from the company of his sayd friend (whom he entirely loved) into the west of Englande, and feeling himselfe so consumed by womens craft that he doubted of a safe returne: wrote before his departure as followeth.

**T**He feeble thred which *Lachesis* hath sponne,  
To drawe my dayes in short abode with thee,  
Hath wrought a webbe which now (welneare) is donne,  
The wale is worne: and (all to late) I see  
That lingring life doth dally but in vaine,  
For *Atropos* will cut the twist in twaine.

I not discerne what life but lothsome were,  
When faithfull friends are kept in twayne by want:  
Nor yet perceive what pleasure doth appeere,  
To deepe desires where good successe is skant.  
Such spight yet showes dame fortune (if she frowne,)  
The haughty harts in high mishaps to drowne.

Hot be the flames which boyle in friendly mindes,  
Cruell the care and dreadfull is the doome:  
Slipper the knot which tract of time untwynds,  
Hatefull the life and welcome were the toome.  
Blest were the day which might devoure such youth,  
And curst the want that seekes to choke such trueth.

This wayling verse I bathe in flowing teares,  
And would my life might end with these my lines:  
Yet strive I not to force into thine eares,  
Such fayned plaints as fickell faith resignes.  
But high foresight in dreames hath stopt my breath,  
And causde the Swanne to sing before his death.

## HEARBES

For lo these naked walles do well declare,  
My latest leave of thee I taken have:

And unknowne coastes which I must seeke with care  
Do well divine that there shalbe my grave:

There shall my death make many for to mone,  
Skarce knowne to them, well knowne to thee alone.

This bowne of thee (as last request) I crave,  
When true report shall sounde my death with fame:  
Vouchsafe yet then to go unto my grave,  
And there first write my byrth and then my name:  
And how my life was shortned many yeares,  
By womens wyles as to the world appeares.

And in reward of graunt to this request,  
Permit O God my young these woordes to tell:  
(When as his pen shall write upon my chest)  
With shriking voyce mine owne deare friend farewell:  
No care on earth did seeme so much to me,  
As when my corps was forst to part from thee.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

✓ He wrote to the same friend from Excester,  
this Sonet following.

**A** Hundreth sonnes (in course but not in kind)  
Can witnesse well that I possesse no joye:  
The feare of death which fretteth in my mind  
Consumes my hart with dread of darke anoye.  
And for eche sonne a thousand broken sleepes  
Devide my dreames with fresh recourse of cares:  
The youngest sister sharpe hir sheare she keepes,  
To cut my thred, and thus my life it weares.  
Yet let such daies, such thousand restlesse nights,  
Spit forth their spite, let fates eke shewe their force:  
Deathes daunting dart where so his buffet lights,  
Shall shape no change within my friendly corse:  
But dead or live, in heaven, in earth, in hell  
I wilbe thine where so my carkase dwell.

*Si fortunatus infelix.*

## HEARBES

He wrote to the same friend from Founteine belle eau in Fraunce, this Sonnet in commendation of the said house of Fountaine bel'eau.

✓  
N<sub>o</sub>t stately *Troye* though *Priam* yet did live,  
Could now compare *Founteine bel'eau* to *passe* :  
Nor *Syrian* towers, whose loftie steppes did strive,  
To climbe the throne where angry *Saturne* was,  
For outward shew the ports are of such price,  
As skorne the cost which *Cesar* spilt in *Rome* :  
Such works within as stayne the rare devise,  
Which whilome he *Apelles* wrought on toome.  
Swift *Tiber* floud which fed the *Romayne* pooles,  
Puddle to this where *Christall* melts in stremes,  
The pleasaunt place where *Muses* kept their schooles,  
(Not parcht with *Phæbe*, nor banisht from his beames)  
Yeld to those Dames, nor sight, nor fruite, nor smell,  
Which may be thought these gardens to excell.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

He wrote unto a Skotish Dame whom he chose  
for his Mistresse in the French Court,  
as followeth.

L<sub>o</sub>ady receyve, receive in gracious wise,  
This ragged verse, these rude ill skribled lines :  
Too base an object for your heavenly eyes,  
For he that writes his freedome (lo) resignes  
Into your handes : and freely yelds as thrall  
His sturdy necke (earst subject to no yoke)  
But bending now, and headlong prest to fall,  
Before your feete, such force hath beauties stroke.  
Since then mine eyes (which skornd our English dames)  
In forrayne courtes have chosen you for fayre,  
Let be this verse true token of my flames,  
And do not drench your owne in deepe dispayre.  
Onely I crave (as I nill change for new)  
That you vouchsafe to thinke your servaunt trew.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

## HEARBES

A Sonet written in prayse of the browne beautie, co  
for the love of Mistresse E. P. as foloweth.

**T**He thrifles thred which pampred beauty spi  
In thraldom binds the foolish gazing eyes :  
As cruell Spiders with their crafty ginnes,  
In worthlesse webbes doe snare the simple Flies.  
The garments gay, the glittering golden gite,  
The tysing talk which flowes from *Pallas* poolies  
The painted pale, the (too much) red made whit  
Are smiling baytes to fishe for loving fooles.  
But lo, when eld in toothlesse mouth appeares,  
And hoary heares in steede of beauties blaze :  
Then had I wist, doth teach repenting yeares,  
The tickle track of craftie *Cupides* maze.  
Twixt faire and foule therfore, twixt great and s  
A lovely nutbrownne face is best of all.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

Now to begin with another man, take these verses w  
to be sent with a ryng, wherein were engraved  
a Partrich in a Merlines foote.

**T**He Partridge in the pretie Merlines foote,  
Who feeleth hir force supprest with fearfuln  
And findes that strength nor strife can do hir b  
To scape the danger of hir deepe distresse :  
These wofull wordes may seeme for to reherse  
Which I must write in this waymenting verse.

What helpeth now (sayeth she) dame natures s  
To die my feathers like the dustie ground ?  
Or what prevayles to lend me winges at will  
Which in the ayre can make my bodie bound ?  
Since from the earth the dogges me drave perf  
And now aloft the Hauke hath caught my cor

## HEARBES

If chaunge of colours, could not me convey,  
Yet mought my wings have scapt the dogges despite :  
And if my wings did fayle to flie away,  
Yet mought my strength resist the Merlines might.  
But nature made the Merline mee to kill,  
And me to yeeld unto the Merlines will.

My lot is like (deere Dame) beleve me well,  
The quiet life which I full closely kept,  
Was not content in happie state to dwell,  
But forth in hast to gaze on thee it lept.  
Desire thy dogge did spring me up in hast,  
Thou wert the Hauke, whose tallents caught me fast.

What should I then, seeke meanes to flie away ?  
Or strive by force, to breake out of thy feete ?  
No, no, perdie, I may no strength assay,  
To strive with thee ywis, it were not meete.  
Thou art that Hauke, whom nature made to hent me,  
And I the Byrd, that must therewith content me.

And since Dame nature hath ordayned so,  
Hir happie hest I gladly shall embrace :  
I yeeld my will, although it were to wo,  
I stand content to take my grieve for grace :  
And seale it up within my secrete hart,  
Which seale receive, as token of my smart.

*Spræta tamen vivunt.*

A loving Lady being wounded in the spring time, and now  
galded eftsones with the remembrance of the  
spring, doth therfore thus bewayle.

**T**HIS tenth of March when *Aries* receyvd,  
Dame *Phæbus* rayes, into his horned head :  
And I my selfe, by learned lore perceyv'd,  
That *Ver* approcht, and frostie winter fled :  
I crost the *Thames*, to take the cherefull ayre,  
In open feeldes, the weather was so fayre.

## HEARBES

And as I rowed, fast by the further shore,  
I heard a voyce, which seemed to lament:  
Whereat I stay'd, and by a stately dore,  
I left my Boate, and up on land I went:  
Till at the last by lasting paine I found,  
The wofull wight, which made this dolefull soun

In pleasant garden (placed all alone)  
I sawe a Dame, who sat in weary wise,  
With scalding sighes, she uttred all hir mone,  
The ruefull teares, downe rayned from hir eyes:  
Hir lowring head, full lowe on hand she layde,  
On knee hir arme: and thus this Lady sayde,

Alas (quod she) behold eche pleasaunt greene,  
Will now renew his sommers livery,  
The fragrant flowers, which have not long bene  
Will florish now, (ere long) in bravery:  
The tender buddes, whom colde hath long kept  
Will spring and sproute, as they do now begin.

But I (alas) within whose mourning minde,  
The graffes of grief, are onely given to growe,  
Cannot enjoy the spring which others finde,  
But still my will, must wither all in woe:  
The cold of care, so nippes my joyes at roote,  
No sunne doth shine, that well can do them bo

The lustie *Ver*, which whilome might exchange  
My grieve to joy, and then my joyes encrease,  
Springs now elsewhere, and showes to me but s  
My winters woe, therefore can never cease:  
In other coasts, his sunne full cleare doth shine,  
And comforts lends to ev'ry mould but mine.

What plant can spring, that feeles no force of  
What floure can florish, where no sunne doth s  
These Bales (quod she) within my breast I bea  
To breake my barke, and make my pith to pir  
Needes must I fall, I fade both roote and rinde  
My braunches bowe at blast of ev'ry wind.

## HEARBES

This sayde: shee cast a glance and spied my face,  
By sight whereof, Lord how she chaunged hew?  
So that for shame, I turned backe apace  
And to my home, my selfe in hast I drew:  
And as I could hir wofull wordes reherse,  
I set them downe in this waymenting verse.

Now Ladies you, that know by whom I sing,  
And feele the winter, of such frozen wills:  
Of curtesie, yet cause this noble spring,  
To send his sunne, above the highest hilles:  
And so to shyne, uppon hir fading sprayes,  
Which now in woe, do wyther thus alwayes.

*Spraeta tamen vivunt.*

An absent Dame thus complayneth.

**M**uch like the seely Byrd, which close in Cage is pent,  
So sing I now, not notes of joye, but layes of deep lament.  
And as the hooded Hauke, which heares the Partrich spring,  
Who though she feele hir self fast tied, yet beats her bating wing:  
So strive I now to shewe, my feeble forward will,  
Although I know my labour lost, to hop against the Hill.  
The droppes of darke disdayne, did never drench my hart,  
For well I know I am belov'd, if that might ease my smart.  
Ne yet the privy coales, of glowing jellosie,  
Could ever kindle needlesse feare, within my fantasie.  
The rigor of repulse, doth not renew my playnt,  
Nor choyce of change doth move my mone, nor force me  
thus to faint.

Only that pang of Payne, which passeth all the rest,  
And cankerlike doth fret the hart, within the giltlesse brest.  
Which is if any bee, most like the panges of death,  
That present grief now gripeth me, and strives to stop my breath.  
When friendes in mind may meete, and hart in hart embrace,  
And absent yet are faine to playne, for lacke of time and place:  
Then may I compt their love, like seede that soone is sowne,  
Yet lacking droppes of heauely dew, with weedes is overgrowē.

## HEARBES

The Greyhound is agreev'd, although he see his game,  
If stil in slippe he must be stayde, when he would chase the same.  
So fares it now by me, who know my selfe belov'd  
Of one the best, in eche respect, that ever yet was prov'd.  
But since my lucklesse lot, forbids me now to taste,  
The dulcet fruites of my delight, therfore in woes I wast.  
And Swallow like I sing, as one enforced so,  
Since others reap the gaineful crop, which I with pain did sow.  
Yet you that marke my song, excuse my Swallowes voyce,  
And beare with hir unpleasent tunes, which cannot wel rejoice.  
Had I or lucke in love, or lease of libertie, (would be.  
Then should you heare some sweeter notes, so cleere my throte  
But take it thus in gree, and marke my playnsong well,  
No hart feelees so much hurt, as that, which doth in absence  
dwell.

*Spræta tamen vivunt.*

### In prayse of a Countesse.

**D**Esire of Fame would force my feeble skill,  
To prayse a Countesse by hir dew desert:  
But dread of blame holds backe my forward will,  
And quencht the coales which kindled in my hart.  
Thus am I plongd twene dread and deepe desire,  
To pay the dew which dutie doth require.

And when I call the mighty Gods in ayd  
To further forth some fine invention :  
My bashefull spirits be full ill afayd  
To purchase Payne by my presumption.  
Such malice reigne (sometimes) in heavenly minds,  
To punish him that prayseth as he finds.

For *Pallas* first, whose filed flowing skill,  
Should guyde my pen some pleasant words to write,  
With angry mood hath fram'd a froward will,  
To dashe devise as oft as I endite.  
For why? if once my Ladies gifts were knowne,  
*Pallas* should loose the prayses of hir owne.

## HEARBES

And bloody *Mars* by chaunge of his delight  
Hath made *Joves* daughter now mine enemie :  
In whose conceipt my Countesse shines so bright,  
That *Venus* pines for burning jelousie :  
She may go home to *Vulcane* now agayne,  
For *Mars* is sworne to be my Ladies swayne.

Of hir bright beames Dan *Phœbus* stands in dread,  
And shames to shine within our Horizon :  
Dame *Cynthia* holds in hir horned head,  
For feare to loose by like comparison :  
Lo thus shee lives, and laughs them all to skorne,  
Countesse on earth, in heaven a Goddesse borne.

And I sometimes hir servaunt, now hir friend,  
Whom heaven and earth for hir (thus) hate and blame :  
Have yet presumde in friendly wise to spend,  
This ragged verse, in honor of hir name ;  
A simple gift compared by the skill,  
Yet what may seeme so deere as such good will.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

The Lover declareth his affection, togither  
with the cause thereof.

**W**hen first I thee beheld in colours black and white,  
Thy face in forme wel framde w<sup>t</sup> favor blooming stil :  
My burning brest in cares did choose his chief delight,  
With pen to painte thy prayse, contrary to my skill :  
Whose worthinesse compar'd with this my rude devise,  
I blush and am abasht, this worke to enterprise.

But when I call to mind thy sundry gifts of grace,  
Full fraught with maners meeke in happy quiet mind :  
My hasty hand forthwith doth scribble on apace,  
Least willing hart might thinke, it ment to come behind :  
Thus do both hand and hart these carefull meetres use,  
Twixt hope and trembling feare, my duetie to excuse.

## HEARBES

Wherfore accept these lines, and banish darke disday:  
Be sure they come from one that loveth thee in chie  
And guerdon me thy friend in like with love agayne  
So shalt thou well be sure to yeeld me such relief,  
As onely may redresse my sorrowes and my smart:  
For proofer whereof I pledge (deare Dame) to thee m

*Meritum petere, grave.*

A Lady being both wronged by false suspect, and  
wounded by the durance of hir husband,  
doth thus bewray hir grief.

**G**ive me my Lute in bed now as I lie,  
And lock the doores of mine unluckie bo  
So shall my voyce in mournefull verse discrie  
The secrete smart which causeth me to lower:  
Resound you walles an Eccho to my mone,  
And thou cold bed wherein I lie alone,  
Beare witnesse yet what rest thy Lady takes,  
When other sleepe which may enjoy their ma  
In prime of youth when *Cupide* kindled fire,  
And warmd my will with flames of fervent lo  
To further forth the fruite of my desire,  
My freends deviside this meane for my behove.  
They made a match according to my mind,  
And cast a snare my fansie for to blind:  
Short tale to make: the deede was almost do  
Before I knew which way the worke begonne  
And with this lot I did my selfe content,  
I lent a liking to my parents choyse:  
With hand and hart I gave my free consent,  
And hung in hope for ever to rejoyce.  
I liv'd and lov'd long time in greater joy,  
Than shee which held king *Priams* sonne of  
But three lewd lots have chang'd my heaven  
And those be these, give eare and marke the  
First slander he, which alwayes beareth hate  
To happy harts in heavenly state that bide:

## HEARBES

Gan play his part to stirre up some debate,  
Whereby suspect into my choyse might glide.  
And by his meanes the slime of false suspect,  
Did (as I feare) my dearest friend infect.  
Thus by these twayn long was I plungd in paine,  
Yet in good hope my hart did still remaine.

But now (aye me) the greatest grief of all,  
(Sound loud my Lute, and tell it out my toong)  
The hardest hap that ever might befall,  
The onely cause wherfore this song is soong,  
Is this alas: my love, my Lord, my Roy,  
My chosen pheare, my gemme, and all my joye,  
Is kept perforce out of my dayly sight,  
Whereby I lacke the stay of my delight.

In loftie walles, in strong and stately towers,  
(With troubled minde in solitary sorte,)  
My lovely Lord doth spend his dayes and howers,  
A weary life devoyde of all disport.  
And I poore soule must lie here all alone,  
To tyre my trueth, and wound my will with mone:  
Such is my hap to shake my blooming time,  
With winters blastes before it passe the prime.

Now have you heard the summe of all my grief,  
Whereof to tell my hart (oh) rends in twayne:  
Good Ladies yet lend you me some relief,  
And beare a parte to ease me of my payne.  
My sortes are such, that wayng well my trueth,  
They might provoke the craggy rocks to rueth,  
And move these walles with teares for to lament,  
The lothsome life wherein my youth is spent.

But thou my Lute, be still, now take thy rest,  
Repose thy bones upon this bed of downe:  
Thou hast dischargd some burden from my brest,  
Wherfore take thou my place, here lie thee downe.  
And let me walke to tyre my restlesse minde,  
Untill I may entreate some curteous winde  
To blow these wordes unto my noble make,  
That he may see I sorow for his sake.

*Meritum petere, grave.*



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1. THE WISE IS ONE OF THE  
THE SIMPLE THING IS WISE  
ONE OF THE WISE IS THE WISE  
ONE THING WHICH YOU WANT SEEING BUT HAVE  
NOT SEEN TAKING IT THREE TIMES  
NOT SEEN AND WHILE HE WANTS SEEING  
AND IF YOU SEEING IT THINK I TALK  
YOU HAVE YOUR ANSWER ONE OF THE WISE  
YES IF YOU SEEING THE HE WILL SEE  
THAT'S THE ONE, THE SIMPLE ONE

## Horizon zero film

## *The shield of Loxe.* ୩୭

*L*'Eust d'amour, the shield of perfect love,  
The shield of love, the force of steadfast  
The force of faith which never will remove,  
But standeth fast, to bide the brunts of death  
That trustie targe, hath long borne off the bl  
And broke the thrusts, which absence at me

In dolefull dayes I lead an absent life,  
And wound my will with many a weary tho  
I plead for peace, yet sterue in stormes of sti  
I find debate, where quiet rest was sought.  
These panges with mo, unto my paine I pro  
Yet beare I all uppon my shield of love.

In colder cares are my conceipts consumd,  
Than Dido felt when false *Aeneas* fled:  
In surre more heat, than trusty *Troylus* fumde  
When craftie *Cressyde* dwelt with *Diomed*:  
My hope such frost, my hot desire such flam  
That I both fryse, and smoulder in the same

## HEARBES

So that I live, and die in one degree,  
Healed by hope, and hurt againe with dread:  
Fast bound by faith when fansie would be free,  
Untied by trust, though thoughts enthrall my head:  
Reviv'd by joyes, when hope doth most abound,  
And yet with grief, in depth of dolors drownd.

In these assaultes I feele my feebled force  
Begins to faint, thus wiered still in woes:  
And scarcely can my thus consumed corse,  
Hold up this Buckler to beare of these blowes:  
So that I crave, or presence for relief,  
Or some supplie, to ease mine absent grief.

### Lenvoie.

To you (deare Dame) this dolefull plaint I make,  
Whose onely sight may soone redresse my smart:  
Then shew your selfe, and for your servaunts sake,  
Make hast post hast, to helpe a faithfull harte:  
Mine owne poore shield hath me defended long,  
Now lend me yours, for elles you do me wrong.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

Councell to *Duglasse Dive* written upon this occasion. She  
had a booke wherein she had collected sundry good  
ditties of divers mens doings, in whiche booke she  
would needes entreat the aucthor to write  
some verses. And thereupon he wrote  
as followeth.

**T**O binde a bushe of thornes amongst sweete smelling floures,  
May make the posie seeme the worse, and yet the fault  
is ours:  
For throw away the thorne, and marke what will ensue?  
The posie then will shew it selfe, sweete, faire, and freshe of hew.  
A puttocke set on pearch, fast by a falcons side,  
Will quickly shew it selfe a kight, as time hath often tride.

## HEARBES

And in my musing minde, I feare to finde like fall,  
As just reward to recompence my rash attempts with  
Thou bidst, and I must bowe, thou wilt that I shall  
Thou canst commaund my wery muse some verses to en  
And yet perdie, thy booke is fraught with learned ve  
Such skill as in my musing minde I can none like re  
What followes then for me? but if I must needes w  
To set downe by the falcons side, my selfe a sillie k  
And yet the sillie kight, well weyde in each degree,  
May serve sometimes (as in his kinde) for mans com  
The kight can weede the worme, from corne and costly  
The kight cā kill the mowldiwarpe, in pleasant meads y<sup>t</sup>  
Out of the stately streetes, the kight can clese the  
As mē can clēse the worthlesse weedes, frō fruteful fallow  
And onely set aside the hennes poore progenie,  
I cannot see who can accuse the kight for fellonie.  
The falcon, she must feede on partritch, and on qu  
On pigeon, plover, ducke & drake, hearne, lapwing, teale,  
Hir hungrie throte devours both foode and deintie f  
Whereby I take occasion, thus boldly to compare.  
And as a sillie kight, (not falcon like that flie,

(a) The Hill  
where poetes  
fayne that  
the Muses  
sleepe.  
Nor yet presume to hover by mount *Hellycon* (a) on  
I frendly yet presume, upon my frends request,  
In barreine verse to shew my skill, then take it for  
And *Douty Douglasse* thou, that art of faulcons kind  
Give willing eare yet to the kight, and beare his words i  
Serve thou first God thy Lord, and prayse him eve  
Obey thy Prince and love thy make, by him set great  
Thy Parents follow next, for honor and for awe,  
Thy frends use alwaies faithfully, for so commands  
Thy seemely selfe at last, thou shalte likewise rega  
And of thy selfe this lesson learne, and take it as  
That looke how farre deserts, may seeme in thee  
So farre thou maist set out thy selfe, without empeach  
For this I dare avow, without selfe love (alight)  
It can scarce be that vertue dwell, in any earthly  
But if in such selfe love, thou seeme to wade so  
As fall to foule presumption, and judge thy selfe a  
Beware betimes and thinke in our (a) *Etymologie*,  
Such faults are plainly called pryd, and in french (b) *S*

(a) A true  
exposition.  
(b) Over-  
weening.



## HEARBES

Lo thus can I pore kight, adventure for to teach  
The falcon flie, and yet forewarne, she row not past hir reach.  
Thus can I weede the worme, which seeketh to devoure  
The seeds of vertue, which might grow within thee every houre.  
Thus can I kill the mowle, which else would overthrow  
The good foundacion of thy fame, with every litle blowe.  
And thus can I convey, out of thy comely brest,  
The sluttish heapes of peevish pride, which might defile the rest.  
Perchance some falcons flie, which will not greatly grutch,  
To learne thee first to love thy selfe, and then to love to mutch,  
But I am none of those, I list not so to range,  
I have mās meate enough at home, what need I thē seeke change.  
I am no peacocke I : my feathers be not gay,  
And though they were, I see my feete such fonde affectes to stay,  
I list not set to sale a thing so litle worth,  
I rather could kepe close my creast, than seeke to set it forth.  
Wherefore if in this verse, which thou commandst to flowe,  
Thou chaunce to fall on construeng, whereby some doubtes  
may grow,  
Yet grant this onely boone, peruse it twice or thrice,  
Disgest it well ere thou condemne the depth of my devise.  
And use it like the nut, first cracke the outward shell,  
Then trie the kirnell by the tast, and it may please thee well.  
Do not as barbers do, which wash beards curiously,  
Then cut them off, then cast them out, in open streetes to lie.  
Remember therewithall, my muze is tied in chaines,  
The goonshot of calamitie hath battred all my braynes.  
And though this verse scape out, take thou thereat no marke,  
It is but like a hedlesse flie, that tumbleth in the darke.  
It was thine owne request, remember so it was,  
Wherefore if thou dislike the same, then licence it to passe  
Into my brest againe, from whence it flew in hast,  
Full like a kight which not deserves by falcons to be plast:  
And like a stubbed thorne, which may not seeme to serve,  
To stād with such sweete smelling floures, like praises to deserve.  
Yet take this harmelesse thorne, to picke thy teeth withall,  
A tooth picke serves some use perdie, although it be but small.  
And when thy teeth therewith, be piked faire and cleane,  
Then bend thy tong no worse to me, than mine to thee hath bene.

*Ever or Never.*

## HEARBES

Councell given to master *Bartholomew Withipoll* a  
before his latter journey to Geane. 1572.

**M**ine owne good *Bat*, before thou hoyse up sail  
To make a furrowe in the foming seas,  
Content thy selfe to heare for thine availe,  
Such harmelesse words, as ought thee not displease.  
First in thy journey, jape not over much,  
What? laughest thou *Batte*, because I write so plain  
Bleeve me now it is a friendly touch,  
To use fewe words where friendship doth remaine.  
And for I finde, that fault hath runne to fast,  
Both in thy flesh, and fancie too sometime,  
Me thinks plaine dealing biddeth me to cast  
This bone at first amid my dogrell rime.  
But shall I say, to give thee grave advise?  
(Which in my head is (God he knowes) full geazon  
Then marke me well, and though I be not wise,  
Yet in my rime, thou maist perhaps find reason.  
First every day, beseech thy God on knee,  
So to direct thy staggring steppes alway,  
That he which every secrete thought doth see  
May holde thee in, when thou wouldest goe astray:  
And that he deigne to sende thee safe retoure,  
And quicke dispatche of that whiche is thy due:  
Lette this (my *Batte*) be bothe thy prime and hou  
Wherin also commend to *Nostre Dieu*,  
Thy good Companion and my verie frenyd,  
To whom I shoulde (but time woulde not permitte  
Have taken paine some ragged ryme to sende  
In trustie token, that I not forget  
His curtesie: but this is debte to thee,  
I promysde it, and now I meane to pay:  
What was I saying? sirra, will you see  
How soone my wittes were wandering astraye?  
I saye, praye thou for thee and for thy mate,  
So shipmen sing, and though the note be playne,  
Yet sure the musike is in heavenly state,  
When frends sing so, and know not how to fayne



## HEARBES

The nexte to GOD, thy Prince have still in mynde  
Thy countreys honor, and the common wealth :  
And flee from them, which fled with every wynde  
From native soyle, to forraine coastes by stealth :  
Theyr traynes are trustlesse, tending still to treason,  
Theyr smoothed tonges are lyned all with guyle,  
Their power slender, scarsly woorthe two peason,  
Their malice much, their wittes are full of wyle :  
Eschue them then, and when thou seest them, say,  
*Da, da, sir K, I may not come at you,*  
You cast a snare your countrey to betraye,  
And woulde you have me trust you now for true ?  
Remembre *Batte* the foolish blink eyed boye  
Which was at *Rome*, thou knowest whome I meane,  
Remember eke the preatie beardlesse toye,  
Whereby thou foundst a safe returne to *Geane*,  
Doe so againe : (God shielde thou shouldst have neede,)  
But rather so, than to forswear thy selfe :  
A loyall hearte, (beleeve this as thy Creede)  
Is evermore more woorth than worldly pelfe.  
And for one lesson, take this more of mee,  
There are three Ps almost in every place,  
From whiche I counsell thee alwayes to flee,  
And take good hede of them in any case,  
The first is poysone, perillous in deede  
To such as travayle with a heavie pursse :  
And thou my *Batte* beware, for thou hast neede,  
Thy pursse is lynde with paper, which is wursse :  
Thy billes of credite wil not they thinkst thou,  
Be bayte to sette *Italyan* hands on woorke ?  
Yes by my faye, and never worse than nowe,  
When every knave hath leysure for to lurke,  
And knoweth thou commest for the shelles of Christe :  
Beware therefore where ever that thou go,  
It may fall out that thou shalte be entiste  
To suppe sometimes with a *Magnifico*,  
And have a *Fico* foysted in thy dishe,  
Bycause thou shouldest disgeste thy meate the better :  
Beware therefore, and rather feede on fishe,  
Than learne to spell fyne fleshe with such a Letter.

There are  
to many of  
them in eve  
country.

A Misticie

## HEARBES

Some may present thee with a pounde or twaine  
Of Spanishe soape to washe thy lynnен white:  
Beware therefore, and thynke it were small gayne,  
To save thy shirte, and cast thy skinne off quite:  
Some cunning man maye teache thee for to ryde,  
And stiffe thy saddle all with Spanishe wooll,  
Or in thy stirrops have a toye so tyde,  
As both thy legges may swell thy buskins full:  
Beware therfore, and beare a noble porte,  
Drynke not for thyrste before an other taste:  
Lette none outlandishe Taylour take disperte  
To stiffe thy doublet full of such Bumbaste,  
As it may cast thee in unkindely sweate,  
And cause thy haire per companie to glyde,  
Straungers are fyne in many a propre feate:  
Beware therefore: the seconde *P.* is Pryde,  
More perillous than was the first by farre,  
For that infects but bloud and leaves the bones,  
This poysons all, and mindes of men doth marre,  
It findeth nookes to creepe in for the nones:  
First from the minde it makes the heart to swell,  
From thence the flesh is pampered every parte,  
The skinne is taught in Dyers shoppes to dwell,  
The haire is curle or frisled up by arte:  
Beleeve mee *Batte*, our Countreymen of late  
Have caughte such knackes abroade in forayne lande  
That most men call them *Devils incarnate*,  
So singular in theyr conceites they stande:  
Nowe sir, if I shall see your maistershippe  
Come home disguyssde and cladde in queynt araye,  
As with a piketoothe byting on your lippe,  
Your brave *Mustachyos* turnde the *Turky* waye,  
A Coptanckt hatte made on a Flemmish blocke,  
A nightgowne cloake downe trayling to your toes,  
A slender sloppé close couched to your docke,  
A curtold slipper, and a shorte silke hose:  
Bearing your Rapier pointe above the hilte,  
And looking bigge like *Marquise of all Beefe*,  
Then shall I coumpte your toyle and travayle spilte  
Bycause my seconde *P.* with you is cheefe.



## HEARBES

But forwardes nowe, although I stayde a while,  
My hindmost *P*, is worsse than bothe these two,  
For it both bones and bodie doth defile,  
With foulre blots than bothe those other doo.  
Shorte tale to make, this *P*, can beare no blockes,  
(God shielde me *Batte*, should beare it in his breast)  
And with a dashe it spellethe piles and pockes  
A perlous *P*, and woorsse than bothe the reste :  
Now though I finde no cause for to suspect  
My *Batte* in this, bycause he hath bene tryde,  
Yet since such Spanish buttons can infect  
Kings, Emperours, Princes and the world so wide,  
And since those sunnes do mellowe men so fast  
As most that travayle come home very ripe  
Although (by sweate) they learne to live and last  
When they have daunced after *Guydoes* pype :  
Therfore I thought it meete to warne my frende  
Of this foule *P*, and so an ende of *Ps*.  
Now for thy diet marke my tale to ende,  
And thanke me then, for that is all my fees.  
See thou exceede not in three double *U*s,  
The first is Wine, which may enflame thy bloud,  
The second Women, such as haunte the stewes,  
The thirde is Wilfulness, which dooth no good.  
These three eschue, or temper them alwayes :  
So shall my *Batte* prolong his youthfull yeeres,  
And see long *George* againe, with happie dayes,  
Who if he bee as faithfull to his feeres,  
As hee was wonte, will dayly pray for *Batte*,  
And for (a) *Peccoyde* : and if it fall out so,  
That *James a Parrye* doo but make good that,  
Which he hath sayde : and if he bee (no, no)  
The best companion that long *George* can finde,  
Then at the *Spawe* I promise for to bee  
In *Auguste* nexte, if God turne not my minde,  
Where as I would bee glad thy selfe to see :  
Till then farewell, and thus I ende my song,  
Take it in gree, for else thou doest mee wrong.

*Haud i&us sapio.*

(a) Sir Wil  
liam Morg  
of Peccoyd

## HEARBES

Gascouines woodmanship written to the L. Grey of upon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey ~~desirous~~ (a  
many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter  
& killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe the A  
with a crossebowe cum ferrimess and vouchsafed to  
company in the said exercise, calling him one of his  
men. Now the Author shooting very often, could  
hitte any deare, yea and oftentimes he let the heat  
by as though he had not seene thē. Whereat wh  
noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put  
remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and rea  
in killing of a winter deare, he thought good  
excuse it in verse.

**M**Y woorthy Lord, I pray you wonder not,  
To see your woodman shoothe so ofte awrie,  
Nor that he stands amased like a sot,  
And lets the harmlesse deare (unhurt) go by.  
Or if he strike a Doe which is but carren,  
Laugh not good Lord, but favoure such a fault,  
Take will in worth, he would faine hit the barren,  
But though his ~~marke~~ be good, his happe is naught:  
And therefore now I crave your Lordships leave,  
To tell you plaine what is the cause of this:  
First if it please your honour to perceyve,  
What makes your woodman shoothe so ofte amisse,  
Bleieve me L. the case is nothing strange,  
He shoothes awrie almost at every marke,  
His eyes have bene so used for to raunge,  
That now God knowes they be both dimme and da  
For proofe he beares the note of follie now,  
Who shottte sometimes to hit Philosophie,  
And aske you why? forsooth I make avow,  
Because his wanton wittes went all awrie. wood  
Next that, he shot to be a man of lawe, 2  
And spent sometime with learned Littleton,  
Yet in the end, he proved but a dawe,  
For lawe was darke and he had quickly done.

## HEARBES

Then could he with *Fitzbarbert* such a braine,  
As *Tully* had, to write the lawe by arte,  
So that with pleasure, or with little paine,  
He might perhaps, have caught a trewants parte.  
But all to late, he most mislike the thing  
Which most might helpe to guide his arrow streight: *be awair 1/16  
he lawe by arte  
the lawe by pence  
a professional*

He winked wrong, and so let slippe the string,  
Which cast him wide, for all his queint conceit.  
From thence he shott to catch a courtly grace, *3*  
And thought even there to wield the world at will,  
But out alas he much mistooke the place,  
And shot awrie at every rover still.  
The blasing baits which drawe the gazing eye,  
Unfethered there his first affection,  
No wonder then although he shot awrie,  
Wanting the feathers of discretion.  
Yet more than them, the marks of dignitie,  
He much mistooke and shot the wronger way, *4*  
Thinking the purse of prodigalitie,  
Had bene best meane to purchase such a pray.  
He thought the flattring face which fleareth still,  
Had bene full fraught with all fidelitie,  
And that such wordes as courtiers use at will,  
Could not have varied from the veritie.  
But when his bonet buttened with gold,  
His comelie cape begarded all with gay,  
His bumbast hose, with linings manifold,  
His knit silke stocks and all his queint array,  
Had pickt his purse of all the Peter pence,  
Which might have paide for his promotion, *+ a small sum in  
troupy*  
Then (all to late) he found that light expence.  
Had quite quencht out the courts devotion.  
So that since then the tast of miserie,  
Hath bene alwayes full bitter in his bit, *5*  
And why? forsooth because he shot awrie,  
Mistaking still the markes which others hit.  
But now behold what marke the man doth find,  
He shoothes to be a soilder in his age, *5*  
Mistrusting all the vertues of the minde, *\* intellect and humer only lead to*  
He trusts the power of his personage.

## HEARBES

As though long limmes led by a lusty hart,  
Might yet suffice to make him rich againe,  
But Flushyng fraies have taught him such a parte,  
That now he thinks the warres yeeld no such gaine.  
And sure I feare, unlesse your lordship deigne,  
To traine him yet into some better trade,  
It will be long before he hit the veine,  
Whereby he may a richer man be made.  
He cannot climbe as other catchers can,  
To leade a charge, before himselfe be led,  
He cannot spoile the simple sakeles man,  
Which is content to feede him with his bread.  
He cannot pinch the painefull souldiers pay,  
And sheare him out his share in ragged sheetes,  
He cannot stoupe to take a greedy pray pray,  
Upon his fellowes groveling in the streete.  
He cannot pull the spoyle from such as pill,  
And seeme full angrie at such foule offence,  
Although the gayne content his greedie will,  
Under the cloake of contrarie pretence:  
And now adayes, the man that shoothes not so,  
May shoote amisse, even as your Woodman dothe:  
But then you marvell why I lette them go,  
And never shoote, but saye farewell forsooth:  
Alas my Lord, while I doe muze hereon,  
And call to minde my youthfull yeares myspente:  
They give mee suche a boane to gnawe upon,  
That all my senses are in silence pente.  
My minde is rapte in contemplation,  
Wherin my dazeled eyes onely beholde,  
The blacke houre of my constellation,  
Which framed mee so lucklesse on the molde:  
Yet therewithall I can not but confesse,  
That vayne presumption makes my heart to swell,  
For thus I thinke, not all the worlde (I guesse,)  
Shoothes (a) bet than I, nay some shoothes not so w  
In Aristotle somewhat did I learne,  
To guyde my manners all by comelynesse,  
And Tullig taught me somewhat to discerne  
Betweene sweete speeche and barbarous rudenesse.

(a) better

## HEARBES

Olde Parkyns, Rastall, and Dan Braetens booke,  
Did lende mee somewhat of the lawlesse Lawe,  
The craftie Courtiers with their guylefull Tookes,  
Must needs put some experience in my mawe:  
Yet can not these with many maystries mo,  
Make me shoothe streyght at any gaynfull pricke,  
Where some that never handled such a bow,  
Can hit the white, or touch it neare the quicke,  
Who can nor speake, nor write in pleasant wise,  
Nor leade their life by Aristotles rule,  
Nor argue well on questions that arise,  
Nor pleade a case more than my Lord Mairs mule,  
Yet can they hit the marks that I do misse,  
And winne the meane which may the man mainteyne.

Now when my minde doth mumble upon this,  
No wonder then although I pine for Payne:  
And whiles mine eyes beholde this mirrour thus,  
The hearde goeth by, and farewell gentle does:  
So that your Lordship quickly may discusse  
What blindes mine eyes so ofte (as I suppose.)

But since my Muse can to my Lorde rehers <sup>poeth</sup>  
What makes me misse, and why I doe not shoothe,

Let me imagine in this woorthlesse verse,  
If right before mee, at my standings foote  
There stoode a Doe, and I should strike hir deade,  
And then shee prove a carrian carkas too,  
What figure might I finde within my head,

To scuse the rage whiche rulde mee so to doo?

Some myght interprete by playne paraphrase,

That lacke of skill or fortune ledde the chaunce,

But I must otherwise expounde the case, bygolde <sup>bygolde</sup>  
I say Jebova did this Doe advaunce,

And made hir bolde to stande before mee so,

Till I had thrust mine arrowe to hir harte,

That by the sodaine of hir overthrowe,

I myght endeavour to amende my parte,

And turne myne eyes that they no more beholde,

Such guylefull markes as seeme more than they be:

And though they glister outwardely like golde,

Are inwardly but brasse, as men may see:

## HEARBES

And when I see the milke hang in hir teate,  
Me thinkes it sayth, olde babe now learne to sucke.  
Who in thy youth couldst never learne the feate  
To hitte the whytes whiche live with all good luck  
Thus have I tolde my Lorde, (God graunt in seaso  
A tedious tale in rime, but little reason. word  
*Haud ictus sapio.*

Gascoignes gardnings, whereof were written in one  
a close walke whiche he hath in his Garden,  
discourse following.

**T**He figure of this world I can compare,  
To Garden plots, and such like pleasaunt pla  
The world breedes men of sundry shape and share,  
As hearbes in gardens, grow of sundry graces:  
Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,  
Some foule, some gentle, some of foward mind,  
Subject like bloome, to blast of every wind.

And as you see the floures most fresh of hew,  
That they prove not alwayes the holesomest,  
So fayrest men are not alwayes found true:  
But even as withred weedes fall from the rest,  
So flatterers fall naked from their neast:  
When truth hath tried, their painting tising tale,  
They loose their glosse, and all their jests seeme st

Yet some do present pleasure most esteeme,  
Till beames of braverie wither all their welth,  
And some agayne there be can rightly deeme,  
Those herbes for best, which may mainteine their  
Considering well, that age drawes on by stelth,  
And when the fayrest floure is shronke and gone,  
A well growne roote, will stand and shifte for one.

Then thus the restlesse life which men here lead  
May be resembled to the tender plant,  
In spring it sprouts, as babes in cradle breed,  
Florish in May, like youthes that wisdome want,  
In Autumne ripes and rootes, least store waxe skan  
In winter shrinks and shrowdes from every blast,  
Like crooked age when lusty youth is past.



## HEARBES

And as the grounde or grace whereon it grewe,  
Was fatte or leane, even so by it appeares,  
If barreyn soyle, why then it chaungeth hewe,  
It fadeth faste, it flits to fumbling yeares,  
But if he gathered roote amongst his feeres,  
And light on lande that was well muckte in deede,  
Then standes it still, or leaves increase of seede.

As for the reste, fall sundrie wayes (God wot)  
Some faynt lyke froathe at every little puffe,  
Some smarte by swoorde, like hearbes that serve the pot,  
And some be weeded from the finer stiffe,  
Some stande by propes to maynteyne all their ruffe:  
And thus (under correction bee it tolde)  
Hath *Gascoigne* gathered in his Garden molde.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

In that other ende of his sayde close walke,  
were written these toyes in ryme.

**I**F any floure that here is growne,  
Or any hearbe may ease your payne,  
Take and accompte it as your owne,  
But recompence the lyke agayne:  
For some and some is honest playe,  
And so my wyfe taughte me to saye.

If here to walke you take delight,  
Why come, and welcome when you will:  
If I bidde you suppe here this night,  
Bidde me an other time, and still  
Thinke some and some is honest playe,  
For so my wife taught me to saye.

Thus if you suppe or dine with mee,  
If you walke here, or sitte at ease,  
If you desire the thing you see,  
And have the same your minde to please,  
Thinke some and some is honest playe,  
And so my wife taught me to saye.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

## HEARBES

In a chayre in the same Garden was written  
this followyng.

**I**F thou sitte here to viewe this pleasant garden place  
Think thus: at last will come a frost, & all these  
floures deface:  
But if thou sitte at ease to rest thy wearie bones,  
Remember death brings finall rest to all oure greevous grones,  
So whether for delight, or here thou sitte for ease,  
Thinke still upon the latter day, so shalt thou God best please.

*Haud ictus sapio.*

Upon a stone in the wall of his Garden he had written the  
yeare wherein he did the coste of these devises,  
and therewithall this posie in Latine.

*Quoniam etiam humiliatos, amoena delectant.*

Gascoignes voyage into *Hollande*. An. 1572. written to the  
right honourable the Lorde Grey of *Wilton*.

(a) best  
beloved

(b) in good  
worth

**A** Straunge conceyte, a vayne of newe delight,  
Twixt weale and woe, twixte joy and bitter grieve,  
Hath pricked foorth my hastic penne to write  
This woorthlesse verse in hazarde of repreefe:  
And to mine (a) *Alderlievest* Lorde I must endite  
A wofull case, a chippe of sorie chaunce,  
A tipe of heaven, a lively hew of hell,  
A feare to fall, a hope of high advance,  
A life, a death, a drearie tale to tell.  
But since I know the pith of my pastaunce  
Shall most consist in telling of a truth,  
Vouchsafe my Lord (b) (*en bon grē*) for to take  
This trustie tale the storie of my youth,  
This Chronicle which of my selfe I make,  
*To shew my Lord what healplesse happe ensewth,*

## HEARBES

When heddy youth will gad without a guide,  
And raunge untide in leas of libertie,  
Or when bare neede a starting hole hath spide  
To peepe abroade from mother Miserie,  
And buildeth Castels in the Welkin wide,  
In hope thereby to dwell with wealth and ease.  
But he the Lord (whome my good Lord doth know)  
Can bind or lose, as best to him shall please,  
Can save or spill, rayse up or overthrowe,  
Can gauld with griefe, and yet the Payne appease.  
Which thing to prove if so my L. take time,  
(When greater cares his head shall not possesse)  
To sitte and reade this raunging ragged rime,  
I doubt not then but that he will confesse,  
What falles I found when last I leapt to clime.  
In March it was, that cannot I forget,  
In this last March upon the nintenth day,  
When from Gravesend in boate I gan to jette  
To boorde our shippe in *Quinborough* that lay,  
From whence the very twentieth day we set  
Our sayles abroade to slice the Salt sea fome,  
And ancors weyde gan trust the trustlesse floud:  
That day and night amid the waves we rome  
To seeke the coast of *Holland* where it stooede.  
And on the next when we were farre from home,  
And neare the haven whereto we sought to sayle,  
A fearely chaunce: (whereon alone to thinke  
My hande now quakes, and all my senses fayle)  
Gan us befall: the *Pylot* gan to shrinke,  
And all agaste his courage seemde to quayle.  
Whereat amazed, the Maister and his mate  
Gan aske the cause of his so sodeyne chaunge,  
And from alofte the Stewarde of our state,  
(The sounding plumbe) in haste poste hast must raunge,  
To trye the depth and goodnesse of our gate.  
Mee thinkes (even yet) I heare his heavie voyce,  
(a) Fadome three, four, foote more, foote lesse, that cride: (a) Fadome three, four, foote more, foote lesse, that cride: & a half, three ho.  
Mee thinkes I heare the fearefull whispering noyse,  
Of such as sayde full softly (me beside)  
God graunte this journey cause us to rejoyce,

## HEARBES

When I poore soule, which close in caban laye,  
And there had reaht till gaule was welneare burst,  
With giddie head, my stumbling steppes must stay  
To looke abroade as boldly as I durst.  
And whyles I hearken what the Saylers saye,  
The sownder sings, fadame two full no more.  
Aloofe, aloofe, then cried the Maister out,  
The Stearesmate strives to sende us from the shore,  
And trustes the stremme, whereof wee earst had doub  
Tweene two extreeme thus were we tossed sore,

(b) When all  
sayles are  
take downe.  
And went to (b) *Hull*, untill we leyzure had  
To talke at large, and eke to know the cause  
What moode had made our *Pylot* looke so sad.  
At last the Dutche with butterbitten jawes,  
(For so he was a Dutche, a Devill, a swadde,  
A foole, a drunkarde, or a traytour tone)  
Gan aunsweare thus: (c) *Ghy zijt te vroegh* here come  
(d) *Tis niet goet tijt* and standing all alone,  
Gan preache to us, which fooles were all and some  
To trust him foole, in whom there skill was none.  
Or what knew wee if *Albaes* subtil brayne  
(So to prevent our enterpryse by treazon)  
Had him subornde to tice us to this trayne  
And so him selfe (*per Companye* and seazon)  
For spite, for hate, or else for hope of gayne.  
This must we thinke that (e) *Alba* would not spare  
To give out gold for such a sinfull deede:  
And glistring gold can oftentimes ensnare,  
More perfect wits than *Holland* soyle doth breed.  
But let that passe, and let us now compare  
Our owne fond fact with this his foule offence.  
We knew him not, nor where he wond that time,  
Nor if he had *Pylots* experience,  
Or *Pylots* crafte, to cleare him selfe from crime.  
Yea more than that (how voyde were we of sense  
We had small smacke of any tale he tolde,  
He powrde out Dutche to drowne us all in drinke  
And we (wise men) upon his words were bolde,  
To runne on head: but let me now bethinke  
The masters speech: and let me so unfold

(c) You be  
to soone  
(d) It is not  
good tide,  
(e) the  
Duke.



## HEARBES

The depth of all this foolish oversight.  
The master spake even like a skilfull man,  
And sayde I sayle the Seas both day and night,  
I know the tides as well as other can,  
From pole to pole I can the courses plight :  
I know France, Spaine, Greece, Denmarke, Daūsk & all,  
Frize, Flaunders, Holland, every coast I know,  
But truth to tell, it seldom doth befall,  
That English merchants ever bend their bowe  
To shoote at *Breyll*, where now our flight should fall,  
They send their shafts farder for greater gayne.  
So that this haven is yet (quoth he) (a) unkouth,  
And God graunt now that England may attayne  
Such gaines by *Breyll*, (a gospell on that mouth)  
As is desired : thus spake the master playne.  
And since (saide he) my selfe knew not the sowne,  
How could I well a better *Pylos* fynde,  
Than this (which first) did saye he dwelt in towne,  
And knew the way where ever sat the wynde ?  
While we thus talke, all sayles are taken downe,  
And we to *Hull* (as earst I sayd) gan wend,  
Till full two houres and somewhat more were past.  
Our guyde then spake in Dutch and bad us bend  
All sayles againe : for now quod he (at last)  
(a) *Die tijt is goet, dat heb ick weell bekend.*  
Why staye I long to ende a wofull tale ?  
We trust his Dutch, and up the foresayle goes,  
We fall on knees amyd the happy gale,  
(Which by Gods will full kynd and calmely blowes)  
And unto him we there unfolde our bale,  
Wherleon to thinke I wryte and weepe for joye,  
That pleasant song the hundreth and seventh Psalme,  
There dyd we reade to comfort our annoye,  
Which to my soule (me thought) was sweete as balme,  
Yea farre more sweete than any worldly toye.  
And when he had with prayers praysd the Lord,  
Our (b) *Edell Bloetts*, gan fall to eate and drinke,  
And for their sauce, at takyng up the borde  
The shippe so strake (as all we thought to sinke)  
Against the ground. Then all with one accord

(a) un-  
known

(a) It is goo-  
tide that  
know I well

(b) Lusty  
gallants

## HEARBES

We fell againe on knees to pray apace,  
And therewithall even at the second blowe,  
(The number cannot from my minde outpace)  
Our helme strake of, and we must fleete and flowe,  
Where winde and waves would guide us by their g  
The winde waxt calme as I have sayde before,  
(O mightie God so didst thou swage our woes)  
The silly shippe was sowst and smitten sore,  
With counter buffetts, blowes and double blowes.  
At last the keele which might endure no more,  
Gan rende in twayne and suckt the water in :  
Then might you see pale lookes and wofull cheare,  
Then might you heare loude cries and deadly dinne  
Well noble minds in perils best appeare,  
And boldest harts in bale will never blinne.  
For there were some (of whome I will not say  
That I was one) which never changed hew,  
But pump't apace, and labord every way  
To save themselves, and all their lovely crew,  
Which cast the best fraught overboorde away,  
Both corne and cloth, and all that was of weight.  
Which halde and pulde at every helping corde,  
Which prayed to God and made their conscience st  
As for my self: I here protest my Lorde,  
My words were these: O God in heaven on heigh  
Behold me not as now a wicked wight,  
A sacke of sinne, a wretch ywrapt in wroth,  
Let no fault past (O Lord) offend thy sight,  
But weye my will which now those faults doth lot  
And of thy mercy pittie this our plight.  
Even thou good God which of thy grace didst saye  
That for one good, thou wouldest all *Sodome* save,  
Behold us all: thy shyning beames displaye,  
Some here (I trust) thy goodnesse shall engrave,  
To be chast vessels unto thee alwaye,  
And so to live in honour of thy name:  
Beleve me Lord, thus to the Lord I sayde.  
But there were some (alas the more their blame)  
Which in the pumpe their onely comfort layde,  
And trusted that to turne our griefe to game.



## HEARBES

Alas (quod I) our pumpe good God must be,  
Our sayle, our sterne, our tackling, and our trust.  
Some other cried to cleare the shipboate free,  
To save the chiefe and leave the rest in dust.  
Which word once spoke (a wondrous thing to see)  
All hast post hast, was made to have it done:  
And up it commes in hast much more than speede.  
There did I see a wofull worke begonne,  
Which now (even now) doth make my hart to bleede.  
Some made such hast that in the boate they wonne,  
Before it was above the hatches brought.  
Straunge tale to tell, what hast some men shall make  
To find their death before the same be sought.  
Some twixt the boate and shippe their bane do take,  
Both drownd and slayne with braynes for hast crusht out.  
At last the boat halfe fraughted in the aire  
Is hoyst alofte, and on the seas downe set,  
When I that yet in God could not dispaire,  
Still plide the pumpe, and patiently did let  
All such take boate as thither made repaire.  
And herewithall I safely may protest  
I might have wonne the boate as wel as one,  
And had that seemed a safetie for the rest  
I should percase even with the first have gone.  
But when I saw the boate was over prest  
And pestred full with moe than it might beare,  
And therewithall with cherefull looke might see  
My chiefe companions whome I held most deare  
(Whose companie had thither trained me)  
Abiding still aboorde our shippe yfeare:  
Nay then (quoth I) good God thy will be done,  
For with my feeres I will both live and dye.  
And eare the boate farre from our sight was gon  
The wave so wrought, that they (which thought to flee  
And so to scape) with waves were overronne.  
Lo how he strives in vaine that strives with God  
For there we lost the flowre of the band,  
And of our crew full twentie soules and odde,  
The Sea sucks up, whils we on hatches stand  
In smarting feare to feele that selfe same rodde.

Yorke and  
Herle.

## HEARBES

Well on (as yet) our battred barke did passe,  
And brought the rest within a myle of lande,  
Then thought I sure now neede not I to passe,  
For I can swymme and so escape this sande.  
Thus dyd I deeme all carelesse like an Asse,  
When sodaynely the wynde our foresayle tooke,  
And turnd about and brought us eft to Seas.  
Then cryed we all, cast out the ancor hooke,  
And here let byde such helpe as god may please :  
Which ancor cast, we soone the same forsooke,  
And cut it off, for feare least thereupon  
Our shippe should bowge, then calld we fast for fi  
And so dischargde our great gunnes everychone,  
To warne the towne thereby of our desire :  
But all in vayne, for succor sent they none.  
At last a Hoy from Sea came flinging fast,  
And towards us helde course as streight as lyne.  
Then might you see our hands to heaven up cast  
To render thanks unto the power devine,  
That so vouchsaft to save us yet at last :  
But when this Hoy gan (welneere) boorde our bark  
And might perceive what peryll we were in,  
It turnd a way and left us still in (a) carke,  
This tale is true (for now to lie were sin)  
It lefte us there in dreade and daungers darke.  
It lefte us so, and that within the sight  
And hearing both of all the peare at *Breyll*.  
Now ply thee pen, and paint the foule despite  
Of drunken Dutchmen standing there even still,  
For whom we came in their cause for to fight,  
For whom we came their state for to defende,  
For whom we came as friends to grieve their foes,  
They now disdaynd (in this distresse) to lend  
One helping boate for to asswage our woes :  
They sawe our harmes the which they would not  
And had not bene that God even then did rayse  
Some instruments to succor us at neede,  
We had bene sunk and swallowed all in Seas.  
But Gods will was (in way of our good speede)  
That on the peare (lamenting our mysease)

(a) care

## HEARBES

Some englishe were, whose naked swordes did force  
The drunken dutch, the cankred churles to come,  
And so at last (not moved by remorse,  
But forst by feare) they sent us succor some :  
Some must I say : and for to tell the course,  
They sent us succor saust with sowre despite,  
They saved our lives and spoylde us of the rest,  
They stale our goods by day and eke by night,  
They shewed the worst and closely kept the best.  
And in this time (this treason must I wryte)  
Our *Pylot* fled, but how? not emptie handed :  
He fled from us, and with him did conveye  
A Hoy full fraught (whiles we meane while were landed)  
With pouder, shotte, and all our best araye :  
This skill he had, for all he set us sanded.  
And now my Lord, declare your noble mynde,  
Was this a *Pylot*, or a *Pilate* judge? —  
Or rather was he not of *Judas* kynde :  
Which left us thus and close away could trudge?  
Well, at the *Bryell* to tell you what we finde,  
The Governour was all bedewed with drinke,  
His truls and he were all layde downe to sleepe,  
And we must shift, and of our selves must thinke  
What meane was best, and how we best might keepe  
That yet remaynd: the rest was close in clinke.  
Well, on our knees with trickling teares of joye,  
We gave God thanks: and as we might, did learne  
What might be founde in every (a) pynke and hoye.  
And thus my Lord, your honour may deserne  
Our perils past, and how in our anoye  
God saved me (your Lordshippes bound for ever)  
Who else should not be able now to tell,  
The state wherein this countrey doth persever,  
Ne how they seeme in carelesse mindes to dwell.  
(So did they earst and so they will do ever)  
And to my Lord for to bewray my minde  
Me thinkes they be a race of Bulbeefe borne,  
Whose hartes their Butter mollyfieth by kinde,  
And so the force of beefe is cleane outworne :  
And eke their braines with double beere are lynde :

(a) A Small  
bote.

## HEARBES

So that they march bumbast with buttred beere,  
Like soppes of browesse puffed up with froth,  
Where inwardely they be but hollowe geere,  
As weake as wind, which with one pufte up goeth :  
And yet they bragge, and thinke they have no peere,  
Bicause *Harlem* hath hitherto helde out,  
Although in deed (as they have suffred *Spayne*)  
The ende thereof even now doth rest in doubt.  
Well, as for that, let it (for me) remaine  
In God his hands, whose hand hath brought me out,  
To tell my Lord this tale nowe tane in hande,  
As howe they traine their trezons all in drinke,  
And when them selves for drunk can scarcely stande,  
Yet sucke out secrete (as them selves do thinke)  
From guests. The best (almost) in all their lande,  
(I name no man, for that were brode before)  
Will (as men say) enure the same sometime,  
But surely this (or I mistake him sore)  
Or else he can (but let it passe in rime)  
Dissemble deepe, and mocke sometimes the more :  
Well, drunkennesse is here good companie,  
And therewithall *per consequens* it falles  
That whordome is accompted jollitie :  
A gentle state, where two suche *Tenisballes*  
Are tossed still and better bowles let lie.  
I cannot herewith from my Lord conceale,  
How *God* and *Mammon* here do dwell yfeare,  
And how the *Masse* is cloaked under veale  
Of pollicie, till all the coast be cleare.  
Ne can I chuse, but I must ring a peale,  
To tell what hypocrytes the Nunnes here be :  
And how the olde Nunnes be content to go,  
Before a man in streates like mother B,  
Untill they come wheras there dwels a *Ho*,  
(*Re:ceyve that halfe, and let the rest go free*)  
There can they poynt with finger as they passe,  
Yea sir, sometimes they can come in themselfe,  
To strike the bergaine tweene a wanton lasse,  
And *Edel bloets* : nowe is not this good pelfe ?  
As for the yong Nunnes, they be bright as glasse,



## HEARBES

And chaste forsooth, *met v*: and *anders niet*:  
What sayde I? what? that is a misterie,  
I may no verse of such a theame endite,  
Yong *Rowlande Yorke* may tell it bet than I:  
Yet to my Lorde this little will I write,  
That though I have (my selfe) no skill at all,  
To take the countnance of a *Colonel*,  
Had I a good *Lieutenant general*,  
As good *John Zuche* wherever that he dwel,  
Or else *Ned Dennye* (faire mought him befal)  
I coulde have brought a noble regiment  
Of smugskinnde Nunnes into my countrey soyle:  
But farewell they as things impertinent,  
Let them (for me) go dwell with master *Moyle*,  
Who hath behight to place them well in Kent.  
And I shall well my sillie selfe content,  
To come alone unto my lovely Lorde,  
And unto him (when riming sporte is spent)  
To tel some sadde and reasonable worde,  
Of *Hollandes* state, the which I will present,  
In Cartes, in Mappes, and eke in Models made,  
If God of heaven my purpose not prevent.  
And in meane while although my wits do wade  
In ranging rime, and fling some follie foorth,  
I trust my Lorde will take it well in woorth.

*Haud ictus sapio.*



# WEEDES.

*Tam Marti quam Mercurio.*

---

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## WEEDES

¶ The fruite of Fetters: with the complaint  
of the greene Knight, and his Farewell  
to Fansie.

¶  
Reat be the greefes which bruze the boldest brests,  
And al to seelde we see such burdens borne,  
For cruell care (which reaveth quiet rests)  
Hath oftentimes the woorthiest willes foreworne,  
And layed such weight upon a noble harte,  
That wit and will have both given place to smarte.

For prooфе wheroſ I tel this woful tale,  
(Give eare that list, I force no frolickе mindes)  
But ſuſh as can abide to heare of bale,  
And rather rue the rage which Fansie findes,  
Than ſcorne the pangs which may procure their pine,  
Let them give eare unto theſe rimes of mine.

I teare my time (ay me) in prison pent,  
Wherin the floure of my consuming yeares,  
With ſecret grief my reaſon doth torment,  
And frets it ſelf (perhaps) with needleſſe feares:  
For whyles I ſtrive againſt the ſtreame too fast,  
My forces faile, and I muſt downe at laſt.

The hasticke Vine for ſample miſt me ſerve,  
Which climbs too high about the loftie tree,  
But when the twist his tender jointes doth carve,  
Then fades he fast, that ſought full fresh to bee:  
He fades and faintes before his fellowes faile,  
Which lay full lowe, and never hoyst up ſaile.

Ay me, the dayes which I in dole conſume,  
Ah las, the nightes which witneſſe well my woe,  
O wrongful world which makſt my fansie fume,  
Fie fickle Fortune, fie thou arte my foe,  
Out and alas, ſo frowarde is my chaunce,  
No dayes nor nightes, nor worldeſ can me aduaunce.

## WEEDES

In recklesse youth, the common plague of Love  
Infected me (al day) with carelesse minde,  
Entising dames my patience still did prove,  
And blearde mine eyes, till I became so blinde,  
That seing not what furie brought mee foorth,  
I followed most (awyses) that least was woorth.

In middle yeares, the reache of Reasons reine  
No sooner gan to bridle in my will,  
Nor naked neede no sooner gan constreine  
My rash decay to breake my sleepes by skill,  
But streight therewith hope set my heart on flame,  
To winne againe both wealth and worthy name.

And thence proceeds my most consuming griefe,  
For whyles the hope of mine unyolden harte  
In endlesse toyles did labor for reliefe,  
Came crabbed Chance and marrde my merry marte:  
Yea, not content with one fowle overthrowe,  
So tied me fast for tempting any mo.

She tied me fast (alas) in golden chaines,  
Wherein I dwell, not free, nor fully thrall,  
Where guilefull love in double doubt remaines,  
Nor honie sweet, nor bitter yet as gall:  
For every day a patterne I beholde  
Of scortching flame, which makes my heart full cole

And every night, the rage of restlesse thought  
Doth raise me up, my hope for to renewe,  
My quiet bed which I for solace sought,  
Doth yrke mine eares, when still the warlike crewe  
With sounde of drummes, and trumpets braying shri  
Relieve their watch, yet I in thralldome still.

The common joy, the cheere of companie,  
Twixt mirth and moane doth plundge me evermore  
For pleasant talke, or Musicks melodie,  
Yeld no such salve unto my secret sore,  
But that therewith this corsive coms me too,  
Why live not I at large as others doo?

## WEEDES

Lo thus I live in spite of cruell death,  
And die as fast in spite of lingring life,  
Fedde still with hope which doth prolong my breath,  
But choakte with feare, and strangled still with strife,  
Starke staring blinde bicause I see too much,  
Yet gasing still bicause I see none such.

Amid these pangs (O subtil Cordial)  
Those farrefet sighes which most mens mindes eschewe,  
Recomforte me, and make the furie fall,  
Which fedde the roote from whence my fits renewe:  
They comforte me (ah wretched doubtfull clause)  
They helpe the harme, and yet they kill the cause.

Where might I then my carefull corpse convay  
From companie, which worketh all my woe?  
How might I winke or hide mine eyes alway,  
Which gaze on that wherof my grieve doth growe?  
How might I stoppe mine eares, which hearken still,  
To every joy, which can but wounde my will?

How should I seeme my sighes for to suppresse,  
Which helpe the heart that else would swelt in sunder?  
Which hurt the helpe that makes my torment lesse?  
Which helpe and hurte (oh wofull wearie wonder)  
One seely hart[e] thus toste twixt helpe and harme,  
How should I seeme, such sighes in tyme to charme?

How? how but thus? in solitarie wise  
To steppe aside, and make high way to moane:  
To make two fountaines of my dazled eies,  
To sigh my fill till breath a[n]d all be gone:  
So sighed the knight of whome *Bartello* writes,  
All cladde in Greene, yet banisht from delights.

And since the storye is both new and trew,  
A dreary tale much like these lottes of myne  
I will assaye my muze for to renewe,  
By ryming out his frowarde fatall fine.  
A dolefull speeche becomes a dumpish man,  
So semde by him, for thus his tale begane.

## WEEDES

The complaint of the greene Knight.

Why live I wretch (quoth he) alas and wellaway,  
Or why beholde my heavy eies, this gladsome sunny day?  
Since never sunne yet shone, that could my state aduaunce,  
Why live I wretche (alas quoth he) in hope of better chaunce?  
Or wherefore telles my young, this drearye dolefull tale,  
That every eare might heare my grieefe and so bemonre my bale?  
Since eare was never yet, that harkened to my playnte,  
Why live I wretch (alas quoth he) my pangs in vaine to paint?  
Or wherfore dotes desire, that doth his wish disclose,  
And shewes the sore that seeks recure, thereby to ease my woes?  
Since yet he never found, the hart where pyttie dwelt,  
Why live I wretch (alas quoth he) alone in woe to swelt?  
Why strive I with the streme, or hoppe against the hill,  
Or search that never can be founde, or loose my labor still?  
Since destenies decreed, must alwayes be obeyde,  
Why live I wretch alas (quoth he) with lucke thus overleyde?  
Why feedes my heart on hope? why tyre I still on trust?  
Why doth my minde still muse on mirth? why leanes my life  
on lust?  
Since hope had never hap, & trust always found treason,  
Why live I wretch alas (quoth he) where all good luck is  
geazon?  
The fatal Sisters three, which spun my slender twine,  
Knew wel how rotten was the yarne, frō whence they drew  
their line:  
Yet have they woven the web, with care so manifolde,  
(Alas I woful wretch the while) as any cloth can holde:  
Yea though the threeds be cowrse, and such as others lothe,  
Yet must I wrap alwayes therin, my bones and body both:  
And weare it out at length, which lasteth but too long.  
O weaver weaver work no more, thy warp hath done me wrong:  
For therin have I lapt my light and lustie yeares,  
And therin haplesse have I hapt, mine age and hoarie heares:  
Yet never found I warmth, by jetting in thy jaggs,  
Nor never can I weare them out, although they rende like rags.



## WEEDES

The May-moone of mine age, I meane the gallant time  
When coales of kinde first kindled love, & pleasure was in prime,  
All bitter was the frute, which still I reaped then,  
And little was the gaine I got, comparde by other men.  
Teare-thirstie were the Dames, to whome I sued for grace,  
Some stonie stomackt, other some, of high disdainful race.  
But all unconstant (ay) and (that to thinke) I die,  
The guerdon which *Cosmana* gave, can witnesse if I lie.  
*Cosmana* was the wight to whome I wished well,  
To serve *Cosmana* did I seeme, in love to beare the bell:  
*Cosmana* was my god, *Cosmana* was my joy,  
Ay me, *Cosmana* turnde my mirth, to dole and dark anoy :  
Revenge it *Radamanth*, if I be found to lie,  
Or if I slauder hir at all, condemne me then to die.  
Thou knowst I honored hir, no more but all too much,  
Alas thou knowst she cast me off, when I deservde no grutch.  
She dead (I dying yet) ay me my teares were dried,  
And teeth of time gnew out the grief, which al to long I tried,  
Yet from hir ashes sprung, or from such subtile molde,  
*Ferenda* she, whome everie eye, did judge more bright than golde.  
*Ferenda* then I sawe, *Ferenda* I behelde,  
*Ferenda* servde I faithfully, in towne and eke in fielde :  
*Ferenda* coulde not say, the greene Knight was untrew,  
But out alas, the greene Knight sayde, *Ferenda* changde for new :  
*Ferenda* did hir kinde : then was she to be borne,  
She did but weare *Cosmanes* cloutes, which she in spite had torne :  
And yet betwene them both they waare the thrends so neere,  
As were they not of steele or stone, they coulde not holde yfeere.  
But now *Ferenda* mine, a little by thy leave : (deceave ?)  
What moved thee to madding moode ? why didst thou me  
Alas I was al thine, thy selfe can say no lesse,  
And for thy fall, I bathed oft in many a deepe distresse :  
And yet to do thee right, I neyther blame thy race,  
Thy shining selfe, the golden gleames that glistred on thy face,  
Nor yet thy fickle faith, shall never beare the blame,  
But I, whome kinde hath framd to finde, a grieve in everie game :  
The high decrees of heaven, have limited my life,  
To linger stil wher Love doth lodge, yet there to sterue in strife.  
For prooфе, who list to know what makes me nowe complaine,  
Give eare unto the greene Knights tale: for now begins his paine.

## WEEDES

When rash unbridled youth had run his recklesse race,  
And caried me with carelesse course, to many a great disgrace,  
Then riper mellowed yeares, thought good to turne their trade,  
And bad Repentance hol[d] the reines, to rule the brainsicke jade:  
So that with much to doo, the brydle helde him backe,  
And Reason made him byte on bit, which had a better smacke:  
And for I felte my selfe, by feeblenesse fordoonne,  
And panting still for lack of breath, as one much overroonne.  
Therefore I toke advise, to walke him first awhile,  
And so at length to set him up, his travayles to beguile:  
Yea when he curried was, and dusted slicke and trimme,  
I causde both hey and provander to be allowde for him:  
Wherat (alas to thinke) he gathered flesh so fast,  
That still he playd his coltish pranks, when as I thought the past:  
He winched still alwayes, and whisked with his taile,  
And leaping over hedge and ditch, I sawe it not prevale  
To pamper him so proude: Wherfore I thought it best,  
To travaille him (not as I woont) yet nay to give him rest.  
Thus well resolved then, I kept him still in harte,  
And founde a pretie provander appointed for his parte,  
Which once a day, no more, he might a little tast:  
And by this diet, made I youth a gentle jade at last:  
And foorth I might him ride, an easie journeyng pace,  
He never strave with middle age, but gently gave him place:  
Then middle age stept in, and toke the helme in hande,  
To guide my Barke by better skill, into some better lande.  
And as eche noble heart is evermore most bent,  
To high exploites and woorthie deedes, where honor may be hent:  
So mine unyolden minde, by Armes gan seeke renowne,  
And sought to rayse, that recklesse youth had rashly tumbled downe.  
With sworde and trustie targe, then sought I for to carve  
For middle age and hoarie haires, and both their turnes to serve:  
And in my Carvers roome, I gan to cut suche cuttes,  
And made suche morsels for their mouthes as well might fill  
their guttes,  
Beside some overplus, (which being kept in store)  
Might serve to welcome al their friends, with foison evermore:  
I meane no more but this: my hand gan finde such happe,  
As made me thinke, that Fortune ment, to play me in hir lappe:  
And hope therwith had heavde, my heart to be so hie,



## WEEDES

That still I hoapt, by force of armes, to climbe above the Skie:  
I bathed still in blisse, I ledde a lordelie life,  
My Souldiers lovde and fearde me both, I never dreaded strife:  
My boord was furnisht stil, with cates of dainty cost,  
My back wel clad, my purse wel lynde, my woonted lack was lost,  
My bags began to fil, my debtes for to discharge,  
My state so stoode, as sure I seemde to swim in good lucks barge:  
But out and well away, what pleasure breedes not paine?  
What sun cā shine without a cloud, what thüder brings not rain?  
Such is the life of man, such was the luck of me,  
To fall so fast from hiest hap, where sure I seemde to be.  
Five hundred sundrie sunnes (and more) could scarcely serve,  
By sweat of brows to win a roome, wherin my knife might carve:  
One onlyn dismall day, suffised (with despite)  
To take me from my carvers place, and from the table quite.  
Five hundred broken sleepes, had busied all my braynes,  
To find (at last) some worthy trade, that might increse my  
gaynes:  
One blacke unluckie houre, my trade hath overthrownen,  
And marrde my marte, & broke my bank, & al my blisse  
oreblownen.  
To wrappe up all in woe, I am in prison pent,  
My gaines possessed by my foes, my friends against me bent:  
And all the heavy haps, that ever age yet bare,  
Assembled are within my breast, to choake me up with care.  
My modest middle age, which lacks of youth the lust,  
Can beare no such gret burdes now, but throwes them in the dust:  
Yet in this piteous plight, beholde me Lovers all,  
And rewe my grieves, least you your selves do light on such a fal.  
I am that wearie wretch, whom love always hath tyred,  
And fed me with such strange conceytes, as never man desired.  
For now (even now) ay me: I love and cannot chuse,  
So strangely yet, as wel may move the wisest mindes to muse.  
No blasing beauty bright, hath set my heart on fire,  
No ticing talke, no gorgeous gyte, tormenteth my desire,  
No bodie finely framde, no haggarde Falcons eie,  
No ruddie lip, no golden locks, hath drawne my minde awrie:  
No teeth of shining pearle, no gallant rosie hiew,  
No dimpled chinne, no pit in cheeke, presented to my view:  
In fine, no such delights, as lovers oft allure,

## WEEDES

Are cause why thus I do lament, or put my plaintes in ure:  
But such a strange affect, as both I shame to tell,  
And all the worlde may woonder much, how first therin I fell.  
Yet since I have begonne (quoth he) to tell my grieve,  
I wil noughe hide, although I hope to finde no great relieve.  
And thus, (quoth he) it is: Amongst the sundrie joyes  
Which I conceivde in feates of warre, and all my Martial toyes,  
My chaunce was late to have a peerlesse firelock peece,  
That to my wittes was nay the like, in *Turkie* nor in *Greece*:  
A peece so cleanly framde, so streight, so light, so fine,  
So tempred and so polished, as seemeth worke divine:  
A peece whose locke yet past, for why [it] never failde,  
And though I bent it night and day, the quicknesse never qualde:  
A peece as well renforst, as ever yet was wrought,  
The bravest peece for breech and bore, that ever yet was bought:  
The mounture so well made, and for my pitch so fit,  
As though I see faire peeces moe, yet fewe so fine as it:  
A peece which shot so well, so gently and so streight,  
It neyther bruized with recule, nor wroong with overweight.  
In fine and to conclude, I know no fault thereby,  
That eyther might be thought in minde, or wel discernde with ey.  
This peece then late I had, and therin tooke delight,  
As much as ever proper peece did please a warlike wight.



## WEEDES

I daily see a pretie peece, much like that peece of mine,  
Which helps my hurt, much like unto a broken shinne,  
That when it heales, begins to ytc, and then rubs off the skinne.  
Thus live I still in love, alas and ever shall,  
As well content to loose my peece, as gladde to finde my fall:  
A wonder to the worlde, a grieve to friendlie mindes,  
A mocking stocke to *Momus* race, and al such scornefull hindes,  
A love (that thinke I sure) whose like was never seene,  
Nor never warlike wight shal be in love as I have beene:  
So that in sooth (quoth he) I cannot blame the Dames,  
Whome I in youth did moste esteeme, I list not foile their fames,  
But there to lay the fault, from whence it first did flowe:  
I say my Fortune is the root, whence all these griefes did grow.  
Since Fortune then (quoth he) hath turnde to me hir backe,  
Shall I go yeld to mourning moane, and cloath my self in blacke?  
No no, for noble mindes can beare no thraldome so,  
But rather shew a merrie cheere, when most they wade in wo.  
And so will I in greene, my careful corpse aray,  
To set a bragge amongst the best, as though my heart were gay:  
Not greene bicause I hope, nor greene bicause I joy,  
Nor greene, bicause I can delight in any youthfull toy:  
But greene, bicause my greeves are alway fresh and greene,  
Whose roote is such it cannot rot, as by the frute is seene.  
Thus sayde, he gave a groane, as though his heart had broke,  
And from the furnace of his breast, sent scalding sighes like  
And sighing so, he sate in solitarie wise, (smoke:  
Conveying flouds of brynish teares, by conduct of his eyes.  
What ende he had God knoweth, *Battello* writes it not,  
Or if he do, my wittes are short, for I have it forgot.

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The continuance of the Author, upon the  
fruite of Fetters.

**T**Hus have you heard the green Knight make his mone,  
Which wel might move the hardest heart to melt:  
But what he ment, that knewe himselfe alone,  
For such a cause, in weerie woes to swelt:  
And yet by like, some peerlesse peece it was,  
That brought him so in raging stormes to passe.

## WEEDES

I have heard tell, and read it therewithall,  
That neare the *Alpes* a kinde of people bee,  
Which serve with shot, wherof the very ball  
Is bigge of bulke, the peece but short to see:  
But yet it shoothes as farre, and eke as fast,  
As those which are yframde of longer last.

The cause (say some) consisteth in the locke,  
Some other judge, because they be so strong,  
Renforced well, and breeched like a brocke,  
Stiffe, straight, and stout, which though they be not  
Yet spit they foorth their pellets such a pace,  
And with such force, as seemes a woondrous case.

Some other thinke, the mettal maketh all,  
Which tempered is both rounde and smooth to see:  
And sure me thinkes, the bignesse of the ball,  
Ne yet the locke, should make it shoothe so free,  
But even the breech of mettal good and sounde,  
Which makes the ball with greater force to bounde

For this we see, the stiffe and strongest arme,  
Which gives a jerke, and hath a cunning loose,  
Shoothes furdest still, and doth alway most harme,  
For be his flights yfeathred from the goose,  
Or Peacockes quilles, or Raven, or Swanne, or Crc  
His shafts go swifte, when others flie but slowe.

How so it be, the men that use to shoothe  
In these short gunnes: are praysed for the best:  
And Princes seeke such shotte for to promoote  
As perfectest and better than the rest:  
So that (by like) their peeces beare the sway,  
Else other men could shoothe as farre as they.

Their peeces then are called *Petronels*,  
And they themselves by sundrie names are calld:  
As *Bandolliers*, for who in mountaynes dwels,  
In trowpes and bandes, ofte times is stoutly stalld:  
Or of the Stone wherwith the locke doth strike,  
*Petronelliers*, they called are by like.



## WEEDES

And so percase this peerelesse peece of his  
For which he mournde and made such ruefull mone,  
Was one of those: and therfore all his blisse,  
Was turnd to bale when as that peece was gone:  
Since Martial men do set their chief delight,  
In armes which are both free and fayre in sight.

My selfe have seene some peece of such a pryce,  
As woorthy were to be esteemed well:  
For this you know in any straunge devise,  
Such things as seeme for goodnesse to excell,  
Are holden deare, and for great Jewels deemd,  
Bycause they be both rare and much esteemed.

But now to turne my tale from whence I came,  
I saie his lottes and mine were not unlike:  
He spent his youth (as I did) out of frame,  
He came at last (like me) to trayle the pike.  
He pynde in pryson pinchte with privie payne,  
And I likewise in pryson still remayne.

Yet some good fruite in fetters can I finde,  
As vertue rules in every kinde of vice:  
First pryson brings repentaunce to the minde,  
Which wandred earst in lust and lewde device.  
For hardest hertes by troubles yet are taught,  
That God is good when all the worlde is naught.

If thou have ledde a carelesse lyfe at large,  
Without regard what libertie was worth:  
And then come downe to cruell Gaylours charge,  
Which keepes thee close and never lettes thee forth:  
Learne then this fruite in Fetteres by thy selfe,  
That libertie is worth all worldly pelfe.

Whose happe is such to yelde himself in warre,  
Remembre then that peace in pleasure dwelles:  
Whose hertes are high and know not what they are  
Let such but marke the gingling of their belles:  
When fetters frette their anckles as they goe,  
Since none so high but that may come as lowe.

## WEEDES

To tell a truth and therein to be shorte,  
Prysons are plagues that fal for mans offence,  
Which maketh some in good and godly sorte,  
With contrite harte to grope their conscience.  
Repentance than steppes in and pardon craves,  
These fruoutes (with mo) are found in darksome caves.

If thou have friends, there shalt thou know them right,  
Since fastest friends in troubles shew their fayth:  
If thou have foes, there shalt thou see their spight  
For all to true it is that Proverbe sayth:  
Where hedge is lowe, there every man treads downe,  
And friendship failes when Fortune list to frowne.

Patience is founde in prison (though perforce)  
And Temprance taught where none excesse doth dwell,  
Exercise calles, least slouth should kill thy corse:  
Diligence drives thy busie braines to swell,  
For some devise which may redeeme thy state,  
These fruoutes I found in fetters all too late.

And with these fruoutes another fruite I found,  
A strange conceyt, and yet a trustie truth:  
I found by proufe, there is no kinde of ground.



## WEEDES

Men call it Fansie, sure a woorthlesse weede,  
And of the same full many sortes are found,  
Some fansies are, which thinke a lawfull deede  
To scape away, though faith full fast be bound:  
Some thinke by love, (nay lust in cloke of love)  
From fettters fast their selves for to remove.

Some be, that meane by murder to prevaile,  
And some by fraude, as fansie rules the thought:  
Sometimes such frightes mens fansies do assaile,  
(That when they see their freedome must be bought)  
They vowe to take a stande on Shooters hill,  
Till rents come in to please their wicked will.

Some fansies hopes by lies to come on floate,  
As for to tell their frends and kinne great tales,  
What wealth they lost in coyne, and many a coate,  
What powder packt in coffers and in males,  
What they must pay, and what their charge will be,  
Wherin they meane to save themselves a fee.

Some fansies eke forecast what life to weelde,  
When libertie shall graunted be at last,  
And in the aire such castles gan they builde,  
That many times they fall againe as fast:  
*For Fansie binders Grace from glories crowne,*  
*As Tares and Byndes can plucke good graine adowne.*

Who list therfore by Fettters frute to have,  
Take Fansie first out of his privy thought,  
And when thou hast him, cast him in the wave  
Of *Lethes* lake: for sure his seede is nought.  
The greene Knight he, of whome I late did tell,  
(Mine Author sayth) badde Fansie thus farewell.



## WEEDES

### The greene Knights farewell to Fansie.

**F**Ansie (quoth he) farewell, whose badge I long did  
And in my hat full barebrayndly, thy flowers did  
To late I finde (at last), thy frutes are nothing wa  
Thy blossomes fall & fade full fast, though braver  
the forth.

By thee I hoapt alwayes, in deepe delights to dwel,  
But since I finde thy ficklenessse, *Fansie* (quoth he),

Thou madste me live in love, which wisedome biddes  
Thou bleardst mine eies & madste me thinke, y<sup>t</sup> f  
mine by fate:

By thee those bitter sweetes, did please my taste al  
By thee I thought that love was light, and payne was but  
I thought that Bewties blase, was meete to beare &  
And since I finde my selfe deceyved, *Fansie* (quoth he)

The glosse of gorgeous courtes, by thee did please n  
A stately sight me thought it was, to see the braw  
To see there feathers flaunte, to marke their straung  
To lie along in Ladies lappes, to lispe and make n  
To fawne and flatter both, I liked sometimes well,  
But since I see how vayne it is, *Fansie* (quoth he)

When court had cast me of, I toyled at the plo  
My fansie stoode in straunge conceipts, to thrive I wote  
By mils, by making malte, by sheepe and eke by  
By ducke and drake, by pigge and goose, by calves &  
kine:

By feeding bullockes fat, when pryce at markets fe  
But since my swaines eat up my gaines, *Fansie* (c  
farewell.

In hunting of the deare, my fansie tooke delight  
All forests knew, my folly still, the mooneshine was  
In frosts I felt no cold, a sunneburnt hew was be  
I sweate and was in temper still, my watching seeme  
What daungers deepe I past, it follie were to tell,  
And since I sigh to thinke thereon, *Fansie* (quoth he



## WEEDES

A fansie fedde me ones, to wryte in verse and rime,  
To wray my grieve, to crave reward, to cover still my crime:  
To frame a long discourse, on stirring of a strawe,  
To rumble rime in raffe and ruffe, yet all not worth an hawe:  
To heare it sayde there goeth, the *Man that writes so well*,  
But since I see, what Poetes bee, *Fansie* (quoth he) farewell.

At Musickes sacred sounde, my fansies eft begonne,  
In concordes, discordes, notes and cliffes, in tunes of unisonne:  
In *Hyerarchies* and straynes, in restes, in rule and space,  
In monacordes and moving moodes, in *Burdens* under base:  
In descants and in chants, I streyned many a yel,  
But since Musicians be so madde, *Fansie* (quoth he) farewell.

To plant straunge countrie fruites, to sow such seedes likewise,  
To digge & delve for new foûd rootes, where old might wel  
suffise:  
To proyne the water bowes, to picke the mossie trees,  
(Oh how it pleaseid my fancie ones) to kneele upon my knees,  
To griffe a pippine stocke, when sappe begins to swell:  
But since the gaynes scarce quite the cost, *Fansie* (quoth he)  
farewell.

*Fansie* (quoth he) farewell, which made me follow drommes,  
Where powdred bullets serves for sauce, to every dish that  
cômes:  
Where treason lurkes in trust, where *Hope* all hartes beguiles,  
Where mischieflieth still in wayte, when fortune friendly smiles:  
Where one dayes prison proves, that all such heavens are hell,  
And such I feele the frutes thereof, *Fansie* (quoth he) farewell.

If reason rule my thoughts, and God vouchsafe me grace  
Then comfort of Philosophie, shall make me chaunge my race:  
And fonde I shall it finde, that *Fansie* settes to shewe,  
For weakely stâds that building still, which lacketh grace  
by low:  
But since I must accept, my fortunes as they fell,  
I say God send me better spedde, and *Fansie* now farewell.



## WEEDES

### *Epilogismus.*

Se sweete deceipt, that can it self beguile,  
Behold selfe love, which walketh in a net:  
And seemes unseene, yet shewes it selfe therewhile,  
Before such eyes, as are in science set.  
The Greene knight here, leaves out his firelocke peec<sup>e</sup>  
That Fancie hath not yet his last farewell.  
When Foxes preach, good folke beware your geese,  
But holla here, my muse to farre doth mell:  
Who list to marke, what learned preacher sayeth,  
Must learne withall, for to beleeve his lore:  
But what he doth, that toucheth nomans fayth,  
Though words with workes, (agreed) persuade the m<sup>e</sup>  
The mounting kite, oft lights on homely pray  
And wisest wittes, may sometimes go astray.

FINIS.

*Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.*

The pleasant Fable of *Ferdinando*  
*Jeronimi and Leonora de Valasco*,  
translated out of the Italian riding  
tales of *Bartello*.

IN the pleasant Countrie of *Lombardie*, (and not farre from the Citie of *Florence*) there was dwelling sometimes a Lorde of many riche Seignories and dominions, who nevertheless bare his name of the Castle of *Valasco*: this Lord had one only sonne and two daughters: his sonne was called (during the life of his father) the heyre of *Valasco*, who maried a faire Gentlewoman of the house of *Bellavista* named *Leonora*: the elder daughter of the Lord of *Valasco* was called *Francischina*, a yong woman very toward, bothe in capacitie and other active qualities. Nowe the Lord of *Valasco* having already maried his sonne & heyre, and himselfe drawing in age, was desirous to see his daughters also bestowed before his death, and especially the eldest, who both for beutie and ripenesse of age might often put him in remembrance that shee was a collop of his owne fleshe: and therefore sought meanes to draw unto his house *Ferdinando Jeronimi* a yong gentleman of *Venice*, who delighting more in hawking, hunting, and such other pastimes than he did in studie, had left his owne house in *Venice*, and was come into *Lombardie* to take the pleasures of the countrie. So that the Lorde of *Valasco* knowing him to be of a very good parentage, and therewithall not onely riche but adorned with sundrie good qualities, was desirous (as is sayd) to drawe him home to his house (under pretence of hunting and hawking) to the end he might beholde his fayre daughter *Francischina*: who both for parentage and other worldly respects, might no lesse content his minde, than hir beautie was likely to have allured his liking. But it fell oute farre contrary to his desire, for *Ferdinando Jeronimi* beholding the Lady *Leonora*, who was in deede very fayre, and of a very courtlike behaviour, became enamoured of hir, and forgetting the curtesie that the Lorde of *Valasco* had shewed him in enter-

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tayning him and his seruaunts, with their horses, by the space of .iij. moneths (whiche is a rare curtesie nowe adayes, and especially in such a countrey) he sought all meanes possible to make the heyre of *Valasco a Becco*. And to the end that all menne may perceive what frutes growe on suche trees, and what issues come of such intents, I will set downe in English the fable as it is written in Italian by *Bartello*. And bicause I do suppose that *Leonora* is the same name whiche wee call *Elinor* in English, and that *Francischina* also doth import none other than *Fraunces*, I will so entitle them as to our own countrie-men may be moste perspicuous. Understand you then, that *Ferdinando* having nowe a hote affection unto the sayde Dame *Elynor*, and thinking it meeter to utter his firste conceipts in writing than in speache, did write unto her as followeth.

re of  
untrie  
all  
pood  
colder  
than **F**Ayre Lady I pray you understande that (being altogether a straunger in this Countrie) my good happe hath bene to behold you to my no small contentation. And my evill happe accompanies the same with suche imperfection of my deserts, as that I finde alwayes a ready repulse in mine owne forwardnesse: So that considering the naturall clymate of the countrie, I muste say that I have found fire in frost. And yet comparing the inequalitie of my deserts, with the least part of your ~~myrthinesse~~ I feele a continual frost in my most fervent fire.

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**T**HIS letter by hir receyved, hir aunswere was this: She tooke occasion one day, at his request to daunce with him: the whiche doing, shee bashfully began to declare unto him, that she had read over the writing whiche he delivered unto hir: with like protestation, that (as at deliverie thereof, shee understood not for what cause he thrust the same into hir bosome,) so now shee could not perceyve thereby any part of his meaning: nevertheless at laste seemed to take uppon hir the matter, and though shee disabled hir selfe, yet gave him thankes as &c. Whereupon he brake the braule, and walking abrode, devised immediatly these fewe verses following.

**F**aire Bersabe the bright once bathing in a Well,  
With dewe bedimmd King Davids eies that ruled Israell.  
And Salomon him selfe, the source of sapience,  
Against the force of such assaultes could make but small defence:  
To it the stoutest yeld, and strongest feele like wo,  
Bold Hercules and Sampson both, did prove it to be so.  
What wonder seemeth then? when starres stand thicke in skies,  
If such a blasing starre have power to dim my dazled eyes?

Lenvoie.

To you these fewe suffise, your wittes be quicke and good,  
You can conject by chaunge of hew, what humors feede my blood.

*F. J.*

**B**efore he could put these verses in legible writing, it pleased M. Elinor of hir curtesie thus to deale with him. Walking in a garden among divers other gentlemen & gentle-women, with a little frowning smyle in passing by him, she delivered unto him a paper, with these words. *For that I understand not (quoth she) the intent of your letters, I pray you take them here againe, and bestow them at your pleasure.* The which done and sayde, shee passed by withoute change either of pace or countenaunce. Ferdinand somewhat troubled with hir angrie looke, did sodenly leave the companie, and walking into a parke neare adjoyning, in great rage began to wreake his malice on this poore paper, and the same did rend and teare in peeces. When sodenly at a glaunce he perceved it was not of his owne hand writing, and therewithall abashed, uppon better regard he perceived in one peece therof written in

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Romaine these letters *Colei*: which in english betokeneth SHE: wherfore placing all the peeces therof, as orderly as he could, he found therin written, these few lynes hereafter following.

**Y**Our sodeyn departure, from our pastime yesterday, did enforce mee for lacke of chosen company too retурне unto my worke, wherein I did so long continue, till at the last the bare bottome did drawe unto my remembraunce your straunge request. And although I founde therin no just cause to credite your coloured wordes, yet have I thought good hereby too requite you with like curtesie, so that at least you shall not condemne mee for ungratefull. But as to the matter therin conteyned: if I could perswade my selfe, that there were in mee any coales to kyndle suche sparkes of fire, I might yet peradventure bee drawn to beleve that your minde were frozen with like feare. But as no smoke ariseth, where no cole is kindled, so without cause of affection the passion is easie to be cured. This is all that I understand of your darke letters: and as much as I meane to answere.

*Colei*: in english: SHE.

**F**Erdinando immediatly upon receypte heerof, grew in jelosie that the same was not hir owne devise. And therin I have alwaies alloued his iudgement to be neare to helpe him

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THE much that you have answered is very much, and much more than I am able to reply unto: nevertheless in myne owne defence, thus much I alleage: that if my sodein departure pleased not you, I cannot my selfe therwith be pleased, as one that seeketh not to please many, and more desirous to please you than any. The cause of myne affection, I suppose you behold dayly. For (self love avoyded) every wight may judge of themselves as much as reason perswadeth: the which if it be in your good nature suppressed with bashfulnesse, then mighty Jove graunt, you may once behold my wan cheekes washed in woe, that therein my salt teares may be a myrrour to represent your owne shadow, and that like unto Nacissus you may be constrainyd to kisse the cold waves, wherein your counterfeit is so lively purtrayed. For if abundance of other matters fayled to drawe my gazing eyes in contemplation of so rare excellency, yet might these your letters both frame in me an admiration of such divine esprite, and a confusion too my dull understanding, whiche so rashly presumed too wander in this endles Laberinth. Such I esteeme you, and thereby am become such, and even

HE. F. J.

His letter finished and fayre written over, his chaunce was to meete hir alone in a Gallery of the same house: (where his manhood in this kinde of combat was firste tried:) and therein I can compare him to a valiant Prince, who distressed with power of enemies had committed the safegard of his person to treaty of Ambassade, and sodenly (surprised with a *Camassado* in his owne trenches) was enforced to yeeld as prisoner. Even so *Ferdinando Jeronimi* lately overcome by the beautifull beames of this Dame *Elynor*, and having now committed his moste secrete intent to these late rehearsed letters, was at unwares encountred with his friendly foe, and constrainyd either to prepare some new defence, or else like a recreant to yeeld himselfe as already vanquished. Wherefore (as in a traunce) he lifted up his dazled eies, and so continued in a certen kind of admiration, not unlike the Astronomer, who (having after a whole nights travaile, in the grey morning found his desired starre) hath fixed his hungry eies to behold the Comete long looked for: wherat this gracious Dame (as

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one that could discerne the sunne before hir chamber windowes were wide opē) did deign to embolden the fainting Knight with these or like woordes.

I perceive nowe (quod she) howe mishap doth follow me, that having chosen this walke for a simple solace, I am here disquieted by the man that meaneth my destruction: and therewithall, as half angry, began to turne hir backe, when *Ferdinando* (now awaked) gan thus salute hir.

Mistresse (quod he) and I perceive now, that good hap haūts me, for being by lacke of oportunitie constreined to commit my welfare unto these blabbing leaves of bewraying paper shewing that in his hād) I am here recomforted with happy view of my desired joy: and therewithall reverently kissing his hand, did softly distreyne hir slender arme, and so stayed hir departure. The firste blowe thus proffered and defended, they walked and talked traversing diverse wayes, wherein I doubtē not but that the *Venetian* coulde quite himselfe resonably well. For after long talke shee was contented to accept his proffered service, but yet still disabling hir selfe, and seeming to marvell what cause had moved him to subject his libertie so wilfully, or at least in a prison (as shee termed it) so unworthy. Whereunto I neede not rehearse his answere, but suppose now, that thus they departed: saving I had for

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Consider well, what is the cause of this,  
And though percase thou wilt not so confesse,  
Yet deepe desire, to gayne a heavenly blisse,  
May drowne the minde in dole and darke distresse:  
Oft is it seene (whereat my hart may bleede)  
Fooleſ play ſo long till they be caught in deede.

And then

It is a heaven to ſee them hop and ſkip,  
And ſeeke all ſhiftes to ſhake their shackles off:  
It is a world, to ſee them hang the lip,  
Who (earſt) at love, were wont to ſkorne and ſkoff.  
But as the Mouſe, once caught in crafty trap,  
May bounce and beate againſt the boorden wall,  
Till ſhee have brought bir head in ſuch miſhap,  
That downe to death bir fainting lymbes muſt fall:  
And as the Flie once ſinged in the flame,  
Cannot command her wings to wave away:  
But by the heele, ſhee bangeth in the ſame  
Till cruell death bir hasty journey ſtay:  
So they that ſeeke to breake the linkes of love  
Strive with the ſtreame, and this by paine I prove.

For when

I first beheld that heavenly bewe of thine,  
Thy ſtately ſtature, and thy comly grace,  
I muſt confesse these dazled eies of mine  
Did wincke for feare, when I first viewd thy face:  
But bold deſire did open them againe,  
And bad mee looke till I had looke to long,  
I pitied them that did procure my paine,  
And lovd the looks that wrought me all the wrong:  
And as the byrd once caught (but woorkſ bir wſe)  
That ſtrives to leave the limed twigges behind:  
Even ſo the more I ſtrave to parte thee fro,  
The greater grief did growe within my minde:  
Remedilesſe then muſt I yeeld to thee,  
And crave no more, thy ſervaunt but to bee.

Till then and ever. HE. F. J.

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When he had well sorted this sequence, he sought opportunity to leave it where shee might finde it before it were lost. And nowe the coles began to kindle, whereof (but ere while) shee feigned hir selfe altogether ignorant. The flames began to breake out on every side; and she to quench them, shut up hir selfe in hir chamber solitarily. But as the smithie gathers greater heate by casting on of water, even so the more she absented hir self from company, the fresher was the grieve whiche galded hir remembrance: so that at laste the report was spredde thorough the house, that Mistresse *Elinor* was sicke. At which newes *Ferdinando* tooke small comfort; nevertheless Dame *Venus* with good aspect did yet thus much furder his enterprise. The Dame (whether it were by sodaine chaunge, or of wonted custome) fell one day into a greate bleeding at the nose. For whiche accident the sayde *Venetian*, amongst other pretie conceits, had a present remedie: Whereby he tooke occasion (when they of the house had all in vayne sought many waies to stoppe hir bleeding) to worke his feate in this wise: Firste he pleaded ignorance, as though he knewe not hir name, and therefore demaunded the same of Mistresse *Fraunces*, who when shee had to him declared that hir name was *Elinor*, hee sayde these woordes or very like in effect: If I

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sticke: and when you have made five nickes, commaunde mee also to cease. The Dame partly of good will to the Knight, and partly to be stench'd of hir bleeding, commaunded hir mayde, and required the other Gentils, somewhat to stande aside: whiche done, he began his Oraisons, wherein he had not long muttered before he pronounced *Amen*, wherwith the Lady made a nicke on the sticke with hir knyfe. The saide *Ferdinando* continued to an other *Amen*, when ye Lady having made an other nick, felt hir bleeding began to steynch: & so by the third *Amen* throughly steinched. *Ferdinando* then chaunging his prayers into privat talk, said softly unto hir: *Mystres*, I am glad that I am hereby enabled to doe you some service, and as the staunching of your owne bloud may some way recomfort you, so if the shedding of my bloud may any way content you, I beseech you commaund it, for it shalbe evermore readily employed in your service: and therwithal with a loud voyce pronounced *Amen*: wherewith the good Lady making a nick, did secretly answere thus: Good servant (quod shee) I must needes think my selfe right happy to have gained your service and good will, and be you sure, that although ther be in me no such desert as may draw you into this depth of affection: yet such as I am, I shalbe alwayes glad to shewe my self thankfull unto you. And now, if you thinke your self assured that I shall bleede no more, doe then pronounce your fifth *Amen*: the which pronounced, shee made also hir fifth nicke, and held up hir head, calling the company unto hir, and declaring unto them, that hir bleeding was throughly steinched. And *Ferdinando* taryng a while in the chamber, found oportunitie to loose his sequence neere too his desired *Mistres*: And after *cong'd* taken, departed. After whose departure the Lady arose out of hir chayre, and hir mayd going about to remove the same, espied, and toke up the writing: the which hir mistres perceiving, gan sodenly conjecture that the same had in it some like matter to the verses once before left in like maner, and made semblant to mistrust that the same should be some wordes of conjuration: and taking it from hir mayd, did peruse it, and immediatly said too the company, that she would not forgo the same for a great treasure. But to be plain, I think that (*Ferdinando* excepted) she was glad to be rid of all company, untill she had with

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sufficient leasure turned over and retossed every card in this sequence. And not long after being now tickled thorough all the vaines with an unknown humour, adventured of hir selfe to commit unto a like Ambassadour the discyphring of that which hitherto shee had kept more secret: and thereupon wrot with hir own hand and head in this wyse.

**G**ood servant, I am out of al doubt much beholding unto you, and I have great comfort by your meanes in the steinching of my bloud, and I take great comfort too reade your letters, and I have found in my chamber divers songs which I think too be of your making, and I promise you, they are excellently made: and I assure you that I wilbee ready to doe for you any pleasure that I can, during my life: wherefore I pray you come to my chamber once in a day, till I come abroad again, and I wilbe glad of your company: and for because that you have promised to be my HE: I will take upon me this name, your SHE.

**T**his letter was doubtles of hir own hande writing: and as therin the Reader may finde great difference of Style, from hir former letter, so may you now understand the cause. Shee had in the same house a friend, a servant, a Secretary: what should I name him? such one as shee esteemed in time past more than was cause in tyme present. And to make my tale good, I will (by the same words that *Bartello* useth) describe him unto you. He was in heighth the proportion of two *Pigmeis*, in bredth the thicknesse of two bacon hogges, of presumption a Gyant, of power a Gnatte, Apishly wytted, Knavishly mannered, and crabbedly favord. What was there in him then to drawe a fayre Ladies liking? Marry sir even all in all, a well lyned pursse, wherewith he could at every call, provide suche pretie conceytes as pleased hir peevish fantasie: and by that meanes hee had throughly (long before) insinuated him selfe with this amorous dame. This manling, this minion, this slave, this secretary, was nowe by occasion rydden too *Florence* forsothe: and though his absence were unto hir a disfurnishing of eloquence: it was yet untoo *Ferdinando Jero[n]i[m]i* an opportunitie of good advauntage: for when hee perceived the change of hit stile, and thereby grewe

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in some suspition that the same proceeded by absence of hir chiefe Chauncellor, he thought good now to smyte while the yron was hotte, and to lend his Mistresse suche a penne in hir Secretaries absence, as hee should never be able (at his returne) to amend the well writing therof. Wherfore according to hir cōaund he repayred once every day to hir chamber, at the least whereas hee guided himselfe so wel, and could devise such store of sundry pleasures and pastymes, that he grew in favour not onely with his desired, but also with the rest of the gentle-women. And one day passing the time amongst them, their playe grew to this end, that his Mistresse, being Queene, demaunded of him these three questions. Servant (quod she) I charge you, as well uppon your all[e]giance being nowe my subject, as also upon your fidelitie, having vowed your service unto me, that you aunswere me these three questions, by the very truth of your secret thought. First, what thing in this universall world doth most rejoice and comfort you? *Ferdinando Jeronimi* abasing his eyes towardes the ground, toke good advisement in his aunswere, when a fayre gentlewoman of the company clapped him on the shoulder, saying, how now sir, is your hand on your halfpenny? To whome he aunswered, no fayre Lady, my hand is on my harte, and yet my hart is not in myne owne hands: wherewithall abashed, turning towards dame *Elinor* he sayde: My sovereigne and Mistresse, according to the charge of your command, and the dutie that I owe you, my tongue shall bewraye unto you the truthe of mine intent. At this present a rewarde given me without desert, doth so rejoice mee with continuall remembraunce, that though my minde be so occupied to thinke thereon, as that daye nor night I can bee quiet from that thought, yet the joye and pleasure whiche I conceive in the same is such, that I can neyther be cloyed with continuaunce thereof, nor yet afraide, that any mishappe can countervayle so greate a treasure. This is to me suche a heaven to dwell in, as that I feede by day, and repose by night uppon the freshe recorde of this reward. This (as *Bartello* sayeth) he ment by the kisse that she lent him in the Gallery, and by the profession of hir laste letters and woordes. Well, though this aunswere bee some what mistie, yet let his excuse be: that taken upon the sodaine, he thought better to aunswere darkly, than to be mistrusted openly. Hir second

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question was, what thing in this life did most greeve his harte, and disquiet his minde, wherunto he answered. That although his late rehersed joy were incomparable, yet the greatest enimie that disturbed the same, was the privie worme of his owne giltie conscience, which accused him evermore with great unworthiness: and that this was his greatest grieve. The Lady biting upon the bitte at his cunning answeres made unto these two questions, ganne thus replie. Servaunt, I had thought to have touched you yet nearer with my thirde question, but I will refrayne to attempt your pacience: and nowe for my third demaund, aunswere me directly in what manner this passion doth handle you? and howe these contraries may hang together by any possibilite of concorde? for your woordes are straunge. *Ferdinando* now rousing himselfe boldly, tooke occasion thus to handle his aunswere. Mistresse (quod he) my woordes in deede are straunge, but yet my passion is muche straunger: and therupon this other day to contēt mine owne fantasie I devised a Sonet, which although it bee a peece of Cocklorels musicke, and suche as I might be ashamed to publish in this company, yet because my truth in this answere may the better appeare unto you, I pray you vouchsafe to receive the same in writing: and drawing a paper out of his pocket, presented it to hir, wherin was written this Sonet.

*L*ove, hope, and death, do stirre in me such strife,  
As never man but I led such a life.  
First burning love doth wound my hart to death,  
And when death comes at call of inward grieve,  
Colde lingering hope doth feede my fainting breath  
Against my will, and yeeldes my wound relief:  
So that I live, but yet my life is such,  
As death would never greeve me halfe so much.  
No comfort then but only this I tast,  
To salve such sore, such hope will never want,  
And with such hope, such life will ever last,  
And with such life, such sorrowes are not skant.  
Oh straunge desire, O life with torments tost  
Through too much hope, mine onely hope is lost.

Even *HE*      *R. J.*



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This sonet was highly commended, and in my judgement it deserveth no lesse. His dutie thus perfourmed, their pastimes ended, and at their departure for a watch worde hee couiselled his Mistresse by little and little to walke abrode : saying, that the Gallery neare adjoyning was so pleasaunt, as if he were halfe dead he thought that by walking therin hee might be halfe & more revived. Think you so servaunt (quod she?) and the last tyme that I walked there, I suppose I toke the cause of my malady : but by your advise (for that you have so clerkly steynched my bleeding) I will assay to walke there to morow. Mistres quod he, and in more ful accomplishment of my duetie towards you, and in sure hope that you will use the same onelie to your owne private commoditie, I will there awaite upon you, and betwene you and me wil teach you the ful order how to steynch the bleeding of any creature, wherby you shal be as cūning as my self. Gramercy good servant, quod she, I thinke you lost the same in writing here yesterday, but I cānot understand it: & therfore to morrow (if I feele my self any thing amēded) I wil sende for you thither to enstruct me throughly: thus they departed. And at supper time, the Lord of *Valasco* finding fault y<sup>t</sup> his gestes stomacke served him no better, began to accuse the grosnesse of his vyands, to whom one of the gētewomen which had passed ye afternoone in his company, answered. Nay sir, quod she, this gentleman hath a passion, the which once in a day at the least doth kill his appetite. Are you so well acquainted with the dispositiō of his body (quod the Lord of ye house?) by his owne saying, quod she, & not otherwise. Fayre ladie quod *Ferdinādo*, you either mistoke me or overheard me thē: for I told of a cōfortable humor which so fed me with cōtinuall remēbrāce of joy, as that my stomach being ful therof doth desire in maner none other vittayles. Why sir, (quod the host,) do you thē live by love? God forbid sir quod *Ferdinando*, for then my cheekes wold be much thinner thā they be: but there are divers other greater causes of joy, than the doubtful lots of love: & for mine own part, to be playn, I cānot love, & I dare not hate. I would I thought so, quod the gentlewoman. And thus with prety nyppes, they passed over their supper: which ended, the Lord of the house required *Ferdinando*

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*Jeronimi* to daunce and passe the time with the gentlewomen, which he refused not to doe. But sodenly, before the musicke was well tuned, came out Dame *Elynor* in hir night attyre, and said to the Lord, yt (supposing the solitarinesse of hir chamber had encreased hir maladie) she came out for hir better recreatiō to see them daunce. Well done daughter (quod the Lorde.) And I Mistres (quod *Ferdinando*) would gladly bestowe the leading of you about this great chamber, to drive away ye faintnesse of your fever. No good servaunt, (quod the Lady,) but in my stede, I pray you daunce with this fayre Gentlewoman, pointing him too the Lady that had so taken him up at supper. *Ferdinando* to avoyd mistrust, did agree too hir request without furder entreaty. The daunce begon, this Knight marched on with the Image of S. *Frances* in his hand, and S. *Elynor* in his hart. The violands at end of the pavion staied a whyle: in whiche time this Dame sayde to *Ferdinando Jeronimi* on this wise: I am right sory for you in two respects, although the familiarity have hytherto had no great continuance betwene us: and as I do lament your case, so doo I rejoice (for myne own contentation) that I shal now see a due triall of the experimēt which I have long desired. This sayd, she kept silence: When *Ferdinando* (somwhat astonished with hir straunge speech) thus answered: Mistresse although I cannot conceive the meaning of your woordes, yet by curtesie I am constrainyd to yelde you thankes for your good wil, the which appeareth no lesse in lamenting of mishappes, than in rejoicing at good fortune. What experiment you meane to trie by mee, I knowe not, but I dare assure you, that my skill in experiments is very simple. Herewith the Instruments sounded a new Measure, and they passed forthwards, leaving to talke, untill the noise ceased: whiche done, the Gentlewoman replied. I am sory sir, that you did erewhile, denie love and all his lawes, and that in so open audience. Not so (quod *Ferdinando*) but as the woerde was roundly taken, so can I readely answere it by good reason. Well quod shee, howe if the hearers will admit no reasonable answere? My reasons yet bee neverthelesse (quod he) in reasonable judgement. Herewith shee smiled, and he cast a glance towards dame *Elinor*, (a) askances arte thou pleased? Againe the viols called them forthwardes, and againe at the ende of the braule sayde *Ferdinando Jeronimi*

a) as who  
ayeth

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to this Gentlewoman: I pray you Mistres, and what may be the second cause of your sorow sustained in my behalfe? Nay soft (quod she) percase I have not yet tolde you the first, but content your selfe, for the second cause you shall never know at my handes, untill I see due triall of the experiment which I have long desired. Why then (quod he) I can but wishe a present occasion to bring the same to effect, to the end that I might also understand the mistery of your meaning. And so might you faile of your purpose (quod she) for I meane to be better assured of him that shal know the depth of mine intent in such a secrete, than I do suppose that any creature (one except) may be of you. Gentlewoman (quod he) you speake *Greeke*, the which I have nowe forgotten, and mine instructers are to farre from mee at this present to expound your words. Or els to neare (quod she) and so smiling stayed her talke, when the Musicke called them to another daunce. Whiche ended, *Ferdinando* halfe afrayd of false suspect, and more amazed at this straunge talke, gave over, and bringing Mistresse *Fraunces* to hir place, was thus saluted by his Mistresse. Servaunt (quod shee) I had done you great wrong to have daunced with you, consideringe that this gentlewoman and you had former occasion of so waughty conference. Mistresse sayd *Ferdinando* you had done mee great pleasure, for by our conference I have but brought my braynes in a busie conjecture. I doubt not (sayd his Mistresse) but you wil end that busines easely. It is hard said he to ende the thing, whereof yet I have founde no begininge. His Mistresse with chaunge of countenaunce kept silence whereat dame *Fraunces* rejoicinge, cast out this bone to gnawe on. I perceyve (quod she) it is evill to halte before a Creple. *Ferdinando* perceyving now that his Mistresse waxed angry, thought good on hir behalfe thus to aunswere: and it is evill to hop before them that runne for the Bell: his Mistresse replied, and it is evill to hange the Bell at their heeles which are alwayes running. The Lord of [t]he Castle overhearing these proper quipes, rose out of his chaire, & comming towards *Ferdinando* required him to daunce a Gallyard. Sir sayd he I have hitherto at your apoyntmēt but walked about the house, now if you be desirous to see one tomble a turne or twayne, it is like ynough that I mighte provoke you to laugh at mee, but in good fayth my dauncing

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dayes are almost done, and therfore sir (quod he) I pray you speake to them that are more nymble at trippinge on the toe. Whilst hee was thus saying dame *Elynor* had made hir *Congey*, and was now entring the doore of hir chamber when *Ferdinando* al amazed at hir sodeyne departure followed to take leave of his Mistresse: but she more then angrie, refused to heare his good night, and entring hir chamber caused hir mayde to clappe to the doore. *Ferdinando* with heavie cheare returned to his company, and Mistresse *Fraunces* to toutch his sore with a corosive, sayd to him softly in this wise. Sir you may now perceyve that this our countrie cannot allowe the French manner of dauncing, for they (as I have heard tell) do more commonly daunce to talke, then entreat to daunce. *Fardenando* hoping to drive out one naile with another and thinking this a meane moste convenient to suppresse all jelous supposes, tooke Mistresse *Fraunces* by the hand and with a heavy smile aunswered. Mistresse and I (because I have seene the french maner of dauncing) will eftsonnes entreat you to daunce a *Bargynet*: what meane you by thys quod mistresse *Fraunces*. If it please you to followe (quod he) you shall see that I can jest without joye, and laugh without lust, and calling the musitions, caused them softly to sounde the *Tynternall*, when he clearing his voyce did *Alla Napolitana* applie these verses following, unto the measure.



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*What will you more? so oft my gazing eies did seeke,  
To see the rose and Lillie strive upon that livelie cheeke :  
Till at the last I spied, and by good prooфе I founde,  
That in that face was painted plaine, the pearcer of my wound.*

*Then (all to late) agast, I did my foote retire,  
And sought with secret sighes to quench my gredie skalding fire  
But lo, I did prevaine asmuche to guide my will,  
As he that seekes with halting heele, to hop against the hill.*

*Or as the feeble sight, woulde searche the sunnie beame,  
Even so I founde but labour lost, to strive against the streme.  
Then gan I thus resolve, since liking forced love.  
Should I mislike my happie choice, before I did it prove?*

*And since none other joye I had but her to see,  
S[h]oulde I retire my deepe desire? no no it would not bee :  
Though great the duetie were, that shee did well deserve,  
And I poore man, unworthie am so wo[r]thie a wight to serve.*

*Yet hope my comfort staide, that she would have regard,  
To my good will that nothing crav'd, but like for just reward :  
I see the faucon gent sometime will take delight  
To seeke the solace of bir wing, and dallie with a kite.*

*The fairest Woulf will choose the foulest for bir make,  
And why? because he doth indure most sorrow for bir sake :  
Even so bad [I like] hope, when dolefull daies were spent  
When wearie wordes were wasted well, to open true entent.*

*When fluddes of flowing teares, had washt my weeping eies,  
When trembling tongue had troubled bir, with loud lamenting cries :  
At last bir worthy will would pittie this my plaint,  
And comfort me bir owne poore slave, whom feare had made so faint.  
{Wherfore I made a vowe, the stoany rocke should start,  
{Ere I presume, to let her slippe out of my faithfull heart.*

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Lenvoie.

And when she sawe by proofe, the pith of my good  
She tooke in worth this simple song, for want of bette  
And as my just deserts, hir gentle hart did move,  
She was content to answere thus: I am content to

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BY these verses he ment in clowdes to disciply  
Mistresse *Fraunces* such matter as she wold sm  
and yet could take no good hold of the same. Furth  
it aunswered very aptly to the note whiche the  
sounded, as the skilfull reader by due triall may  
This singing daunce, or daunsing song ended, *F*  
*Fraunces* giving due thanks, seemed weary also of the  
and profering to departe, gave yet this farewell to *F*  
not vexed by choller, but pleased with contentation,  
away by heavy sleepe: I am constreyned (quod she) to  
good night, and so turning to the rest of the company,  
leave. Then the Maister of the house commaunded a  
light *Ferdinando* to his lodging, where the sodaine ch  
his Mistresse countenance, togither with the straung  
Mistresse *Fraunces* talke, made such an encounter in  
that he could take no reste that night: wherefor  
morning rising very earely (although it were farre l  
Mistresse hower) he cooled his choller by walkin  
Gallery neare to hir lodging, and there in this passion c  
these verses following.

A Cloud of care hath covred all my coste,  
And stormes of strife doo threaten to appye  
The waves of woo, which I mistrusted moste,  
Have broke the bankes wherein my life lay cleer.  
Chippes of ill chaunce, are fallen amyd my choyc  
To marre the mynd, that ment for to rejoyce.

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*Before I sought, I founde the haven of hap,  
Wherin (once found) I sought to shrowd my ship,  
But lowring love bath lifte me from hir lap,  
And crabbed lot beginnes to hang the lip :  
The proppes of darke mistrust do fall so thick,  
They pearce my coate, and touch my skin at quick.*

*What may be saide, where truth cannot prevaile?  
What plea maie serve, where will it selfe is judge?  
What reason rules, where right and reason faile?  
Remedilesse then must the guiltlesse trudge :  
And seeke out care, to be the carving knife,  
To cut the thred that lingreth such a life.*

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His is but a rough meeter, and reason, for it was devised  
in great disquiet of minde, and written in rage, but to  
the matter. When he had long (and all in vaine) looked for  
the cōming of his Mistresse into hir appoynted walke : he  
wandred into the Parke neere adjoyning to the Castle wall,  
where his chaunce was to meeete Mistres *F[r]aunces*, accompanied  
with one other Gentle woman, by whome hee passed with a  
reverence of curtesie : and so walking on, came into the side  
of a thicket, where he satte downe under a tree to allay his  
sadnesse with solitarines. Mystresse *Fraunces*, partly of  
curtesie and affection, and partly to content hir minde by  
continuance of such talke as they had commenced over night,  
entreathed hir companion to goe with hir unto this Tree of  
reformation, whereas they founde the Knight with hys armes  
foulded in a heavy kinde of contemplation, unto whome  
Mistresse *Fraunces* stepped a pace (right soothlye) and at unwares  
gave this salutation. I little thought Syr Knight (quoth shee)  
by your Evensong yesternight, to have founde you presentlye  
at suche a Morrow Masse, but I perceyve you serve your Saint  
with double devotion : and I pray God graunt you treable  
meede for youre true intent. He being taken thus upon the  
sodaine, coulde none otherwise aunswere but thus : I toulde you  
mistres (quod hee) that I coulde laugh without lust, and jest  
without joye : and therewithall starting up, with a more bold

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countenaunce came towards the Dames, proffering unto them his service, to waight upon them homewards. I have hearde saye ofte times (quod Mistresse *Fraunces*) that it is harde to serve two Maysters at one time, but we wyll be ryght glad of your company. I thanke you (quod hee) and so walking on with them, fell into sundrye discourses, still refusing to touche any part of theyr formor communication, untill Mystresse *Fraunces* sayde unto him: by my troth (quod shee) I woulde bee your debtour these two daies, to aunswere me truely but unto one question that I will propound: fayre Gentlewoman (quod he) you shall not neede to become my debtour, but if it please you to quit question by question, I will bee more readye to gratifie you in this request, then eyther reason requireth, or than you woulde be willing to worke my contentation. Maister *Fardinando Jeronomii* (quod she, & that sadly) peradventure you know but a litle how willing I would be to procure your con-  
[ten]tation, but you know that hitherto familiarytie hath taken no deepe roote beetwixt us twaine. And though I finde in you no manner of cause whereby I might doubt to commit this or greater matter unto you, yet have I stayed hitherto so to doe, in doubt least you might thereby justlie condemne me both of arrogancy and lacke of discretiō, wherwith I must yet foolishlye affirme, that I have with great paine brydeled my tongue from disclosing the same unto you. Suche is then the good will that I beare towardes you, the which if you rather judge to be impudencie, then a friendely meaning, I may then curse the hower that I first concluded thus to deale with you: herewithall beeing nowe redde for chaste bashefulnessse, shee abased hir eies, and staied hir taulke: to whome *Fardinando* thus aunswere. Mystresse *Fraunces*, if I shoulde with so exceeding villanye requight suche and so exceeding great courtesye, I might not onelye seeme to degenerate from all gentrye, but also to differre in behaviour from all the reste of my lyfe spent: wherfore to be playne with you in fewe wordes I thinke my selfe so muche bounde unto you for divers respects, as if abilitie doe not fayle me, you shall finde mee mindefull in requitall of the same, and for disclosing your mind to me, you may if so i[t] please you adventure it without adventure, for by this Sunne quod he, I will not deceyve such trust as you shall laye upon mee, and furthermore, so farre foorth as I may, I will be yours in any

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respect: wherfore I beseech you accept me for your faithfull friend, and so shall you surely finde me. Not so, quod shee, but you shalbe my *Trust*, if you vouchsafe the name, and I wilbe to you as you shall please to tearme me: my *Hope* (quod hee) if you be so pleased: and thus agreed, they two walked a parte from the other Gentlewoman, and fell into sad talke, wherein Mistresse *Fraunces* dyd verye curteously declare unto him, that in deede, one cause of hir sorrow sustained in his behalfe, was that he had sayde so openly over night, that hee coulde not love, for she perceyved verye well the affection betweene him and Madame *Elynor*, and shee was also advertised that Dame *Elynor* stooide in the portall of hir chamber, harkening to the talke that they hadde at supper that night, wherfore she seemed to be sorry that such a worde (rashely escaped) might become great hinderaunce unto his desire: but a greater cause of hir griefe was (as shee declared) that his happe was to bestow his liking so unworthylye, for shee seemed to accuse Dame *Elinor*, for the most unconstant woman living: In full prooфе whereof, she bewrayed unto him, how she the same Dame *Elynor*, had long time bene yelded to the Minion *Secretary*, whom I have befor described: in whome though there be (quod she) no one poynt of woorthinesse, yet shameth she not to use him as hir dearest friend, or rather hir holiest Idoll and that this notwithstanding Dame *Elynor* had bene also sundry tymes woone to choyce of chaunge, as she named unto *Ferdinando* two Gentlemen wherof the one was named *Hercule Donaty*, and the other *Haniball de Cosmis*, by whom she was during sundrie times of their severall aboad in those countries, entreated to like courtisie: for these causes the Dame *Fraunces* seemed to mislike his choyce, and to lament that she doubted in processe of time to see him abused.

The experiment she ment was this, for that she thought *Ferdenario* (I use *Bartelless* wordes) a man in every respect very worthy to have the severall use of a more commodious common, she hopped now to see if his inclosure there of might be defensable against hir sayd *Secretary*, and such like. These thinges and divers other of great importaunce, this courteouse Lady *Fraunces* dyd friendly disclose unto hym, and further more, did both instruct and advise him to proceede in his enterprise. Nowe to make my talke good, and least the

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Reader might bee drawen in a jelose suppose of this Lady *Fraunces*, I must let you understand yt she was a virgin of rare chastity, singuler capacicie, notable modestie, & excelent beauty: and though *Ferdinando Jeronimii* had cast his affection on the other (being a [married] woman) yet was there in their beauties no great difference: but in all other good giftes a wonderfull diversitie, as much as might betwene constancie & fl[itt]ing fantasie, betwene womanly coütenaunce and girlish garishnes, betwene hot dissimulation & temperat fidelity. Now if any man wil curiously aske the question why he should chuse the one and leave ye other, over & besides ye cōmon proverbe (*So mani men so manie mindes*) thus may be answered we see by common experience, that the highest flying faucon, doth more cōmonly praye upon the corn fed crow & the simple shiftles dove, then on ye mounting kyte: & why? because the one is overcome with lesse difficultye then that other. Thus much in defence of this Lady *Fraunces*, & to excuse the choyce of *Ferdinando* who thought himself now no lesse beholding to good fortune, to have found such a trusty friend, then bounden to Dame *Venus*, to have wonne such a Mistres. And to returne unto my pretence, understand you, that he (being now with these two fair Ladies come very neere the castle) grew in some jelouse doubt (as on his own behalf) whether he wer best to break cōpany or not. Whē his assured *Hope*, perceiving the same, gan thus recōfort him: good sir (quod she) if you trusted your trusty friēds, you should not neede thus cowardly to stād in dread of your friendly enimies. Well said in faith (quod *Ferdinādo*) & I must confesse, you were in my bosome before I wist: but yet I have heard said often, that in *Trust* is treason. Wel spokē for your self quod his *Hope*. *Ferdinando* now remēbring that he had but crewhile taken upon him the name of hir *Trust*, came home *per misericordiam*, when his *Hope* entring the Castle gate, caught hold of his lap, & half by force led him by the gallery unto his Mistres chamber: wheras after a litle dissembling disdain, he was at last by the good helpe of his *Hope*, right thākfully received: & for his Mistresse was now ready to dine, he was therfore for y<sup>e</sup> time arrested there, & a supersedias sent into the great chamber unto the Lord of the house, who expected his coming out of the parke. The dinner ended, & he throughly contented both with welfare & wel-

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come, they fell into sundry devices of pastime: at last *Ferdinando* taking into his hād a Lute that lay on his Mistresse bed, did unto the note of the *Venetian* galliard apply the *Italian* dittie written by the worthy *Bradamant* unto ye noble *Rugier*, as *Ariosto* hath it. *Rugier qual semper fui, &c.* but his Mistres could not be quiet untill she heard hym repeat the *Tinternell* which he used over night, the whiche he refused not [, at end] wherof his Mistres thinking how she had shewed hir selfe [to earnest] to use any further dissimulation, especially perceyvynge the toward enclination of hir servants *Hope*, fel to flat and playne dealing & walked to the window, call[ing] hir servaunt apart unto hir, of whom she demaunded secretly and in sad earnest, who devised this *Tinternell*? My Fathers Sisters brothers sonne (quod he). His mistres laughing right hartely, demaunded yet again, by whome the same was figured: by a niece to an Aunt of yours, Mistres (quod he). Well then servaunt quoth shee, I sweare unto you by my Fathers Soule, y<sup>t</sup> my mothers youngest daughter, doth love your fathers eldest sone above any c[r]eature living. *Fardenando* hereby recomforted gan thus replie. Mistres, though my fathers eldest son be far unworthy of so noble a match, yet since it pleaseth hir so wel to except him, I would thus much say behind his ba[c]k, y<sup>t</sup> your mothers daughter hath done him some wrong: and wherein servaunt (quod she): by my troth Mistres (quod he) it is not yet xx. houres, since without touch of brest, she gave him such a nip by the harte, as did altogether bereave him his nightes rest with the bruse therof. Well servaunt (quod she) content your selfe, for your sake, I will speake to hyr to provyde hym a playster, the which I my selfe will applye to hys hurt: And to the ende it maye worke the better wyth hym, I will purvay a lodging for hym, wher hereafter he maye sleepe at more quiet.

This sayd: the rosie hewe dis[t]ained hir sikelie chekes, and she returned to the cōpany, leaving *Ferdinando* ravished betwene hope and dread, as on that could neither conjecture the meaning of hir mysticall wordes, nor assuredly trust unto the knot of hys sliding affectiones. When the Lady *Fraunces*, cōming to him, demaunded, what dream you sir? Yea mary doe I fayre Lady (quod he). And what was your dream, sir (quod she)? I dreamt (quod he) that walking in a pleasaunt garden garnished

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with sundrye delights, my hap was to espie hanging in the ayre, a hope wherin I might well beholde the aspectes and face of the heavens, and calling to remembrance the day and hower of my nativity, I did therby (accordyng to my small skil in Astronomy) trie the conclusion of mine adventures. And what found you therin (quod Dame *Fraunces*)? you awaked me out of my dreame (quod he) or ells peradventure you should not have knownen. I beleive you well (quod the lady *Fraunces*) and laughing at his quicke aunswere brought him by the hande unto the rest of his company: where he taryed not long before his gracious Mystresse badde him to farewel, and to keepe his houre there againe when he should by hir be sommoned. Hereby hee passed the rest of that daye in hope awayting the happie tyme when his Mystresse shoulde sende for him. Supper time came, and passed over, and not long after came the handemayne of the Lady *Elynor* into the great chamber desiering him to repayre unto their Mistresse, the which he willingly acomplished: and being nowe entred into hyr chamber, he might perceyve his Mystresse in hir nightes attyre, preparing hir selfe towards bed, to whome *Fardinando* sayde: Why how now mystresse? I hadde thought this night to have seene you daunce (at least or at last) amongst us? By my troth good Servaunt (q[u]oth shee) I adventured so soone unto the great Chamber yeasternyght, that I finde my selfe somewhat sickelye disposed, and therefore doe strayne courtesye (as you see) to goe the sooner to my bedde this night: but before I sleepe (quoth she) I am to charge you with a matter of wayght, and taking him a parte from the rest, declared that (as that present night) shee woulde talke with him more at large in the gallery neere adjoyning to hir chamber. Hereupon *Ferdinando* discretelye dissimuling his joy, toke his leave & returned into the great chamber, where he had not long continued before the Lord of the Castell commaunded a torch to light him unto his lodging, wheras he prepared himselfe and went to bed, commaunding his servaunt also to go to his rest. And when he thought as well his servaunt, as the rest of the houshold to be safe, he arose againe, & taking his night gowne, did under the same convey his naked sword, and so walked to the gallerie, where he founde his good Mistresse walkyng in hir night gowne and attending his comming. The Moone was nowe at the full,

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the skies cleare, and the weather temperate, by reason whereof he might the more playnely [an]d with the greater contentation behold his long desired joyes: and spreading his armes abrode to embrace his loving Mistresse, hee sayde: oh my deare Lady when shall I be able with any deserfe to countervayle the least parte of this your bountifull goodnesse? The Dame (whether it were of feare in deede, or that the wylinesse of womanhoode had taught hir to cover hir conceites with some fine dissimulation) stert backe from the Knight, and shriching (but softly) sayd unto him. Alas servaunt what have I deserved, that you come agaynst mee with naked sword as against an open enimie. *Ferdinando* perceyving hir intent excused himselfe, declarlyng that he brought the same for their defence, and not to offend hir in any wise.

The Ladie beyng therewith somewhat apeased they began with more comfortable gesture to expell the dread of the sayd late affright, and sithence to become bolder of behaviour, more familiar in speeche, and moste kinde in accomplishing of common comfort. But why holde I so long discourse in describyng the joyes whiche (for lacke of like experiance) I cannot set out to the full? Well, remedie was there none, but dame *Elynor* muste returne unto hir chamber, and he muste also convey himselfe (as closely as might be) into his chamber, the which was hard to do, the day being so farre srong, and he having a large base court to passe over before he could recover his staire foote dore. And though he were not much perceived, yet the Lady *Fraunces* being no lesse desirous to see an issue of these enterprises, then he was willing to cover them in secrecy, laid watch, & even at the entring of his chamber doore, perceived the poynct of his naked sworde glistring under the skyrte of his nyght gowne: whereat she smiled & sayd to hir selfe, this geare goeth well aboute. Well *Ferdinando* having now recovered his chamber he went to bede, there let him sleepe, as his mistrisse did on the otherside. Although the Lady *Fraunces* being throughly tickled now in al the vaynes, could not enjoye such quiet rest, but arising toke another gentle woman of the house with hir, and walked into the parke to take the fresh ayre of the morning. They had not long walked there, but they returned, and thoug[h] *Ferdinando* *Jeronimii* had not yet slept sufficiently, for one which had so

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farre travayled in the night past, yet they went in chamber to rayse him, and comming to his beds side, him fast on slep. Alas quod that other gentle w<sup>m</sup> were pitye to awake him: even so it were quod dame F but wee wil take away som what of his, wherby he m<sup>e</sup> ceive that we were here, and loking about the chamb<sup>r</sup> naked sword presented it selfe to the handes of dame F who tooke it with her, and softly shutting hys chamb<sup>r</sup> agayne, went downe the stayres and recovered hir owne in good order and unperceyved of any body, saving o<sup>r</sup> other gentle woman which accompanied with hir. At *Ferdinando* awaked, and apparrelling hym selfe, w<sup>e</sup> also to take the ayre, and being throughly recomforte with remembraunce of his joyes forepassed, as well y<sup>e</sup> pleasaunt hermony which the Brides made on every t<sup>e</sup> the fragrant smel of the redolent flowers and blossome budded on every braunche: hee did in these delights these verses following called a mooneshyne banquet.

*Dame Cintbia her selfe (that shines so bright,  
And dayneth not to leave hir loftie place:  
But onely then, when Phœbus shewes his face,  
Which is her brother borne and lendes hir light,)  
Disdaind not yet to do my Lady right:  
To prove that in such heavenly wightes as she,  
It fitteth best that right and reason be.  
For when she spied my Ladies golden raies,  
Into the cloudes,  
Hir head she shroudes,  
And shamed to shine where she hir beames displa*

*Good reason yet, that to my simple skill,  
I should the name of Cynthia adore:  
By whose high helpe, I might beholde the more,  
My Ladies lovely lookes at mine owne will,  
With deepe content, to ga[z]e, and gaze my fill:  
Of courtesie and not of darcke disdain,  
Dame Cy[n]thia disclose my Lady plaine.  
Shee did but lende hir light (as for a litle)*



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*With friendely grace,  
To shew bir face,  
That else would shew and shine in bir dispight.*

*Dan Phœbus bee with many a lowring looke,  
Had bir behelde [of] yore in angrie wise:  
And whben he coulde none other meane devise  
To staine bir name, this deepe deceit he tooke,  
To be the baite that best might hide his hooke:  
Into bir eies his parching beames he cast,  
To skorche their skinnes, that gaz'd on bir full fast:  
Wherby when many a man was sunne burnt so  
They thought my Queene,  
The sonne had beene,  
With skalding flames, which wrought them all that wo,*

*[So] that when many a looke had lookest so long,  
As that their eyes were dimme and dazaled both:  
Some fainting heartes that were both leude and loth  
To looke agayne from whence that error spong,  
Gan close their eye for feare of farther wrong:  
And some againe once drawen into the maze,  
Gan leudly blame the beames of beauties blaze:  
But I with deepe foresight did soone espie,  
How phœbus ment,  
By false intent,  
To slander so her name with cruetie.*

*Wherfore at better leasure thought I best,  
To trie the treason of his trecherie:  
And to exalt my Ladies dignitie  
When Phœbus fled and drewe him downe to rest.  
Amid the waves that walter in the west,  
I gan behold this lovely Ladies face,  
Wheron dame nature spent bir giftes of grace:  
And found therein no parching heat at all,  
But such bright hew,  
As might renew,  
An Aungels joyes in raigne celestiall.*

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*The courteouse Moone that wisht to do me good,  
Did shine to shew my dame more perfectly,  
But when she sawe bir passing jollitie,  
The Moone for shame, did blush as red as bloud,  
And shrounke a side and kept bir hornes in hoode:  
So that now when Dame Cyntbia was gone,  
I might enjoye my Ladies looks alone,  
Yet honoured still the Moone with true intent:  
Who taught us skill,  
To worke our will,  
And gave us place, till all the night was spent.*

*F. J.*

¶ *¶* And now to returne to my tale, by that time, ¶ returned out of the parke, it was dinner time, dynner they all met, I meane both dame *Elynor*, dame, & *Ferdanndo*. I leave to describe that the Lady *Fra* gorgiously attyered, and set forth with very brave appa Madame *Elynor* onely in hir night gowne gyrt to hir coyfe trymmed *Alla Piedmonteze*, on the whiche she war cap[*p*]e crossed over the crow[n]e with two bandes of Sarcenet or Cipresse, in the middest whereof she ha (of hir owne hand writing) in paper this worde, ( This attyre pleased hir then to use, and could not I pleased Mistresse *Fraunces*, had she not ben more pri cause, then to the thing it selfe: at least the Loré Castle, of ignnoraunce, and dame *Fraunces*, of great aunce, let it passe without offence. At dinner, bicaus was pleased with al former reconinges, and the oth privie to the accōpt, there passed no word of taunt or g but *omnia bene*. After dynner dame *Elinor* being desirous to have *Ferdinando*s compani, then dame *F* to take him in some pretty trippe, they began to que they might best passe the day: the Lady *Elinor* seeme to kepe her chamber, but Mistresse *Fraunces* (for an pose) seemed desirous to ride abroade, therby to take ayre: they greed to ride a mile or twayne for s requested *Ferdinando* to accompany them, the which graunted. Eche one parted from other, to pre

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selves & nowe began the sport, for when he was booted, his horses sadled, and he ready to ride, he gan misse his Rapier, wherat al astonied he began to blame his man, but blame whom he would, found it could not be. At last the Ladies going towards the horsebacke called for him in the base Court, and demaunded if he were readie: to whome hee aunswered, Madame, I am more than readie, and yet not so ready as I would be, and immediatly taking him selfe in trip, he thought best to utter no more of his conceipt, but in hast more than good sped mounted his horse, & comming toward y<sup>e</sup> dames presented himselfe, turning, bounding, & taking up his courser to the uttermost of his power in bravery: after suffering his horse to breath him selfe, he gan also allay his owne choller, & to the dames he sayd. Fayre Ladyes I am ready when it pleaseth you to ride where so you commaund. How ready so ever you be seruaunt, quod dame *Elynor*, it seemeth your horse is readier at your commaunde then at oures. If he bee at my commaund Mistresse (quod he) he shall be at yours. Gramercye good seruaunte (quod shee) but my meanyng is, that I feare he be to stirring for our cōpany. If he prove so mistres (quod he) I have here a soberer palfrey to serve you on. The Dames being mounted they rode forthwardes by the space of a mile or very neare, & *Ferdinando* (whether it were of his horses corage or his owne choller came not so neare them as they wished) at last the Lady *Fraunces* sayde unto him, mayster *Jeron*[?] my you sayde that you had a sober horse, which if it be so, we would bee glad of your company but I beleve by your countenaunce your horse and you are agreed. *Ferdinando* alighting called his seruaunt, chaunged horses with him, and over taking the Dames, sayd to Mistres *Fraunces*: And why doe you think fayre Lady that my horse and I are agreed? Because by your countenaunce (quod she) it seemeth your patience is stirred. In good faith, quod he, you have gessed aright, but not with any of you. Thē we care the lesse seruaunt, quod Dame *Elynor*. By my troth Mistresse, quod he (looking wel about him that none might heare but they two) it is with my seruaunt, who hath lost my sword out of my chamber. Dame *Elinor* litle remembering the occasion, replied it is no matter seruaunt, quod she, you shall heare of it againe, I warrant you, and presently wee ryde in Gods

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peace, and I trust shall have no neede of it: yet Mistre he, a weapō serveth both uses, as well to defēd, as to Now [by my] troth, quod Dame *Fraunces*, I have no dreame, for I dreamt this night that I was in a pl medow alone, where I met with a tall Gentleman, app in a night gowne of silke, all embroidered about with of naked swordes, and when he came towards me I see be afryd of him, but he recomforted me saying, be no fayre Lady, for I use this garment onely for mine defence: and in this sort went that warrelike God what time hee taught Dame *Venus* to make *Vulcan* a of the new fashion. Notwithstanding these comfortabl the fright of the dreame awaked me, and sithens u hower I have not slept at al. And what time of th dreamt you this quod *Fardinando*? In the grey mornin dawning of the day, but why aske you quod Dame *Ferdinando* with a great sigh answered, because that are to bee marked more at some hower of the night some other? why are you so cunning at the interpre dreames servaunt? (quod the Ladye *Elinor*): not very Mistres quod he, but gesse like a young scholler. Th continued in these and like pleasaunt talkes: but *F* coulde not be mery, as on that estemed the preservati mistres honor, no [lesse] then the obteyning of his owne and yet to avoyd further suspicion, he repressed his as much as he could. The Lady *Elynor* (more care considerative of his owne case) pricking forwardes sayd him, I had thought you had received small cause serva thus dumpish, when I would be mery. Alas deere quod he, it is altogether for your sake, that I am Dame *Fraunces* of courtesie with drewe his selfe and a leave, when as *Ferdinādo* declared unto his Mistres, sworde was taken out of his chamber, and that he much by the wordes of the Lady *Fraunces*, that she understanding of the mater. Dame *Elynor* now remembrance what had passed the same night, at the abashed, but immediatly (for these women be redil chered his servaunt, and willed him to commit unto salving of that sore. Thus they passed the rest of the pleasaunt talke with dame *Fraunces*, and so returne



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the Castle where *Jeronimy* suffered the two dames to go together, and he alone unto his chamber to bewayle hys own misgovernement. But dame *Elynor* (whether it were according to olde custome, or by wilye pollycye) founde meane that nyght, that the sworde was conveyed out of Mistres *Fraunces* chamber, and brought unto hirs: and after redeliverye of it unto hir servaunt, she warned hym to be more wary from that time forthwardes: afterward when he grew more bold and better aquaynted with his Mistris disposition, hee adventured one Frydaye in the morning to go unto hir Chamber, and thereupon wrote as followeth: which he termed a Frydayes Breakfast.

*¶* **T**hat selfe same day, and of that day that bower,  
When she doth raigne, that mockt Vulcan the smith,  
And thought it meete to harbor in bir bower,  
Some gallant gest for bir to dally with,  
That blessed houre, that blist and happe daye,  
I thought it meete, with bastie steppes to go  
Unto the lodge, wherin my Lady laye,  
To laugh for joye, or else to weepe for woe.  
And lo, my Lady of bir wonted grace,  
First lent bir lippes to me (as for a kisse)  
And after that bir bodye to imbrace,  
Wherein dame nature wrought nothing amisse.  
What followed next, gesse you that know the trade,  
For in this sort, my F[r]ydaies feast I made.

F. J.

**M**any dayes passed these two lovers with great delight, their affayres being no lesse politiuely governed, then happilye atchived. And surelye it should seeme in sadde earnest, that hee did not onely love hir, but was furthermore so ravished in extasies with continual remembraunce of his delights, that he made an Idol of hir in his inwarde conceyte. So seemeth it by this challenge to beautie, which [h]e wrote in hir prayse and uppon hir name.

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**B**eautie shut up thy shop, and trusse up all thy trasi  
My Nell hath stolne thy finest stufte, & left thee in  
Tby market now is marde, thy gaines are gone god wot  
Thou hast no ware, that maie compare, with this that I  
As for thy painted pale, and wrinckles surfled up:  
Are deare ynoch, for such as lust to drinke of every cu  
Thy bodies bolstred out, with bumbaet and with bagges,  
Thy rowles, thy ruffes, thy caules, thy coifes, thy Jerkin  
Thy curling, and thy cost, thy fressling and thy fare,  
To court to court with al those tois & there set forth such u  
Before their hungrie eies, that gaze on every gest,  
And choose the cheapest chaffaire still, to please their fa  
But I whose stedfast eies, coulde never cast a glaunce,  
With wadring loke, amid the prese, to take my chioise  
Have wonne by due desert, a peice that hath no peere,  
And left the rest as refuse all, to serve the market the  
There let him chuse that list, there catche the best who  
A painted blazing baite may serve, to choke a gazing  
But I have slipt thy flower, that freshest is of bewe:  
I have thy corne, goe sell thy chaffe, I list to seeke no  
The windowes of mine eies, are glaz'd with such delig  
As eche new face seemes full of faultes, that blaseth in  
And not without just cause, I can compare her so,  
Loe here my glove I challenge him, that can, or dare  
Let Theseus come with clubbe, or Paris bragge with b  
To prove how faire their Hellen was, that skourg'd the Gr  
Let mighty Mars himselfe, come armed to the field:  
And vaunt dame Venus to desfed, with helmet, speare,  
This hand that had good hap, my Hellen to embrace,  
Shal have like lucke to [foyle] bir foes, & daunt them wit  
And cause them to confesse by verdict and by othe,  
How farre hir lovelie lookes do steine, the beauties of  
And that my Hellen is more faire then Paris wife,  
And doth deserve more famous praise, then Venus for  
Which if I not perfourme, my life then let me leese,  
Or else be bound in chaines of change, to begge for be

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BY this challenge I gesse, that eyther he was than in an extasie, or else, sure I am nowe in a lunacie, for it is a prowde challenge made to *Beautie* hir selfe, and all hir companions: and imagining that *Beautie* having a shoppe where she uttered hir wares of all sundry sortes, his Ladie had stollen the fyndest away, leaving none behind hir, but paynting, bolstring, forcing and such like, the whiche in his rage he judgeth good inough to serve the Courte: and thereupon grewe a great quarrell. When these verses were by the negligence of his Mistresse dispersed into sundry handes, and so at last to the reading of a Courtier. Well *Ferdinando* had his desire, yf his Mistresse lyked them, but as *Bartello* writeth, shee grewe in jelousie, that the same were not written by hir, because hir name was *Elynor* and not *Hellen*. And about this point have been divers and sundry opinions among the *Venetians*, for this & divers other of his most notable Poems, have come to view of the world. And some have attributed this praise unto a *Hellen*, who deserved not so well as this dame *Elynor* shoulde seeme to deserve, and yet never a barrell of good herring betweene them both: But that other *Hellen*, because she was sayeth *Bartello*, of so base conditions, as may deserve no maner cōmendation in any honest judgement, therefore he thinketh that he would never bestow verse of so meane a subject. And yet some of his acquaintaunce knowing also that he was sometimes acquainted with *Hellen*, have stoaide in argument, that it was written by *Hellen*, & not by *Elynor*. Well mine auctor affirmeth that it was written by this Dame *Elynor*, and that unto hir he thus alledged, that he tooke it all for one name, or at least he never read of any *Elynor* suche matter as might sound worthy like commendation, for beautie. And in deede considering all circumstaunces of histories, and comparing also the time that suche reportes do spreade of his acquaintaunce with *Hellen*, it cannot be written lesse then sixe or seven yeeres before he knewe *Hellen*: marrye peradventure if there were any acquaintaunce betweene him and that *Hellen* afterwardes, he might adapt it to hir name, and so make it serve boath their turnes, as elder lovers have done before, and still doe, and wyll doe world without ende. Wel by whome he wrote it I know not, and to returne to the purpose, he sought

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more certainelye to please his Mistresse *Elynor* with thi  
written in hir praise as followeth.

*T*HE stately Dames of *Rome*, their Pearles did  
About their neckes to beautifie their name:  
But she (whome I doe serve) bir pearles doth beare,  
Close in bir mouth, and smiling shewe, the same.  
No wonder then, though ev'ry word she speakes,  
A Jewell seeme in judgement of the wise,  
Since that bir sugred tongue the passage breakes,  
Betweene two rockes, bedeckt with pearles of price.  
Hir haire of golde, bir front of *Ivory*,  
(A bloody heart within so white a breast)  
Hir teeth of *Pearle*, lippes *Rubie*, christall eye,  
Needes must I honour bir above the rest:  
Since she is fourmed of none other moulde,  
But *Rubie*, *Christall*, *Ivory*, *Pearle*, and *Golde*.

*Ferdinando Jeronimy.*

*O*F this Sonet, were it not a lyttle to muche prayes  
Italians do most commonly offend in the super  
could [the] more commend it: but I hope the party to v  
was dedicated had rather it were much more, than a  
lesse. *Wel*, thus these twoo Lovers passed many  
exceeding contentation, & more than speakable plea  
which time *Ferdinando* did compile very many verses  
to sundrye occasions proffred, and they were for the m  
sauced with a taste of glory, as you know that in suc  
lover being charged with inexprimable joyes, and  
enjoyned both by duety and discretion to keepe  
covert, can by no meanes devise a greater consolation  
commit it into some cyphred wordes, and figured sp  
verse, whereby he feeleth his heart halfe (or more th  
eased of swelling. For as sighes are some present ea  
pensive minde, even so we find by experience, that suc  
entercomoning of joyes doeth encrease delight. I v  
have you conster my wordes to this effect, that I thin  
cannot sufficientlye rejoice in the luckie lottes of lov

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he empart the same to others: God forbid that ever I should enter into such an herisie, for I have alwayes bene of this opinion, that as to be fortunate in love, is one of the most inward contentations to mans mind of all earthly joyes: even so if hee do but once bewray ye same to any living creature, immediatly either dread of discovering doth bruse his brest with an intollerable burden, or els he leeseth the principall vertue which gave effect to his gladnes, not unlyke to a Poticares pot, which being filled with sweete oyntmentes or perfumes, doth retayne in it selfe some sent of the same, and being powred out doeth returne to the former state, hard, harsh, and of small savour: So the mind being fraught with delightes, as long as it can kepe them secretly enclosed, may continually feede upon the pleasaunt record thereof, as the wel wylling and readie horse byteth on the bridle, but having once disclosed them to any other, straight waye we loose the hidden treasure of the same, and are oppressed with sundry doubtfull opinions and dreadfull conceiptes. And yet for a man to record unto him selfe in the inward contemplation of his mind, the often remembrance of his late received joyes, doth as it were ease the hearte of burden, and ad unto the mind a fresh supplie of delight, yea, and in veraye principally (as I conceyve) a man may best contrive his waye of comfort in him selfe. Therfore as I have sayde *Ferdinando* swimming nowe in delightes did nothing but writ such verse as might acumilat his joyes, to the extremitie of pleasure, the which for that purpose he kept from sight of ye world, as one more desirous to seme obscure & defective, than overmuch to glory in his adventures, especially for yt in the end his hap was as heavie, as hitherto he had ben fortunate. And here I wyll surcease to rehearse any more of his verses until I have expressed how yt his joyes being exalted to the highest degree began to bendl towards declinatio. For now the unhappy *Secretary* whom I have before remembred, was returned from *Florence*, on whom *Fardinando* had no soner cast his eies, but immediatly he fell into a great passion of minde, which might be cōpared unto a feaver. This fruit grew of the good instructions yt his *Hope* had planted in his mind, whereby I might take just occasion to forwarn every lover, how they suffer this venemous serpent jelousie to creepe into their conceipts: for surely, of al other diseases in love, I suppose that

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to be uncurable, and would hold longer discourse ther  
it not y<sup>t</sup> both this tale & the verses of *Ferdinando* h  
hereafter to be recited, shalbe sufficiēt to speake for m  
behalf. The lover (as I say upon the sodain) was dro  
such amalladie, as no meate might nourishe his b  
delightes please his minde, no remembrance of joyes fo  
content him, nor any hope of the lyke to come might re  
him: hereat (some unto whome I have imparted this ta  
takē occasion to discōmend his fainting heart, yet su  
cause inwardly & deeply considered, I cannot so ligh  
dempne him: for an old saying is, that everye man c  
council better than followe it: and needes must the  
of his thoughts be straunge: betweene the remembra  
his forepassed pleasure, and the present sight of this  
whom before (for lacke of like instruction) he had  
throughlye marked and beheld. Well, such was th  
unto him, that he became sickly and kept his chambe  
Ladies having received the newes thereof, gan al at ono  
his misfortune, & of common consent agreed to vi  
they marched thither in good equipage, I warant  
fōud *Ferdinando* lying upon his bed languishing, whō  
saluted generally, and sought to recomfort: but espec  
Mistresse, having in hir hand a braunc[h]e of wyllow, w  
shee defended hir from the whot aire, gan thus say w  
Servaunt (quod she) for that I suppose your mallady to  
of none other cause but only slouthfulnessse, I have bro  
preaty rod to beate you a little: nothing doubting,  
you feele the smart of a twig or twayne, you w  
tractable yong scholler, pluck up your quickned spiri  
this drowsinesse apart. *Ferdinando* with a great sigh a  
Alas good Mistres (quod he) if any like chasisme  
quickē me, how much more might the presence o  
lovely Dames recomfort my dulled mind? whome  
were sufficient to revive an eye now dazled with the  
death: & that not onely for the heavenly aspects w  
represent, but also much the more for your exceeding  
in that you have deigned to visit mee so unworthie a  
But good Mistresse (quod he) as it were shame for r  
fesse that ever my hart coulde yelde for feare, so I  
that my minde cannot be content to induce infi

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sluggishe conceyt: But in trueth Mistresse I am sicke (quod he,) and therewithall the trembling of his hart had sent up suche throbbing into his throte, as that his voyce (now deprived of breath) commaunded the tong to be still. When Dame *Elynor* for compassion distilled into teares, and drew towards the window, leaving the other Gentlewomen about his bed, who being no lesse sorye for his grieve, yet for that they were none of them so touched in their secrete thoughts, they had bolder sprits and freeer speach to recomfort him, amongst the rest the Lady *Fraunces*, (who in deede loved him deepeley, and could best conjecture the cause of his conceipts) sayd unto him: Good *Trust* (quod shee) if any helpe of Phisick may cure your maladie, I would not have you hurt your selfe with these doubts whiche you seeme to retayne: If choice of Diet may helpe, beholde us here (your cookes) ready to minister all things needfull: if company may drive away your anoye, wee meane not to leave you solitary, if grieve of mind be cause of your infirmite, wee all here will offer our devoyre to turne it into joye: if mishap have given you cause to feare or dreade any thing, remember *Hope*, which never fayleth to recomfort an afflicted minde. And good *Trust* (quod she) (distreining his hand right hartely) let this simple prooef of our poore good willes bee so [ac]cepted of you, as that it maye work therby the effect of our desires. *Ferdinando* (as on in a traunce) had marked very litle of hir curteouse talke, & yet gave hir thankes, and so held his peace whereat the Ladys (being all amazed) there became a silence in the chamber on all sides. Dame *Elynor* fearing thereby that she might the more easely be espyed, and having nowe dryed up hir teares, retourned to hir servaunte, recomforting him by all possible meanes of common curtesie, promising that since in hir sicknes he had not only staunched hir bleding, but also by his gentle company and sundry devices of honest pastime, had driven a waye the pensivenes of hir mind, she thought hir selfe bound with like willingnes to do hir best in any thing that might restore his health, & taking him by the hand said further. Good servaunte, if thou beare in deed any true affection to thy poore Mistres, start upon thy feet again, and let hir enjoye thine accustomed service to hir cōfort, for sure (quod she) I will never leave to visite this chamber once in a daye, untill I may have thee dōwne with

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mee. *Ferdinando* hearyng the harty woordes of his Mistris, and perceyvyng the earnest maner of hir pronunciation, began to receyve unspeakeable comfort in the same, and sayd: Mistris, your exceedingyng courtesie were able to revive a man half dead, and to me it is bothe great comfort, and it doeth also gald my remēbrance, with a continual smart of myne owne unworthiness: but as I woulde desire no longer life, than til I might be able to deserve some part of your boūty, so I wil endevor my self to live, were it but only unto yt ende, yt I might merite some parte of your favour with acceptable service, and requight some deale the courtesie of all these other fayre Ladies, who have so farre (above my deserts) deigned to doe me good. Thus sayd, the Ladies taried not long before they were called to Evensong, when his Mistres taking his hand, kissed it saying: Farewel good servaunt, and I praye thee suffer not the mallice of thy sickenesse to overcome the gentlenesse of thy good hart. *Fardinando* ravished with joy, suffered them all to departe, and was not able to pronounce one word. After their departure, he gan cast in his mind the exceeding curtesie used towardeſ him by them all, but above all other the bounty of his Mystresse: and therwithall tooke a sound & firme opinion, that it was not possible for hir to coūterfeite so deeplye (as in deede I beleieve that shee then did not) wherby he sodenly felt his hert greatly eased, and began in himselfe thus to reason. Was ever man of so wretched a heart? I am the most bounden to love (quod he) of all them that ever p[rof]essed his service, I enjoy one the fayrest that ever was found, and I finde hir the kindest that ever was hearde of: yet in mine owne wicked heart, I coulde vilanously conceyve that of hir, which being compared with the rest of hir vertues, is not possible to harbour in so noble a mind. Herby I have brought my self without cause into this feeblesse: and good reason that for so high an offence, I should be punished with great infirmitie: what shall I then doe? yelde to the same? no, but according to my late protestation, I will recomfort this languishing minde of mine, to the ende I may live but onely to do penaunce for this so notable a cryme so rashly committed: and thus saying, he start from his bed, and gan to walke towardeſ the window: but the venomous serpent which (as before I rehearsed) had stoc̄ him, coulde not be content that these medicines

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applyed by the mouth of his gentle Mistresse, should so soone resto[r]te him to guerison. And although in dede they were such *Mythrydate* to him as that they had nowe expelled the rancour of the poysone yet that ougly hellishe monster had left behind hir in the most secret of his bosome, (even betwene the minde and the man) one of hir familiers named *suspeſt*, whiche gan work in the weake spirites of *Ferdinando* efectes of no lese perill than before he had received, his head swelling with these troublſome toyes, and his hart swimming in the tempeſts of tossing fantasie: he felt his legges so feeble, that he was cōſtrayned to lie down on his bed again, and repeating in his own remembraunce every woordē that his mistres had ſpoken unto him, he gan to dread, that ſhe had brought the willow braunche to beate hym with, in token that he was of hir forſaken: for ſo lovers do moſt commonly expound the willow garande, and this to thiſke, did cut his hart in twayne. A wonderfull chaunge: and here a little to ſtaye you, I will diſcribe as I finde it in *Bartello the beginning*, the fall, the retourne, and the being of this helliſh byrde, who in dede maye well bee counted a very lymbe of the Divill. Many yeares ſince, one of the moſte dreadfull dasterdes in the world, and one of them that firſt deuifſed to weare his beard at length, leſt the Barbor might doe him a good turne ſoner then he looked for it, and yet not ſo ſoone as he deſerved, had buiſſed for his ſecurity a pile on the hygher and moſt inacceſſible mount of all his Territores: the which being fortyfied with ſtrong walles, and enyroned with deepe ditches, had no place of ent[ri]e, but one onely doore ſo ſtrayght and narrow, as might by any poſſibility receive the body of one living man: from which he aſended up a ladder, and ſo creeping through a meruelous ſtraiſt hole, attayned to his lodging, ye which was ſo dark and obſcure, as ſcarcely either ſunne or ayre could enter into it: thus hee deuifſed to lodge in ſafetie, and for the moſe ſuertye gane truſte none other letting downe this ladder but onely his wife: and at the foote therof kept alwaies by daye light, a fierce maſtife close enkeneled which never ſawe nor hearde the face or voice of any other creature but onelye of them twoo: him by night he truſted with the ſcout of this prety paſſage, having nevtheleſſe between him & this dogge, a double doore with treble lockes, quadrable barres, and before

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all a port coulez of Iron: neither yet could he bee s  
as to sleepe, untyll he had caused a garde of servauntes  
he kept abroade for that purpose) to search all the  
adjoyning to all his fortresse, and th[en] betweene fearefu  
and chyvering cold, with one eye opened & the other  
stole sometimes a broken sleepe, devide with many  
dreames. In this sort the wretch lyved all to long,  
last his Wife being not able any longer to supporte thi  
life, grewe so hardye, as with his owne knife to disp  
carkas out of this earthlye purgatorye: the which be  
his soule (and good reason) was quickly conveyed b  
unto hell: there *Radamanthus* Judge of that benc  
maunded him quicklye to be thrust into a boyling po  
being therein plonged very often, hee never shryked  
I skalde, as his other companions there cryed, but s  
lightye to esteeme it, that the Judge thought meet  
dempne him unto the most terrible place, where  
tormentes, as neyther penne can wryte, tongue ex  
thought conceyve: but the myser (even there) seemed  
and to make small accompt of his punishment. *Ra*  
hereof enformed, sent for him, and demaunded the c  
he made so light of his duraunce? he aunswered that  
lyved on earth, he was so continually afflicted and  
with suspcion, as that now (only to thinke that he v  
those meditations) was sufficient armour to defend  
all other tormentes. *Radamanthus* astonied hereat,  
togeather the Senators of that kingdome, and propo  
question, howe & by what punishment they might  
touche him according to his deserts? & hereupon  
disputation: at last being cōsidered, that he had al  
plonged in the most unspeakable tormentes, & ther  
nothing had changed cōtenance, therewithal y<sup>t</sup> no  
sent unto thē to be relieved of his smart, but rat  
punished for his former delights: it was cōcluded by  
cōūsel, y<sup>t</sup> he should be eftstones sent into y<sup>e</sup> world &  
the same body wherein he first had his resiance, so  
for perpetuity, and never to depart nor to perish.  
body and soule being once againe united, and now  
with the same pestilence infected, he became of a  
man, *Suspicion* it selfe: and now the wretch reme

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treason of his wife, who had so willingly dispatched him once before, gan utterly abhorre hir, and fled hir company, searching in all countries some place of better assurance, and when he had in vaine trode over ye most part of the earth, he embarked himself to find some unknownen Ilande, wherein he might frame some newe habitation : and finding none so commodious as hee desired, he fortuned (sayling aloane by the shoare) to espy a rock, more than sixe hundred Cubits high, which hong so suspicuously over the seas, as though it would threaten to fall at everye little blast : this dyd *Suspition* Imagine to be a fit foundation whereon he might build his second Bower : hee forsooke his boate, and travailed by lande to espie what entrye or accesse might bee made unto ye same, and founde from lande no maner of entrie or accesse, unlesse it were that some curteouse Byrd of the ayre would be Ambassadour, or convey some Engins, as whilom the Eagle did carrie *Ganymedes* into heaven. He then returned to Seas, and approching neere to this rocke, founde a small streame of fresh water issuing out of the same into the Seas : the whiche, although it were so lytle and so straight, as might unethes receyve a boat of bygnesse to carry one living creature at once, yet in his conceypt hee thought it more large and spatious than that broad waye called of our forefathers *Via appia*, or than that other named [F]laminia, he abandoned his barke, and putting of his clothes adventured (for he was now asured not to drown) to wade and swim against the streame of this unknown brooke, the which (a wondrous thing to tell, and skarcelye to be beleaved) came downe from the very top and height of this rock : and by the waye he found six straughts & dangerous places, wher the water seemed to staye his course, passing under six straught and lowe bridges, and harde by every of those places, a pyle raysed up in manner of a Bulworke, the which were hollow, in such sorte as lodgings and other places necessary might in them commodiously be devised, by suche one as coulde endure the hellishnes of the place. Passing by these hee attayned wyth much Payne unto the toppe of the Rocke, the which hee found hollowed as the rest, and farre more fite for hys security, than otherwise apt for any commodity. Ther gan *Suspition*, determine to nestle hym selfe, and having now placed sixe chosen porters, to wit, (*Dread, Mistrust, Wrath, Desperation, Frensie, and Fury* :) at these sixe straung Bulworkes, he lodged himselfe

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in that vii. al alone, for he trusted no company, but ev  
trusting that his wife should eftsonnes finde him out  
hee shricketh co[n]tynually lyke to a shrich owle to ke  
watch wakyng, never content to sleep by day nor by  
But to be sure that he should not over sleepe him sel  
stiffe hys couch with Porpentinaes quilles, to the ende th  
heavy sleep overcame him, and he thereby should be cons  
to charge his pallad with more heavye burden, those  
might then pricke through and so awake him. His g  
were steele upon yron, and that yron upon Iron, a  
agayne, and the more he was armed, the lesse he truste  
out of daunger. He chopped and changed continua  
this, now that, now keyes, now lockes, ditches newe s  
and walles newlye fortified, and thus alwaies unc  
liveth this wretched helhound *Suspition*, in this hellish  
of habitation: from whence he never removeth his s  
only in the dead & silent nightes, when he maye be  
that all creatures (but him selfe) are whelmed in soun  
And then with stealing steps he stalketh about th  
enfecting, tormenting, & vexing all kindes of people w  
part of his afflictions: but especiallye such as eyther  
chayre of greatest dignity and estimation, or els such  
atchied some deere and rare emprise. Those above  
he continually gauleth with fresh wouds of dread, l  
might lose and forgo the roomes wherunto with s  
travaile and good happes they had attained, and by th  
percase he had crept into the bosom of *Ferdinando*, v  
before declared) did earst swimme in the deepest seas  
delightes. Nowe then I must thinke it high time t  
unto him, who (being now through feeblenesse eft  
downe upon his bed) gan cast in his inwarde medi  
thinges passed, and as one throughly puffed up and f  
one peevish concepte, coulde thinke uppon nothing  
yet accusing his own guiltie conscience to be infec  
jelosie, dyd compile this as followeth.

W<sup>hat</sup> state to man, so sweete and pleasaun  
As to be tyed, in linkes of worthy love?  
What life so blist and happie might appeare,  
As for to serve Cupid that God above?



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*If that our mindes were not sometimes infect,  
With dread, with feare, with care, with cold suspect :  
With deepe dispaire, with furious frenesie,  
Handmaides to her, whome we call jelosie.*

*For ev'ry other sop of sower chaunce,  
Whiche lovers tast amid their sweete delight :  
Encreaseth joye, and doth their love aduaunce,  
In pleasures place, to have more perfect plight.  
The thirstie mouth thinkes water hath good taste,  
The hungrie jawes, are pleas'd, with eche repaste :  
Who hath not prov'd what dearth by warres doth growe,  
Cannot of peace the pleasaunt plenties knowe.*

*And though with eye, we see not ev'ry joye,  
Yet maie the minde, full well support the same,  
[An] absent life long led in great annoye  
(When presence comes) doth turne from griefe to game,  
To serve without reward is thought great paine,  
But if dispaire do not therewith remaine,  
It may be borne for right rewardes at last,  
Followe true service, though they come not fast.*

*Disdaines, repulses, finallie eche ill,  
Eche smart, eche paine, of love eche bitter tast,  
To thinke on them gan frame the lovers will,  
To like eche joye, the more that comes at last :  
But this infernal plague if once it tutch,  
Or venome once the lovers mind with grutch,  
All festes and joyes that afterwardes befall,  
The lover comptes them light or nought at all.*

*This is that sore, this is that poisoned wound,  
The which to heale, nor salve, nor ointmentes serve,  
Nor charme of wordes, nor Image can be founde,  
Nor observaunce of starres can it preserve,  
Nor all the art of Magicke can prevaille,  
Whiche Zoroaetles found for our availe,  
Oh cruell plague, above all sorrowes smart,  
With desperate death thou sleast the lovers heart.*

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And me even as thy gall hath so enfeft,  
As all the jades which ever lover found,  
And all good hap, that ever Troylus seft,  
Atchieved yet above the buckles ground:  
Can never sweeten once my mouth with mell,  
Nor bring my thoughtes, againe in rest to dwell.  
Of thy mad moodes, and of naught else I thinke,  
In such like seas, faire Bradamant did sincke

Ferdinando. Jeronimy.

**T**hus Ferdinand continued on his bedde, untyll his full Mistresse with the compayne of the other dames retorne after supper to his chamber. At the entrie: Why how nowe seruaunt (quod dame Eli) hoped to have founde you [on] foote? Mistresse qu have assayed my feete since your departure, but I am yet unable too suport my heavy body, and therefore strayned as you see, to acquaint my selfe with these. Seruaunt sayde she I am right sory therof, but since necessitie to beare sicknesse, I will employ my ende alay some parte of your paynes, and to refreshe your limbes with some comfortable matter: and therewithal hir hande mayde, delivered unto hir a bounch of prekeyes, and whispering in hir eare, dispatched hir to chamber: The mayde taryed not long, but returnde little Casket, the which hir mistresse toke, opened and out of the same much fine linnen, amongst the which a pillowebere very fine and sweete, which although it selfe as sweete as might be (being of long time kept in odoriferous chest) yet did she with damaske water an the best that might be (I warrant you) al to sprinkle it owne handes, which in my conceipt might much am matter. Then calling for a fresh pillowe, sent hir ayre the same and at hir returnde put on this, thus pillowebere. In meane time also shee had with hands attyred hir seruaunts head in a fayre wrought taken out of the same Casket: then layde him downe this freshe and pleasaunt place, and pretelye as it were bedewed his temples with sweete water which she had

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in a casting bottle of Golde, kissing ~~thee~~ and saying: Good servaunt be whoale, for I might no long indure thus to attend thee, and yet the love that I beare towrdes thee, cannot be content to see thee languishe. Mistresse sayde *Ferdinando* (and that with a trembling voice) assure your selfe, that if there remain in me any sparde of life or possibillity of recovery, then may this excellent bountey of yours be sufficient to revive me without any further travaile or paine unto your person: for whome I am highlye to blame, in that I do not spare to put you unto this trouble, & better it were that such a wretch as I had died unknown, than y<sup>t</sup> by your exceeding curtesie, you should fall into any malladie, eyther by resorting unto me, or by these your paines taken about me. Servaunt (quod shee) all pleasures seeme painefull [to] them that take no delight therin, and lyke wise all toile seemeth pleasaunt to such as set their felicitie in the same: but for me bee you sure, I doe it with so good a wyll that I can take no hurt thereby, unlesse I shall perceyve that it be rejected or neglected, as unprofitable or uncomfortable unto you. To me Mistresse quod *Fardinando*, it is suche pleasure, as neyther my feble tongue can expresse, nor my troubled mind conceyve. Why? are you troubled in mind, the servant quod dame *Elynor*? *Ferdinando* now blushing answered, but even as al sick men be Mistresse. Herewith they staied their talke a while, and the first that brake silence was the Ladye *Fraunces*: who sayde, and to drive away y<sup>e</sup> troubles of your mind good *Trust*, I would be glad if we coulde devise some pastime amongst us to keepe you company: for I remember that with such devises you did greatly recomforde this fayre Lady when she languished in like sort. She languished in deede gentle *Hope* quod hee, but God forbide that she had languished in like sort. Every body thinketh their own greif greatest quod dame *Elynor*, but in deede whether my greife were the more or the lesse, I am right sorye that yours is such as it is: And to assay whither our passions proceded of lyke cause or not, I would we could (according to this Ladys saying) devise some like pastimes to trie if your malladie would be cured with like medicines. A gentle woman of the company whom I have not hetherto named, gan thus propound. We have accustomed (quod she) heretofore in most of our games to chuse a King or Quene, and he or she during their government,

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have charged every of us, eyther with commaundement questions, as best seemed to their majestie. Wherin (to mine opinion) we have given over larg a skope, neither it reasonable yt on should have ye power to discover ye t or at least to bridle the affects of al ye rest. And th deed in questioning (which doth of ye twaine more ner the mind) every on is at free liberty to answe w list: yet oft have I hearde a question demaunded in su and upon such sodayne, yt it hath bene hardly answered moving matter of contencion. And in commaundes al times it happeneth one to bee commaunded unto such as eyther they are unfit to accomplish (and then th weaknes is therby detected) or els to doe something t would not, wherof ensueth more grutch than game. W in mine opinion, we shall do well to chuse by lot amo governour, who (for that it shalbe sufficient prehemis use the chayre of majestie,) shalbe boïd to give sentē al suche arguments and questions as we shall orderly unto them: and from him or her (as from an oracle) receive aunswere, and decyding of our lytigious cause dame had stuffe in her, an old courtier, & a wylie named *Pergo*. Wel this proportiō of *Pergo* pleased th and by lot it hapned that *Ferdinando* must be mod these matters, and colector of these causes. The wh so constituted, the Lady *Elynor* sayd unto this dan You have devised this pastime (quod she) & because you to be most expert in the handling therof, do you the first question, & we shalbe both the more ready to follow your example: ye Lady *Pergo* refused not, but this wise. Noble governor (quod she) amongst the a that have befallen mee, I remember especially this on youth it was my chaunce to bee beloved of a verye yong Gentleman, who abode neare the place wherin n had their resiaunce. This gentleman (whether it beuty, or for any other respect that he sawe in me, not) but he was enamored of me, & that with an vehement passion, & of such force were his effectes, notwithstanding many repulses which he had receive handes, he seemed daylye to grow in the renewing desires. I on the other side, although I could by n

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mislike of him by any good reason (considering that he was of byrth no waye inferiour unto mee, of possessions not to bee disdained, of parson right comelye, of behaviour Courtly, of manners modest, of mynde lyberall, and of vertuous disposition) yet suche was the gaitye of my minde, as that I coulde not bee content to lende him over large thonges of my love: but alwayes daungerously behaved my selfe towrdes him, and in suche sorte, as hee coulde neyther take comfort of myne aunsweres, nor yet once finde him selfe requited with one good looke for all his travaile. This notwithstanding, the worthy Knight continewed his sute with no lesse vehement affection than earst hee had begonne it, even by the space of seven yeares. At the last, whether discomfited by my dealynges, or tryed by long travayle, or that he hadde parcase light upon the lake that is in the Forrest of *Ardena*, and so in haste and all thristie, had dronke some droppes of disdayne, whereby his hot flames were quenched, or that he had undertaken to serve no longer, but his just tearme of apprenticehode, or that the teeth of tyme had gnawen and tyred his dulled spritis in such sort, as that all beenummed hee was constrainyd to use some other artificyal balme for the quickning of his sences, or by what cause moved I knowe not he did not onely leave his long continued sute, but (as I have since perceived) grew to hate me more deadly than before I had disdained him. At the first beginnyng of his retyre I perceived not his hatred, but imagined that being over wearied, he had withdrawen himself for a time. And considering his worthines, ther withall his constancie of long time proved, I thought that I could not in the whole world find out a fitter match to bestowe my selfe, than one so worthy a person. Wherfore I did by al possible meanes procure that he might eftsones use his accustomed rep[ayr]e unto my parentes: And further, in al places where I hapened to mee him, I used al the curtesies towrdes him that might be contayned wythin the bondes of modestie. But al was in vaine, for he was now become more daungerous to be wone, than the haggard Faulcon. Our lottes being thus unluckely chaunged, I grewe to burne in desire, and the more daungerous that he shewed him selfe unto me, the more earnest I was by all meanes to procure his consent of love. At the last I might perceive that not only he disdayned me, but (as me thought)

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boyled in hatred against me. And the time that I th  
tinued tormented with these thoughts, was also just th  
of seven yeares. Finally when I perceived no remedye  
perplexityes, I assayed by absence to were away this  
and therefore utterly refused to come in his presence  
almost in any other company. Wherby I have const  
lost time the flower of my youth, & am become as  
(what with yeares, and what with the tormenting pa  
love) pale, wane, and full of wrinkles. Neverthelesse  
therby gayned thus much, that at last I have wond  
cleere out of *Cupids* chaynes, and remayne carelesse at  
Now marke to what end I tell you this: first vii. year  
in the which I could never be content to yeld unto  
desires: next other vii. yeares I spent in seeking to re  
lost love: and sithens both those vii. yeares, there are e  
on saint *Valentines* day last, other vii. yeares passed, in th  
(neither I have desired to see him) nor he hath covete  
of me. My parents now perceyving how the crowe  
crept under mine eye, and remembryng the long sute  
gentelemā had in youth spent on me, considering ther  
that grene youth is well mellowed in us both, hav  
sought to perswade a marriage betwene us, the w  
Knighte hath not refused to here of, and I have not  
to thinke on. By their mediation we have bene  
brought to *Parlee*, wherein over and be sides the rippi  
many olde grieves, this hath bene cheifly rehearsed &  
betwene us, what wrong and injury eche of us hath  
other. And here aboutes wee have fallen to sharpe co  
He alleadged, that much greater is the wrong whic  
done unto him, than that repulse which hee hath sith  
to me: and I have affirmed the contrary. The n  
hangeth in varyence. Now, of you worthy Gov  
would be most glad to heare this question decided, re  
that there was no difference in the times betwene  
surely, unles your judgment helpe me, I am af  
marryage will bee marred, and I may go lead Ape  
Ferdenando aunswered, good *Pergo*, I am sory to  
lamentable a discourse of your luckles love, and  
soryer, in y<sup>t</sup> I muste needes give sentence agaynst  
surely great was the wrong that eyther of you hav



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other, and greater was the needesse greife which causelesse  
eche of you hath conceyved in this long time, but greatest in  
my judgment hath bene both the wrong and the greife of the  
Knight. In that notwithstanding his deserties (which your  
selfe confesse) he never enjoyed any guerdone of love at your  
handes. And you (as you alledge) did enjoy his love of long  
time to gether. So that by the reckoning, it wil fal out  
(although being b[lin]ded in your owne conceipt, you see it not)  
that of the one & twenty yeares you enjoyed his love vii. at  
the least, but that ever he enjoyed yours wee cannot perceive.  
And much greater is the wrong that rewardeth evill for good,  
than that which requireth tip for tap. Further, it semeth that  
where as you went [a]bout in time to trie him, you did altogether  
lose time which can never be recovered. And not only lost  
your owne time, whereof you would seeme nowe to lament,  
but also compelled him to lease his time, which he might (be it  
spoken without offence to you) have bestowed in some other  
worthy place, and therefore, as that greife is much greater  
which hath no kind of cōfort to allay it, so much more is that  
wrong which altogether without cause is offered. And I (sayd  
*Pergo*) must needes think, that much easier is it for them to  
endure grief which never tasted of joye, and much lesse is that  
wrong which is so willingly proffered to be by recompence  
restored. For if this Knight wil confesse that he never had  
cause to rejoice in all the time of his service, then with better  
contentacion might he abyde greife than I, who having tasted  
of the delight which I did secretly cōceive of his deserties, do  
think ech grief a present death by the remembrance of those  
for passed thoughts: & lesse wrong seemeth it to be destitut of  
ye thing which were never obtained, then to be deprived of a  
Jewel wherof we have been already possessed, so that under  
your correction I might conclude, that greater hath beene my  
griefe and injury susteined, than that of the Knight. To whome  
*Jeronimy* replied, as touching delight, it maye not be denied but  
that every lover doth take delight in the inward contemplation  
of his mind, to think of the worthines of his beloved: & therefore  
you maie not alledge that the Knight had never cause to  
rejoyce, unlesse you will altogeather condemne your selfe of  
worthines. Mary if you will say that he tasted not the  
delightes that lovers secke, then marke, who was the cause but

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your selfe? And if you would accuse him of like in  
for y<sup>e</sup> he disdained you in the later vii. yeeres (wh  
micht by accepting your love, have recōpenced him s  
former wronges) you must remember therewithall,  
crueltie by you shewed towards him was such, that  
by no means perceive that your change proceedes  
will, but rather eftsones to hold him enchainged in  
linkes of subtile dealings, & therefore not without  
doubted you: & yet without cause you rejected him.  
often sought occasion, but by your refusals he could  
him, you having occasion fast by y<sup>e</sup> foretop, did dally  
so long, tyl at the last he sliped his head from yo  
catching at the bald noddle, you fōud your selfe the  
yet you would accuse another. To conclude, gres  
griefe that is susteined without desert, & much m  
wrōg that is offered without cause. Thus *Ferdinand*  
decided the question propounded by *Perg*, and exp  
some other Dame should propound another? but his  
(having his hand on another halfpenny) gan thus say  
Servant this pastime is good, and such as I must ne  
to drive away your pensive thoughtes: but slee  
approcheth, & I feare we disquiete you: wherefor  
of this time we will (if so like you) bestowe in tri  
your bed, and to morrow wee shal meete here and  
newe begon game with Madame *Pargo*. Mistresse  
I must obeye your wil, and most humbly thanke y<sup>e</sup>  
great goodnesse, and all these Ladies for their curtesie  
requiring you that you wyll no further trouble your s  
mee, but let my Servaunt aloane with conducting n  
Yes servaunt (quod she) I wil see if you can sleepe  
in my sheetes: and therewith commaunded his ha  
fetch a payre of cleane sheetes, the which being bre  
vaylous fine and sweete) the Ladies *Fraunces* and  
curteously unfold them, and layd them on the  
done, they also entreated him to uncloath him and  
being layd, his Mistresse dressed and couched ti  
about him, sithens moistened his temples with Rose  
him handkerchewes and other freshe linnen abo  
doing wherof, she whispered in his eare, saying: Se  
night I will bee with thee, and after with the rest of



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gave him good night and departed, leaving him in a traunce between hope and dispayre, trust and mistrust. Thus he laye ravished, commaunding his servaunt to goe to bed, and fayning that him selfe would assayfe if he could sleepe. About ten or eleven of the clocke came his mistresse in hir night gowne: who knowing all privye wayes in that house verie perfectlie, had conveied her selfe into his chamber, unseene and unperceaved: and being nowe come unto his beds side kneeled downe, and laying hir arme over him sayde these or lyke wordes: My good Servaunt, if thou knewest what perplexities I suffer in beholding of thine infirmities, it might then suffice, eyther utterlye to drive away the mallady, or much more to augment thy grieses: for I know thou lovest me: and I think also that thou hast had sufficient proofe of myne unfayned good wyll: in remembrance whereof, I fall into sundry passions: First, I compt the happy lotes of our first acquaintance, and therin I call to minde the equalitie of our affections, for I thinke that there were never two lovers conjoyned with freer concent on both partyes: and (if my over hasty delivery of yeelding words be not wrested hereafter to my condempnatiōn) I can then assure my selfe to escape for ever without desert of any reprofe. Herewithall I cannot forget the sundry adventures hapned since wee became one hart devided in two bodyes, all which have ben both happily atchived, and delectable enjoyed. What resteth then to consider but this thy present stat? The first corosive that I have felt, and the last cordiall that I looke for, the end of my joyes, and the beginning of my torments. And here hir salt teares gan bath the dying lippes of hir servaunt: who (hearing these wordes, and well considering hir demeanor) began now to accuse him selfe of such and so haynous treason, as that his gilty hart was constrainyd to yeelde unto a just scourge for the same. He swooned under hir arme: the which when she perceived, it were harde to tel what feares did most affright hir. And It were hard nowe to rehearse how he was revyved, since there were none presente but hee dying, (who could not declare) and she living, who would not disclose so much as I meane to bewraye. For mine auuthor dreameth yt *Ferdenario* returning to life, the first thing which he felt, was y<sup>t</sup> his good mistres lay pressing his brest with the whole weight of hir

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bodye, & byting his lips with hir friendly teeth. An  
venture she refrayned (either of curtesie towards hin  
womanish feare, to hurt her tender hande) to strike  
the cheeke in such sort, as they doe that strive to ca  
a dying creature: and therefore thought this the aptes  
to reduce him unto remembrance. *Ferdinando* now  
could no lesse doe, than of his curteous nature rec  
Mistresse into his bed: Who (as one that knewe th  
better, than how to help his swooning,) gan gently str  
clothes, and lovingly embracing him, gan demaund o  
this sorte. Alas good Servaunt (quod shee) what  
maladie is this that so extreemly doth torment thee?  
with fainting speach answered: Mistresse as for my m  
hath beene easelye cured by your bountifull medicines  
But I must confesse, that in receiving that guerison  
handes, I have bene constrained to fall into an Extasie,  
the gauling remembraunce of mine owne unwor  
Neverthelesse good Mistres, since I perceive such  
remayning betweene us, as that fewe woordes wyl  
suche trust as lovers ought to imbrace, let these few  
suffice to crave your pardon: and do eftstones pow  
me (your unworthy servaunt) the abundaunt waves  
accustomed clemencie, for I must confesse, that I  
highlye offended you, as (but your goodnesse sur  
mallice of my conceiptes) I must remayne (and th  
woorthely) to the severe punishment of my desertes  
should you but loose him who hath cast away him  
neither can accuse you, nor darre to excuse him sel  
crime. Dame *Elinor* (who had rather have founde hir  
perfectly revived, than thus with straunge conceipts  
bred: and musing much at his darke spech,) became in  
to know ye sertaynty of his thoughts. And *Ferdinando*  
not maister of him selfe, gan at the last playnly conf  
he had mistrusted the chaung of hir vowed affectio  
and (that more was) he playnly expressed with v  
whom, by whom, and too whom she bent hir bett

Nowe, here I would demaunde of such as are  
Is there any greater impedimente to the fruition of  
delights, than to be mistrusted? or rather, is it not t  
way to race all love and former good will out of reme



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to tell a guilty mind that you do mistrust it? It should seeme yes, by Dame *Elynor*, who began now to take the matter whotlye: and of such vehemencie were hir fancies, that she nowe fell into flat defiance with *Ferdinando*, who although he sought by many faire wordes to temper hir chollarike passions, and by yelding him selfe to get the conquest of an other, yet could he by no meanes determine the quarrell. The soft pillowes being present at al these whot speches, put forth them selves as mediators for a truce betwene these enemies, and desired that (if they would needes fight) it might be in their presence but one only blowe, & so from thence forth to become friendes againe for ever. /But the Dame denied flatlye, alledging that shee found no cause at all to use such curtesie unto such a recreant: adding further many words of great reproche: the which dyd so enrage *Ferdinando*, as that having forgotten all former curtesies, he assayleth his enemies by force. At last she rose sodainlye and determined to save hir selfe by flight, leaving him in bedde, with many despitefull wordes, and swearing that he shoulde never (eftsone) take her at the lyke advaantage: the whiche oathe she kepte better than hir fourmer professed good wyll: and having nowe recovered her Chamber (because shee founde her hurt to be nothing daungerous) I doubt not, but shee slept quietlye the rest of the night. As *Ferdinando* also (perswading himselfe that he shoulde with convenient leasure recover her from this haggard conceipt) tooke some better rest towardes the morning, than hee had done in many nightes forepast. So let them both sleepe whiles I turne my penne unto the before named *Secretarie*, who being (as I saye) come latelye from *Florence*, had made many proffers to renewe his accustomed consultations: but the sorrowe whiche his Mistresse had conceyved in *Jeronymy* his sicknesse togeather with hir continuall repayre to him during the same, had bene such lettes unto his attempts, as it was long time before he could obtayne audience.

At the last these newe accidents fell so favourably for the furtherance of his cause, that he came to his Mistresse presence and there pleaded for himselfe. Nowe, if I should at large write his alligations, togither with hir subtile aunsweres, I shoulde but comber your eares with unpleasaunt rehearsall of feminine fraylyte.

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To be short, the late disdayneful moode which cōceived against *Ferdinādo* togither with a scrupule in hir conscience, touching the xi. article of hir beleir hir presently with better will to consult with this aswel upon the speedy revenge of hir late received also upon the reformation of hir religion. And in veit fel out that the *Secretary* (having bene of long time there his quiles and pens not worne so neere as they webe,) did now pricke [such] faire large notes, that his mō better to sing fa-burden under him, than to descant upon *Ferdinandoes* playne song, and thus they continu accord, untill it fortuned that Dame *Fraunces* camē chamber upon such sodaine as she had like to have the musicke, well they conveyed their clifes as close could, but yet not altogether without some suspicior the sayd dame *Fraunces*, who although she could cōtent to take any paine in *Jeronomies* behalfe, yet she could never have bestowed the watching about lesse a prye. After womanly salutations they fell in discourses, the *Secretary* stil abiding in the chamber At last two or three other gentlewomen of the C. into Madam *Elinores* chamber, who after their *Bon j* (*una voce*) seeme to lament the sikenes of *Ferdinando* upon the Dames *Elynor* and *Fraunces*, to goe visite h

The Lady *Fraunces* curteously consented, but *Elynor* first alledged that she her selfe was also which she attributed to hir late paynes taken about sayd, that onely for that cause she was constrainyd to bed longer than hir accustomed hower. The D specially the Lady *Fraunces*) gan streight wayes some great cause of sodaine chaūge, and so leav *Elinor*, walked altogether into the parke to take th the morning: And as they thus walked it chaūced t *Pergo* heard a Cuckoe chaunt, who (because the pr spring was now past) cried Cuck cuck Cuckoe in hir voyce. A ha (quod *Pergo*) this foule byrd begins to countrye, and yet before hir departure, see how sp can devyse to salute us. Not so (quod Dame *Fra* some other whom she hath espyed, wherewith Da looking round about hir, and espying none other



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sayde. Why here is no body but we few women, qd she. Thanks be to God the house is not farre from us (quod Dame *Fraunces.*) Here at the wylie *Pergo* partly perceyving Dame *Fraunces* meaning, replied on this sort: I understand you not (quod she) but to leap out of this matter, shall wee goe visit Maister *Jeronymy* and see how he doth this morning. Why quod dame *Fraunces*, do you suppose that the Cuckoe called unto him? Nay mary quod *Pergo*, for (as fare as I knowe) he is not maried. As who should say (quod Dame *Fraunces.*) that the Cuckoe envieth none but maryed folkes. I take it so, sayd *Pergo*, the Lady *Frances* answered. Yes sure I have noated as evill lucke in love (after the Cuckoos call) to have hapned unto divers unmarried folkes, as ever I did unto the maryed, but I can be well content that we go unto him, for I promised on ye behalfe of us al, that we would use our best devoure to recomfort him untill he had recovered helth: and I do much mervayle that ye Lady *Elinor* is now become so unwilling to take any travayle in his behalfe, especially remembryng that but yester-night she was so diligent to bring him to bed. But I perceive that all earthly things are subject unto change. Even so they be quod *Pergo*, for you maye behold the trees which but even this other daye were clad in gladsome greene, and nowe their leaves begin to fade and change colour. Thus they passed talkeing and walking untill they returned unto the Castle, whereas they went straignt unto *Ferdinandoes* chamber, and found him in bed. Why how now *Trust* (quod Dame *Fraunces.*) will it be no better? Yes shortly I hope quod he. The Ladyes all saluted him: and he gave them the gramercy: at the last *Pergo* popped this question unto him: And howe have you slept in your Mistres shetes Mayster *Jeronymy* quod she? reasonably well quod he, but I pray you where is my mistresse this morning? Mary sayd *Pergo*, we left hir in bed scarce well at ease. I am the more sorye quod he. Why *Trust* (sayd Mistresse *Fraunces*) be of good comfort, & assure your selfe that here are others who would be as glad of your wel doing, as your mistres in any respect. I ought not to doubt there of (quod *Ferdinādo*) having the profe that I have had of your great courtesies, but I thought it my dutye to aske for my mistresse being absent. Thus they passed some time with him untill they were called awaye unto prayers, and that

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being finished they went to dinner, where they met *Elynor* attired in an night kerchiefe after the soolenes solempnest fashion I should have said,) who loked very dre upon all folkes, unlesse it were hir secretary, unto who deigned somtime to lend a frendly glaunce. The Lord the Castle demaunded of hir how master *Jeronymy* di morning. She answered that she knew not for she had sene him that day. You may do wel then daughter (quod Lord) to go now unto him, and to assay if he will eat thing, and if here be no meates that like him, I pray commaunde (for him) anye thing that is in my house. must pardon me sir (quod she,) I am sickely dispose would be loth to take the ayre, why then go you *Fraunces* (quod he) and take some body with you: charge you see that he lacke nothing. Mistres *Fraunces* glad of the ambassege, and arysing from the table with other gentle[wo]man, tooke with hir a dish of chikins be white broth, saying to hir father: I think this meat is for mayster *Jeronymy* [of] any that is here. It is so (quod daughter, and if he like not that, cause some what else dressed for him according to his apetite. Thus she did and came to *Ferdinando*, who being plonged in sundre and thrilled with restlesse thoughtes, was nowe begin to rise. But seing the Dames, couched down agayne, and unto them. Alas fayre Ladyes you put your selves to paynes than eyther I do desire, or can deserve. Good quod Dame *Fraunces*, our paynes are no greater than requireth, nor yet so great as we could vouchsaf[e] behalfe.

And presently my father hath sent us unto you (quod with this pittaunce, and if your apetite desire any more than other, we are to desire likewise that you refrayne to call for it. Oh my good *Hope* (quod he) ceive that I shall not dye as long as you maye make. And (being nowe some deale recomforted with the braunce of his mistres words which she hadde used of at hir first comming, and also thinkinge that althou parted in choller, it was but justlye provoked by him selfe that at leisure hee shoulde finde some salve for that) hee determined to take the conforte of his assure



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and so to expell all venomnes of mistrust before received. Wherfor raising him selfe in his bed, hee cast a night gowne about his shoulders saying: It shall never be sayd that my fainting hart can reject the comfortable Cordialles of so frendly phisitions. Nowe by m[y] troth well sayed gentle *Trust* quod Dame *Fraunces*, and in so doing, assure your selfe gueryson with speed. This thus sayed, the curteous Dame become his kerver, & he wyth a bold spirite gan tast of hir cokery. But the late conflicts of his conceipts had so dis-aquainted his stomack from repastes, that he could not wel a way with meate: and yet nevertheless by lyttle & little receyved some nouyture. When his *Hope* had crammed him as longe as she coulde make him feede, they delyvered the rest to the other gentlewoman who having not dyned, fell to hir provender. In which meane while the Lady *Fraunces* had much comfortable speech with *signor Jeronemy* and declared yt shee perceived very well the maladie, but my *Trust* (quod she) be all whole, and remember what I foretould you in the beginning: nevertheless you must thinke that there are remedies for all mischifes, and if you will be ruled by myne advise, we will soone finde the meane to ease you of this mishap. *Ferdinando* tooke conforte in hir discrecion, & frendly kissed hir hand, gave hir a cartlode of thankes for hir greate good will, promising to put to his uttermost force, and evermore to be ruled by hyr advice. Thus they passed the dinner while, the Lady *Fraunces* alwayes refusing to declare hir conceipt of the late chaung which she perceived in his Mistresse, for she thought best first to wynne his wyll unto conformitie, by little and little, and then in the ende to perswade him with necessite. When the other gentlewoman had vtyayled hir, they departed, requiring him to rise and boldly to resist the fayntenesse of his fever. The which he promised and so bad them a *Dio*. The Ladys at their retourne found the courte in Dame *Elynores* chamber, who had there assembled hir secretary, Dame *Pergo* & the rest: ther they passed an hower or twayne in sundry discourses, wherein Dame *Pergo* did alwaies cast out some bone for mistresse *Fraunces* to gnaw uppon, for that in deede she perceyved hir harty affection towards *Ferdinando* wherat Mistresse *Fraunces* chaunged no countenaunce, but reserved hir revenge untill a

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better oportunitie. At last (quod Dame *Fraunces* unto M *Elinor*) and when will you goe unto your servaunt fayre When he is sicke and I am whole, quod Dame *Elinor*, is even nowe quod the other, for howe sicke he is you can witnesse: and howe well you are we must beare & You maye as well be deceived in my disposition (quod *Elinor*), as I was overseene in his sodaine alteration: an be sicke, you are meete to be his phisition: for yo yesterday that my paines dyd lyttle profite towards his fort. Yes surelye sayde the other, not onelye I but all had occasion to judge that your curtesie was his chief fort. Well, quod Dame *Elinor*, you knowe not what I Nor you what I thinke quod Dame *Fraunces*. Think you lyst quod *Elinor*. In deede quod *Fraunces*, I n thinke that you care, neither wyll I dye for your displ & so halfe angrie she departed. At supper they met and the maister of the house demanded of his daughter howe *Fardinando* did? Syr (quod she) he dyd eate so at dyner, and sithens I sawe him not. The more to quod he, and now I would have al you gentlewomen the best meates and goe suppe with him, for company away carefulnesse, and leave you me here with your l alone. Naye syr quod Mistresse *Elinor*, I pray you leave to beare you company, for I dare not adventure The Lorde of the Castle was contented & dispatched the rest: who taking with them such viandes as they meetest, went unto *Jeronomies* chamber, fynding him walking about to recover strength: whereat Dame rejoysed, and declared how her Father had sente that to attend him at supper. *Ferdinando* gave great tha missing now nothing but his Mistresse, thought not to aske for hir, but because he partly gessed the caus absence, he contented himselfe, hoping that when his newe garnished, he shoulde easely reclame hyr from conceyptes. They passed over their supper all in quysone after Mistresse *Fraunces*, being desirous to requit *Pargo* qui[pp]les, requested that they might continue the which Dame *Pergo* had begonne over night: wherunto consented, and the lot fell unto Dame *Fraunces* to pr the second question who adressing hir speche unto

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said in this wise, Noble governor, I will reherse unto you a strange historie, not fayned, neyther borowed out of any oulde auctoritie, but a thing done in deed of late dayes, and not farre distant from this place where wee nowe remayne. It chaunced that a gentleman our neyghbour being marayed to a very fayre gentlewoman, lived with hir by the space of fower or five yeares in greate contentacion, trusting hir no lesse than he loved hir, and yet loving hir as much as any man could love a woman. On that other side the gentlewoman had woonne (unto hir beautie) a singular commendation for hir chast and modest behaviour. Yet it happened in time that a lustie young gentleman (who very often resorted to them) obtayned that at hir handes, which never any man coulde before him attaine: and to be plaine, he wonne so much in hir affections, that forgetting both hir owne duty, and hir husbandes kindnes, shee yeelded hir body at the commaundement of this lover, in which pastime they passed long tyme by theyr pollitycke government. At last the frendes of this Lady (and especially three sisters which she had) espied overmuch familiarity betwene the two lovers, and dreading least it might breake out to their cōmon reproch; toke their sister apart, and declared that the world did judge scarce well of the repaire of that Gentleman unto hyr house: and that if she did not foresee it in time, shee should not onely leese the good credite which she hir selfe had hitherto possessed, but furthermore should distaine theyr whole race with common obloquy & reproche. These and sundry other Godly admonitions of these sisters, could not sink in the mind of this gentlewoman, for she dyd not only stand in defiaunce what any man could thinke of hir, but also seemed to accuse them, that (because they saw hir estimation (being their yonger) to grow above their owne) they had therefore devised this meane to set variance betwene hir husbande and hir. The sisters seing their holesome counsell so rejected, and hir continue styll in hir obstinate opinion, adressed theyr speache unto hir husbande, declaring that the worlde judged not the best, neyther they themselves did very wel like of the familiaritie betwene their sister and that gentleman, and therfore advised him to forecast all perils, and in time to forbid him his house. The husband (on the other side) had also conceiued suche a good opinion of his gest, & had growen into

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such a stricte familiaritie with him, y<sup>t</sup> you might w<sup>t</sup> ease have removed a stone wal, than once to make hi amis, eyther of his wyfe, or of hir lover. Yea, and imm after this conference, he woulde not sticke thus to say wife. *Lamia* (for so in deede was hir name) thou h such busie brained sisters, as I thinke shortlye their he breake: they woulde have me to bee jelrous of the *Lamia*, &c. so that he was not onely far from any such but furthermore dyd everye daye increase his curtesies the lover. The sisters being thus on all sides rejected perceyving more & more an unseemelye behaviour of their sister and hir minion, began to melt in their own and such was theyr enraged pretence of revenge, t suborned divers servauntes in the house to watch so dill as that this treason might be discovered. Amongst one mayde of subtile spirite had so long watched them last she spied them go into the chamber together, an the doore to them: whereupon she ranne with all has to hir Mayster, and toold him that if he would come she would shewe him a very straunge sighte. The ge (suspecting nothing) went with hir, untill he cam chamber neere unto that wherein they had shut the And she pointing hir mayster to the keyhole, bad h through, where he sawe the thing which moste might him to behold. Where at he sodaynly drewe his Da turned towards the mayde, who fled from him for mischiefe. But when he could not overtake hir in the his coller, he commaunded that she should forth wy up that little which she had, and to departe his servic before hir departure, he found meanes to talke v threatening that if ever she spake any worde of this n any place where she should come, it should cost hir lit mayde for feare departed in silence, and the Maist changed coütenance to either his wife or to hir paran fayned unto his wife that he had turned a waye th upon that sodayne, for that shee had throwen a Kitc at him, whiles he went about to correct a fault in Thus the good gentleman dranke up his owne swette every day, encreasing curtesie to the lover, and never cl countenaunce to his wife in any thing, but onely



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refrayned to have such knowledge of hir carnally, as he in tim[e] past had, and other men have of their wives. In this sort he continued by the space all most of halfe a yeare, neverthelesse lamenting his mishap in solytary places. At last (what moved him I know not) he fell agayn to company with his wife as other men do, and (as I have heard it sayed) he used this pollicy. Every time that he had knowledge of hir, he would leave either in the bed, or in hir cussenhencloth, or by hir looking glasse, or in some place where she must needes finde it, a piece of money which then was in *Italie* called a *Caroline*. Thus he dealt with her continuallye by the space of fowre or five monethes, using hir neverthelesse very kindly in all other respects, and providing for hir all things necessary at the first call. But unto his geast he still augmented his curtesie, in such sort, that you would have thought them to be sworne brothers. All this notwithstanding his wife much musing at these smal peeces which she founde in this sort, and furthermore, having sundrye times found hir husband in solitarye places making great lamentation, shee grewe inquisitive, what should be ye secrete cause of these alterations, unto whom he would none otherwise answer, but y<sup>t</sup> any man should finde occatiō to be more pensive at one time than at another. The wife notwithstanding increasing hir suspect, imparted the same unto hir lover, alledging therewithal that she doubted verye much least hir husband had some vehemēt suspicion of their affaires. The lover encoraged hir, & likewise declared, that if she would be importunate to enquire the cause, hir husband would not be able to kepe it from hir: and having now throughly instructed hir, shee dealt with her husband in this sort. One day when shee knew him to be in his study alone, she came in to him, and having fast locked the doore after hir, & conveyed the keye into hir pocket, she began first with earnest entreaty, and then with teares to crave that he woulde no longer keepe from hir the cause of his sodaine alteration. The husband dissimuled the matter still: at last she was so earnest to know for what cause he left money in such sort at sundry times: That he aunswere on this wise: Wyfe (quod hee) thou knowest howe long wee have beene married togeather, and howe long I made so deare accompt of thee as ever man made of his Wife: since which dayes, thou knowest also howe

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long I refrained thy company, and howe long againe used thy company, leaving the money in this sort, cause is this. So long as thou dyddest behave thy self fullye towrdes mee, I never lothed thy company: but I have perceived thee to bee a harlotte, and therefore da tyme refraine and forbeare to lye with thee, and now no longer forbeare it, I give thee every time that I thee, a *Caroline*, which is to make thee understande thi whordome: and this rewarde is sufficient for a whore. The wife beganne stoutlye to stand at defiaunce, husband cut of hir speach, and declared when, where, he had sene it: hereat the woman being abashed, and hir conscience guilty ofasmuch as he had aledged, fe on hir knees, & with most bitter teares craved pard fessing hir offence: whereat hir husband (moved with melting likewise in floods of lamentation, recomfo promising that if from that day forwardes she would unto him, he would not onely forgive al that was become more tender and loving unto hir then ever What doe I tarrye so long? they became of accord full accomplishment thereof, the gentlewoman dyd al eschewe the company, the speach, and (as much as in the sight of hir lover: although hir husband dyd con curtesie towards him, and often charged his wife to n fayre ressemblant. The Lover was nowe onelye lef plexitie, who knewe nothing what might be the ca these chaunges, and that most greeved him, he cou meanes optaine againe the speach of his desired: he all opportunities, hee suborned messengers, hee wroot but all in vain. In the ende she caused to bee decla him a time and place where she woulde meete him ar with him. Being met, she put him in remembraun that had passed betweene them: shee layde also be howe trusty she had bene unto him in all professions: fessed also howe faithfullye he had discharged the d friend in al respectes, and therwithall she declared that alteration and pensivenesse of minde was not with cause, for that she had of late such a mishap, as might the disposition of any lyving creature: Yea, and that was such, as unlesse she found present remedy, hir de



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needes ensue, and that spedely, for the preventing whereof, she alledged that she had beaten hir braines with al devises possible, and that in the ende she could thinke of no redresse but one, the which lay only in him to accomlisch. Wherfore she besought him for all the love and good will which had ever passed betweene them, nowe to shewe the fruities of true friend-ship, and to gratifie hir with a free graunt to this request. The lover who had alwayes bene desirous to pleasure hir in any thing, but now especially to recover hir wonted kindnesse, gan franklye promise to accomlisch any thing that might be to him possible, yea, though it were to his great detriment, and therewithall, dyd deeplye blame hir in that shee would so long torment hir selfe with any grieve, considering that it lay in him to helpe it. The Ladye aunswere, that she had so long kept it from his knowledge, bicause she doubted whether hee would be content to performe it or not, although it was such a thing as he might easely graunt without any manner of hurt to himself, & yet now in the ende she was forced to adventure uppon his curtesie, being no longer able to beare ye burde of hir grieve: the lover solicited her most earnestly to disclose it: and she (as fast) seemed to mistrust that he would not accomplish it. In the ende she tooke out a booke (which she had brought for the nonce) & bound him by othe to accomlisch it. The lover mistrusting nothing lesse thā that ensued, toke the othe willingly, which done, she declared al that had passed betweene hir & hir husband: his grieve, hir repentance, his pardon, hir vowe, and in the ende of hir tale enjoyedne the lover, that from thenceforthwardes, he should never attempt to breake her constant determinatiō, the lover replied that this was unpossible. But she plainlye assured him, that if he graunted hir that request, she would be his friend in al honest & godly wise: if not, she put him out of doubt that she would eschew his company and flee from his sight as from a scorpion. The lover considering that hir request was but just, accusing his owne guiltye conscience, remembiring the great curtesies alwayes used by hir husband, and therewithall seeing the case now brought to such an issue, as that by no other meanes than by this it could be conceiled from the knowledge of the worlde: but most of all, being urged by his othe, dyd at last give an unwilling consent, and yet a faithful promise to yelde unto hir

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wyl in al things, and thus being become of or remaineth the derest friend & most welcome ge be, both to the Lady and hir husband: and the wife so kind (each to other) as if there never had breche between them. Now, of you noble Gover faine lerne, whether the perplexity of the husba looked in at the keye hoole, or of the wife wher the cause why the *Carolines* were so scattered, or when he knew what was his mistres charge, was three? I might have put in also y<sup>e</sup> troubled tho sisters & the mayd, when they saw their good but let these three suffice. Gentle *Hope* (quod *Ferdinand*) have rehearsed (& that right eloquētly) a notable tā a notable history, because you seeme to affirme, tā done in dede of late & not far hence. Wherein especial pointes: that is a marvailous patience in tā no lesse repentaunce in the wife, no smal boldr mayde, but muche more rashnesse in the sisters, & a rare tractabilitie in the lover. Neverthelesse to your question. I thinke the husbands perplexi because his losses abounded above the rest, & his iuncōparable. The Lady *Fraunces* did not seme him but rather smiled in hir sleeve at Dame *Perg* no lesse patience to here the tale recited, then *Fraunces* had pleasure in telling of it. By thi sleeping houre aproched, & the Ladyes prepared thei when as mistres *Fraūces* sayd unto y<sup>e</sup> *Venetiane*: Alt case I shall not do it so hādsomly as your mistres *Trust* (quod she) if you vouchsafe it, I can be cont up your bed in the best maner that I may, as on whā as glad as she to procure your quiet rest. *Ferdinand* great thāks desiring hir not to trouble hirself, but to alone with y<sup>t</sup> charge. Thus they departed, & how toke rest that night I knowe not: but in y<sup>e</sup> morning began to consider with himselfe that he might lye lo in his bed before his mistres would be apeased in conceipts: wherfore he arose, & being aparelled in gowne, tooke occasion to walke in the gallery neere unto his mistres chamber: but there might he wough ere his Mistresse would come to walke



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When dinner time came he went into the great chamber whereas the Lord of the Castle saluted him, being joyful of his recoverye: *Jeronymy* giving due thanks, declared that his friendly entertainement togeather with the great curtesie of the gentlewomen was such, as might revive a man although he were halfe dead. I would bee loath (quod the hoast) that any Gentleman comming to mee for good wyll, shoulde want any curtesie of entertainement that lyeth in my power. When the meate was served to the table, the Gentlewomen came in all but Dame *Elynor* and Mistresse *Pergo*, the which *Ferdinando* marked very well, and it dyd somewhat abate his apetite. After dinner, his *Hope* came unto him and demaunded of him howe hee would passe the daye for his recreation? to whome he answered even as it best pleased hir. She devised to walke into the parke, and so by litle and litle to acquaint himself with the ayre: he agreed, and they walked togeather being accompanied with one or two other gentlewomen. And although there were nowe more cause that hee shoulde mistrust his Mistresse than ever he had before receyved, yet the vehement passions which he sawe in her when she first came to visite him, and moreover the earnest words which she pronounced in his extremitie, were such a refreshing to his minde, as that he determined no more to trouble him selfe with like conceiptes: concluding further, that if his mistresse were not faultie, then had he cōmitted a foule offence in needless jelousie, and that if she were faultie (especiallye with the *Secretarie*) then no perswation could amend hir, nor any passion helpe him[:] and this was the cause that enabled him after suche passing panges to abide the doubtfull conclusion: And thus manfully and valiantly to represse faintnesse of his mind: nothing doubting but that he should have won his mistresse to pardon his presumption, & lovingly to imbrace his service in wonted maner: but he was farre deceived, for shee was nowe in a nother tewne, the which Mistresse *Fraunces* began partly to discover unto him as they walked togeather: for she burdened him that his mallady proceded onely of a disquiet minde. And if it dyd so my gentle *Hope* (quod he) what remedy? My good *Trust* (quod she) none other but to plant quiet where disquiet began to grow. I have determined (quod he) but I must crave the helpe of your assured friendship. Theroft you

## THE ADVENTURES

may make accompt (quod she) but wherein? I walking apart with hir, began to declare that there contention hapened betweene his mistres and him: tolde him that she was not ignoraunt thereof. Then hir to treate so much in the cause, as they might eft to *Parlee*: thereof I dare assure you (quod Mistresse and at their returne she led him into his Mistresse whome they founde lying on hir bed, whether gauld grieve, or weary of the thing (which you woote of) I but there she lay: unto whome *Ferdinando* gave tw salutations before she seemed to marke him. At las Lady *Fraunes* unto hir, your servaunt hearing of nesse, hath adventured thus far into the ayre to I thank him (quod dame *Elinor*) & so lay still, refusi him any countenâce. Whereat he perceiving all Gentlewomen fall to whispering, thought good, pleade his owne case: and approching the bed began his unwylling Mistresse unto curtesie, wherein he vehemence as she could not wel by any meanes refi with him: but what their talke was, I may not tak to tel you. Sufficeth this to be known, that in th pretended to passe over all olde grudges, and then please[u]re him as occation might serve, the which oc so long in hapening, that in the ende he being now troubled with unquiet fantasies, and forced to use againe as an Ambassadour betweene them: one day the rest found oportunitye to thrust a letter into h wherein hee had earnestly requested another Moonesh or frydayes breakfast to recomfort his dulled spirates, the Dame yelded this aunswere in writing, but of who judge you.

I can but smyle at your simplicite, who burden with an impossibility. The case so stode as I could I would. Wherefore from hencefoorth either lear your request more reasonablye, or else stand content repulse.

*S H E.*

[*F*]erdinando liked this letter but a little: & be droven into his accustomed vaine, he compiled i aunswere folowing, upon these wordes conteined in *I could not though I would.*

*I could not though I would: good Ladie saie not so,  
 Since one good word of your good wil might sone redresse my wo,  
 Where would is free before, there could can never faile:  
 For profe, you see how gallies passe where ships can bere no saile,  
 The wearie marriner where skies are overcast,  
 By readie will doth guide his skil and wins the haven at last,  
 The pretie bird that singes with pricke against her brest,  
 Doth make a vertue of hir nede, to watche when others rest,  
 And true the proverbe is, which you have laide apart,  
 There is no hap can seeme to hard unto a willing heart.  
 Then lovelie Ladie mine, you saie not as you should,  
 In doutful tearms to answeres thus: I could not though I would.  
 Yes yes, full well you know, your can is quicke and good:  
 And wilfull will is eke too swift, to shed my guiltlesse blood.  
 But if good will were bent as prest as power is,  
 Such will would quicklie find the skil to mende that is a misse.  
 Wherefore if you desire to see my true love spilt,  
 Commaund and I will slea my selfe, that yours maie be the gilt,  
 But if you have no power to saie your seruant naie,  
 Write thus: I maie not as I would, yet must I as I maie.*

Ferdinando. Jeronimy.

**T**Hus *Jeronimy* replied upon his Mistres answere, hoping thereby to recover some favour at hir hands, but it would not be: so that nowe he had bene as likelye (as at the first) to have fretted in fantasies, had not the Ladie *Fraunes* cōtinually comforted him: and by little & little she drove suche reason into his minde, that now he began to subdue his humor with discretion, and to determine that if he might espie evident profe of his Mistres fraieltie, he would then stand content with patience perforce, & geve his Mistres the *Bezo la[s manos]*. And it happened one daye amongst others, that he resorted to his mistresse chamber and founde her (*allo solito*) lying uppon her bed, and the *Secretarie* with Dame *Pergo* and her handmaide keeping of her company. Wherat *Ferdinando* somewhat repyning, came to her and fell to dalliaunce, as one that had nowe rather adventure to be thought presumptious than yelde to be accompted bashfull, he cast his [a]rme over his Mistresse, and began to accuse hir of sluggishnes, using some other bolde

## THE ADVENTURES

partes, as well to provoke hir, as also to grieve the ot  
Ladye seemed litle to delight in his dallying, but eas  
at hir *Secretarie*, & therewith smiled, when as the  
and Dame *Pergo* burst out into open laughter. T  
*Ferdinando* perceiving, and disdaining her ingrati  
forced to depart, and in that fantasie compiled this

*W*ith bir in armes that had my bart in b  
I stooode of late to pleade for pitie so:  
And as I did bir lovelie lookes beholde,  
Shee cast a glaunce upon my rivall foe.  
His fleering face provoked bir to smile,  
When my salt teares were drowned in disdaine.  
He glad, I sad, he laught, (alas the while)  
I wept for woe: I pin'd for deadlie paine.  
And when I sawe none other boote prevaille,  
But reason rule must guide my skilfull minde:  
Wby then (quod I) olde proverbes never faile,  
For yet was never good Cat out of kinde.  
Nor woman true but even as stories tell,  
Wonne with an egge, and lost againe with shel.

Ferdinando. Jeronymy.

*T*HIS Sonet declareth that he began now to acco  
as she deserved, for it hath a sharpe conclusion  
somewhat too general. Well, as it is he lost it,  
Mistresse found it, and she immediatly imparted  
unto Dame *Pergo*, and Dame *Pergo* unto others:  
quickely became common in the house. Amor  
Mistres *Fraunces* having recovered a copie of it, di  
pardon the generallity, and to bee wel pleased wit  
ticularity thereof, the whiche shee bewraied one  
*Ferdinando* in this wise. Of all the joyes that ever  
good *Trust quod shee*) there is none where in I  
comforte than in your conformity. And although yo  
rage is such that you can bee content to condemne  
unknowen, for the transgression of one to well know  
doe rather rejoyce that you should judge your ple  
many, than too be abused by any. My good *Hope*



## OF MASTER F. J.

it were not reason that after such manyfold profes of your exceeding curtesies, I should use straung or contentious speech with so deare a friend. And in deed I must confesse that the opinion which I have conceived of my Mistresse, hath stirred my penne to write very hardly agaynst all the feminine gender. But I praye you pardon me (quod he) & if it please you I will recant it, as also (parcase) I was but cloyd with *surcuydrye*, and presumed to think more than may be proved. Yea but how if it were proved quod Dame *Fraunces*? If it were so (which God forbid quod he) then coulde you not blame me to conceive that opinion. Howsoever I might blame you (quod she) I meane not to blame you, but I demaund further, if it be as I thinke & you suspect, what will you then do? Surely (quod he) I have determined to drinke up mine own sorow secretly, and to bid them both a *Dieu*. I like your farewell better than your fantasie (quod she) and whensoever you can be content to take somuch paynes, as the Knight (which had a night gowne garded with naked swordes) dyd take, I thinke you maye put your selfe out of doubt of all these thynges. By these wordes and other speech which she uttered unto him, *Ferdinando* smelt how the world wente about, and therefore dyd one day in the grey morning adventure to passe through the gallery towards his Mistresse Chamber, hoping to have founde the doore open, but he founde the contrarye, and there attending in good devotion, hearde the parting of his Mistresse and *hir Secretarie*, with many kinde wordes: whereby it appeared that the one was very loth to depart from the other. Poore *Jeronymy* was enforced to beare this burden, and after hee had attended there as long as the light woulde give him leave, he departed also to his Chamber, and apparelling himselfe, could not be quiet untill he had spoken with his mistresse, whome he burdened flatly with this despitefull trecherye: and she as fast denied it, untyl at last being styll urged with such evident tokens as he alleadged, shee gave him this bone to gnawe uppon. And if I dyd so (quod shee) what than? Whereunto *Ferdinando* made none awnse, but departed with this farewell. *My losse is mine owne, and your gaine is none of yours, and sooner can I recover my losse, than you enjoye the gaine which you gape after.* And when hee was in place solitary, he compiled these following for a finall ende of the matter.

## THE ADVENTURES

*And if I did what then?  
Are you agreeved therefore?  
The Sea bath fishe for everie man,  
And what would you have more?*

*Thus did my Mistresse once,  
Amaze my minde with doubt:  
And popt a question for the nonce,  
To beate my braines about.*

*Whereto I thus replied,  
Eache Fisherman can wishe,  
That all the Seas at everie tide,  
Were his aloane to fishe.*

*And so did I (in vaine,)  
But since it maie not be:  
Let such fishe there as finde the gaine,  
And leave the losse for me.*

*And with such lucke and losse,  
I will content my selfe:  
Till tydes of turning time maye tosse,  
Suche fishers on the shelfe.*

*And when they sticke on sandes,  
That everie man maie see:  
Then will I laugh and clappe my bandes  
As they doe nowe at mee.*

Ferdinando Jeronimy.

**T**Hus *Ferdinando* being no longer able to be  
extreeme despites, resolved to absent him selfe  
for his owne further quiete, as also to avoide the  
greater mischiefs that might ensewe: And altho  
exceeding courtesies and approved fidelitie of Dame  
had beene sufficient to allure the fast lyking of  
especially considering that shee was reasonably  
descended of a worthy father, who nowe fell flatly  
and solicite the same, yet such sinistre conceyptes ha  
by the frailtye of Dame *Elinor*, as that rejecting:



## OF MASTER F. J.

and contempning all curtesies, he tooke his leave, & (without pretence of retурne) departed to his house in *Venice*: spending there ye rest of his dayes in a dissolute kind of lyfe: & abandoning the worthy Lady *Fraunc[ischin]a*, who (dayly being gauld with the grieve of his great ingratitude) dyd shortlye bring hir selfe into a myserable consumption: whereof (after three yeares languishing) shee dyed: Notwithstanding al which occur[rente]s the Lady *Elinor* lived long in ye continuance of hir accustomed change: & thus we see that where wicked lust doeth beare the name of love, it doth not onely infecte the lyght minded, but it maye also become confusion to others which are vowed to constancie. And to that ende I have recyted this Fable which maye serve as ensample to warne the youthfull reader from attempting the lyke worthles enterprise. I knowe not howe my rude translation thereof wyll delight the finest judgementes: But sure as *Bartello* writteth it in *Italian*, it is both pleasaunt and profitable: the which hath made mee adventure thus to publishe the same in such simple style as I am able to endite: Desiring the gentle reader, rather to take example of reformation therein, then to finde faulte at the homelye handling of the same.

*Ever or never.*

## WEEDES

¶ In praise of a gentlewoman who though she were  
not verye fayre, yet was she as harde  
favoured as might be.

I F men may credite give, to true reported fames,  
Who doubtes but stately Rome had stoore of lust,  
Whose eares have bene so deafe, as never yet heare  
Howe far the freshe Pompeia, for beautie dyd excell,  
And golden Marcus he, that swaide the Romaine  
Bare witnessse of Boemia, by credite of his word.  
What neede I mo rehearse? since all the world  
How high the floods of beauties blaze, within those  
And yet in all that choyse a worthy Romaine Knight,  
Antonius who conquered prowde Egipt by his might,  
Not al to please his eye, but most to ease his mi  
Chose Cleopatra for his love, and left the rest beh  
A wondrous thing to reade, in all his victoriye,  
He snapt but hir for his owne share, to please hir  
She was not fayre God wot, the countreye breades  
Well maye we judge hir skinne the foyle, because  
were white.

Percase hyr lovelye lookes, some prayses dyd deserve  
But browne I dare be bolde shee was, for so the soyl  
And could Antonius forsake the fayre in Rome?  
To love his nutbrowne Ladye best, was this an equall  
I dare well say dames there, did beare him dead  
His sentence had beene shortly sayde, if Faustine had  
For this I dare avow, (without vaunt be it spok  
So brave a knight as Anthony, held al their neck  
I leave not Lucrece out, beleieve in hir who lyst,  
I thinke she would have lik'd his lure, & stooped  
What mov'd the chieftain then, to lincke his lik  
I would some Romaine dame were here, the question  
But [I that] read her life, do finde therein by f  
Howe cleare hir curtesie dyd shine, in honour  
Hir bountie did excell, hir trueth had never per  
Hir lovely lokes, hir pleasant speech, hir lusty  
And all the worthy giftes, that ever yet were f  
Within this good Egiptian Queene, dyd seeme fo

She was an  
Egiptian.



## WEEDES

Wherfore he worthy was, to win the golden fleece, (peece.  
Which scornd the blasing starres in Rome, to conquer such a  
And shee to quite his love, in spite of dreadfull death, (breath.  
Enshrinde with Snakes within his Tombe, did yeeld his parting

### *Allegoria.*

**I**F fortune favord him, then may that man rejoice,  
And thinke himself a happy man by hap of happy choice.  
Who loves and is belov'd of one as good, as true,  
As kind as *Cleopatra* was, and yet more bright of hewe.  
Hir eyes as greye as glasse, hir teeth as white as mylke,  
A ruddy lippe, a dimpled chyn, a skyn as smoth as silke.  
A wight what could you more, that may content mannes minde,  
And hath supplies for ev'ry want, that any man can finde.  
And may him selfe assure, when hence his life shall passe,  
She wil be stong to death with snakes, as *Cleopatra* was.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

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### *¶ The praise of Phillip Sparrowe.*

**O**F all the byrdes that I doe know,  
Phillip my Sparow hath no peare:  
For sit she high or lye she lowe,  
Be shee farre off, or be shee neare,  
There is no byrde so fayre, so fine,  
Nor yet so freshe as this of myne.  
  
Come in a morning mer[ri]ly,  
When Phillip hath bene lately fed,  
Or in an evening soberlye,  
When Phillip lyst to goe to bed:  
It is a heaven to heare my Phippe,  
Howe she can chirpe with chery lippe.  
  
She never wanders farre abroade,  
But is at hand when I doe call:  
If I commaund shee layes on loade,  
With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.  
She chants, she chirpes, she makes such cheere,  
That I beleeve she hath no peere.

*and*

## WEEDES

And yet besides all this good sport,  
My Phillip can both sing and daunce:  
With new found toyes of sundry sort,  
My Phillip can both prick and praunce:  
As if you saye but fend cut phippe,  
Lord how the peat will turne and skippe.

Hir fethers are so freshe of hewe,  
And so well proyned everye daye:  
She lackes none oyle, I warrant you:  
To trimme hir tayle both tricke and gaye.  
And though hir mouth be somewhat wide,  
Hir tonge is sweet and short beside.

And for the rest I dare compare,  
She is both tender, sweet and soft:  
She never lacketh dainty fare,  
But is well fed and feedeth oft:  
For if my phip have lust to eate,  
I warrant you phip lacks no meate.

And then if that hir meat be good,  
And such as like do love alway:  
She will lay lips theron by the rood,  
And see that none be cast away:  
For when she once hath felt a fitte,  
Phillip will crie still, yit, yit, yit.

And to tell trueth he were to blame,  
Which had so fine a Byrde as she,  
To make him all this goodly game,  
Without suspect or jellousie:  
He were a churle and knewe no good,  
Would see hir faynt for lacke of food.

Wherfore I sing and ever shall,  
To prayse as I have often prov'd  
There is no byrd amongst them all,  
So worthy for to be belov'd.  
Let other prayse what byrd they will,  
Sweet Phillip shalbe my byrd still.

*Si fortunatus infælix.*

## WEEDES

¶ Farewell with a mischeife, written by a lover being  
disdaynefullye abjected by a dame of highe calling, Who had  
chosen (in his place) a playe fellow of baser condition: &  
therfore he determined to step a side, and before his departure  
giveth hir this farewell in verse.

**T**Hy byrth, thy beautie, nor thy brave attyre,  
(Disdaynfull Dame, which doest me double wrong)  
Thy hygh estate, which sets thy harte on fire,  
Or newe found choyse, which cannot serve thee long  
Shall make me dread, with pen for to reherse,  
Thy skittish deedes, in this my parting verse.

For why thou knowest, and I my selfe can tell,  
By many vowes, how thou to me wert bound:  
And how for joye, thy hart did seeme to swell,  
And in delight, how thy desires were drownd.  
When of thy will, the walles I did assayle,  
Wherin fond fancie, fought for mine avayle.

And though my mind, have small delight to vaunt,  
Yet must I vowe, my hart to thee was true:  
My hand was awayes able for to daunt,  
Thy slaundrous fooes, and kepe theyr tongues in mew.  
My head (though dull) was yet of such devise,  
As might have kept thy name awayes in price.

And for the rest my body was not brave,  
But able yet, of substaunce to allaye,  
The raging lust, wherein thy limbes did rave,  
And quench the coales, which kindled thee to playe.  
Such one I was, and such awayes wyl be,  
For worthy Dames, but then I meane not thee.

For thou hast caught a proper paragon,  
A theefe, a cowarde, and a Peacocke foole:  
An Ase, a milkesop, and a minion,  
Which hath no oyle, thy furyous flames to coole,  
Such on he is, a pheare for thee most fit,  
A wandring gest, to please thy wavering wit.

## WEEDES

A theefe I counte him for he robbes us both,  
Thee of thy name, and me of my delight:  
A coward is he noted where he goeth,  
Since every child is match to him in might.  
And for his pride no more, but marke his plumes,  
The which to princke, he dayes and nights consumes.

The rest thy selfe, in secret sorte can judge,  
He rides not me, thou knowest his sadell best:  
And though these tricks of thine, mought make me grudg,  
And kindle wrath, in my revenging brest  
Yet of my selfe, and not to please thy mind,  
I stand content, my rage in rule to binde.

And farre from thee now must I take my flight,  
Where tongues maye tell, (and I not see) thy fall:  
Where I maye drinke these druggs of thy dispise,  
To purge my Melancholike mind with all.  
In secrete so, my stomacke will I sterue,  
Wishing thee better than thou doest deserve.

*Spræta tamen vivunt.*



## WEEDES

I must alledge, and thou canst tell  
How faithfully I vowed to serve,  
And howe thou seemest to like me well:  
And how thou saydest I did deserve,  
To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King.  
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now (thou cruell one)  
Condemne desert to deepe dispayre?  
Is all thy promise past and gone?  
Is fayth so fled into the ayre?  
If that be so, what rests for me?  
But thus in song to saye to thee.

If *Cressydes* name were not so knownen,  
And written wide on every wall:  
If brute of pridy were not so blowen,  
Upon *Angelica* withall:  
For hault disdayne thou mightst be she,  
Or *Cresside* for inconstancie.

And in reward of thy desart,  
I hope at last to see thee payd:  
With deepe repentaunce for thy part,  
Which thou hast now so lewedly playd.  
*Medoro* hee must bee thy make,  
Since thou *Orlando* doest for sake.

Such is the fruite that groweth alwaies,  
Upon the roote of ripe disdaine:  
Such kindly wages *Cupide* payes,  
Where constant hearts cannot remaine,  
I hope to see thee in such bandes,  
When I may laugh and clappe my handes.

But yet for thee I must protest,  
[That] sure the faulte is none of thine,  
Thou art as true as is the best,  
That ever came of *Cressedes* lyne:  
For constant yet was never none,  
But in unconstancie alone.

Angelica refusing the  
most famous  
knights in  
the whole  
worlde,  
chose at last  
Medoro  
a poore  
serving man.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

## WEEDES

¶ *Mars in despite of Valour written for an al  
lover (parted from his Lady by Sea.)*

**B**OTH deepe and dreadfull were the Seas,  
Which held *Leander* from his love,  
Yet could no doubtes his mind appese,  
Nor save his life for his behove:  
But guldene blood it selfe would spill,  
To please the waves and worke his wyll.  
O greedy galle, O wretched waves,  
O cruell floods, O sinke of shames,  
You holde true lovers bound like slaves,  
And keepe them from their worthy Dames:  
Your open mouth gapes evermore,  
Tyll one or both be drowned therefore.  
For proose whereof my selfe maye sing,  
And shrich to pearce the lofty skies,  
Whose Lady left me languishing,  
Upon the shoare in wofull wise.  
And crost the Seas out of my sight,  
Wherby I lost my chiefe delight.  
She sayd that no such trustlesse flood,  
Should keepe our loves (long time) in twayn.  
She sware no bread shoulde doe hyr good,  
Till she migh[t] see my selfe agayne.  
She sayd and swore these wordes and mo,  
But now I finde them nothing so.  
What resteth then for me to doo,  
Thou salte sea foome come saye thy mind?  
Should I come drowne within thee to,  
That am of true *Leanders* kind?  
And headlong cast this corpes of mine,  
Into th[ose] greedy guttes of thine.  
No cruel, but in spite of thee,  
I will make Seas where earst were none,  
My teares shall flowe in full degree,  
Tyll all my myrrh may ebbe to mone.  
Into such dropes I meane to melt,  
And in such Seas my selfe to swelt.

## WEEDES

*Lenvoie.*

¶ Yet you deere Dame for whome I fade,  
Thus starving still in wretched state:  
Remember once your promise made,  
Performe it now though all to late.  
Come home to *Mars* who may you please,  
Let *Vulcane* bide beyond the Seas.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

¶ *Patience perforse, wherein an absent lover doth*  
thus encourage his Lady to con-  
tinew constant.

C Ontent thy selfe with patience perforse:  
And quenche no love with dropes of darcke mistrust:  
Let absence have no power to divorce,  
Thy faithfull friend which meaneth to be just.  
Beare but a while thy constance to declare,  
For when I come one ynche shall breake no square.

I must confesse that promise dyd me binde,  
For to have sene thy seemely selfe ere now:  
And if thou knewest what griefes did gaule my minde,  
Bicause I coulde not keepe that faithfull vowe,  
My just excuse, I can my selfe assure,  
With lytle paine thy pardon might procure.

But call to minde how long *Ulisses* was,  
In lingring absence, from his loving make:  
And howe she deigned then hir dayes to passe,  
In solitary silence for his sake.  
Be thou a true *Penelope* to me,  
And thou shalt sone thine owne *Ulisses* see.

What sayd I? sone? yea sone I saye againe,  
I wyll come sone and soner if I maye:  
Believe me nowe it is a pinching payne,  
To thinke of love, when lovers are awaye.  
Such thoughts I have, and when I thinke on thee,  
My thoughts are there, whereas my bones would bee.

## WEEDES

The longing lust which *Priames sonne of Troye*,  
Had for to see his *Cresside* come againe:  
Could not excede the depth of mine anoye,  
Nor seeme to passe the patterne of my Payne.  
I fryse in hope, I thaw in hote desire,  
Farre from the flame, and yet I burne like fire.

Wherfore deare friend, thinke on the pleasures past.  
And let my teares, for both our paines suffise:  
The lingring joyes, when as they come at last,  
Are bet then those, which passe in posting wise.  
And I my selfe, to prove this tale is true,  
In hast, post hast, thy comfort will renew.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

### ¶ A letter devised for a yong lover.

**R**eceive you worthy Dame, this rude & ragged  
Lend wylling eare unto the tale, which I sha  
rehearse.  
And though my witlesse woordes might moove you for  
Yet trust to that which I shal tel, & never marke  
Amongst five hundred Dames, presented to my vie  
I find most cause by due desert, to like the best of  
I see your beautie such, as seemeth to suffice,  
To binde my heart in linckes of love, by judgement  
And but your bounte quench, the coales of quicke  
I feare that face of yours wyll set, ten thousand heart  
But bounte so aboundes, above al my desart,  
As that I quake and shrinke for feare, to shewe yo  
Yet since mine eye made choice, my hart shal not  
But yeeld it self unto your wyl, & therwith stand  
God knowth I am not great, my power it is not m  
The greater glorye shall you gaine, to shew your favo  
And what I am or have, all that I yeeld to you,  
My hande and sworde shall serve alwayes, to prove m  
Then take me for your owne, and so I wyl be stil  
Believe me nowe, I make this vowe, in hope of your gy  
Which if I may obtaine, God leave me when I ch  
This is the tale I meant to tell, good Lady be not

*Meritum petere, grave.*



¶ Davids salutacions to Berzabe wherein are three sonets in sequence, written uppon this occation. The deviser hereof amongst other friendes had named a gentlewoman his Berzabe, and she was content to call him hir David. The man presented his Lady with a booke of the Golden Asse, written by Lucius Apuleius, and in the beginning of the booke wrote this sequence. You must conferre it with the Histoyre of Apuleius, for else it wyll have small grace.



play in  
Inn  
morn  
like

**T**His *Apuleius* was in Affricke borne,  
And tooke delight to travaille *Thessaly*,  
As one that helde his native soyle in skorne,  
In foraine coastes to feede his fantasie.  
And such againe as wandring wits find out,  
This yonker wonne by wyll and weary toyle,  
A youth mispent, a doting age in doubt,  
A body brusd with many a beastly broyle,  
A presaunt pleasure passing on a pace,  
And paynting plaine the path of penitence,  
A frolick favour foyld with fowle disgrace,  
When hoary heares should claime their reverence.  
Such is the fruite that growes on gadding trees,  
Such kynd of mell most moveth busie Bees.

*For Lucius he,*

Esteeming more one ounce of present sport,  
Than elders doe a pound of perfect wit:  
First to the bowre of beautie doth resorte,  
And there in pleasure passed many a fitte,  
His worthie race he (recklesse) doth forget,  
With small regarde in great affaires he reeles,  
No counsell grave, nor good advise can set  
His braynes in brake that whirled still on wheeles.  
For if *Byrbena* coulde have helde him backe,  
From *Venus* court where he nowe nusled was,  
His lustie limmes had never founde the lacke  
Of manlie shape: the figure of an Asse,  
Had not bene blazed on his bloud and bones,  
To wound his will with torments all attones.

*But Fotis she,*

Who sawe this Lording whitled with the cup  
Of vaine delight, wherof he gan to tast:

## WEEDES

Pourde out apace, and fillde the Mazor up,  
With drunken dole; yea after that in hast,  
She greazde this guest with sause of Sorcerie,  
And fedde his minde with knacks both queint an  
Lo here the treason and the trecherie  
Of gadding girles, when they delight to range.  
For *Lucius* thinking to become a foule,  
Became a foole, yea more than that, an Asse,  
A bobbing blocke, a beating stocke, an owle,  
Well woondred at in place where he did passe  
And spent his time, his travaile and his cost,  
To purchase Payne and all his labor lost.

*Yet I*

Who make of thee my *Fotys* and my frende,  
In like delight my youthfull yeares to spend:  
Do hope thou wilt from such soure cause defer

*David*

*Meritum petere grave.*

*Soone acquainted, soone forgotten,*  
As appeareth here by an uncourteous fare  
to an inconstant Dame.

I F what you want, you (wanton) had at w  
A stedfast minde, a faythfull loving hear  
If what you speake you woulde performe it st  
If from your worde your deede did not revert  
If youthfull yeares your thoughtes did not so  
As elder dayes may scorne your friendship fra  
Your doubled fansie would not thus recule,  
For peevious prude which nowe I must bewail  
For *Cresside* faire did *Troilus* never love,  
More deare than I esteemde your freamed ch  
Whose wavering wayes (since nowe I do ther  
By true reporte this witnesse with me beare:  
That if your friendship be not to deare boug  
The price is great that nothing gives for nou

*Meritum petere grave.*

**FINIS.**



## ¶ Certayne notes of Instruction *concerning the making of verse or ryme in English, written at the request of Master Edouardo Donati.*

**S**Ignor Edouardo, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will assaye to discharge the same, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therwithall I pray you consider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiae*, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neverthelesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request adventure to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I have used, referring the same hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you shall have it in these few poynts followyng.

**T**He first and most necessarie poynt that ever I founde meete to be cōsidered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine invention. For it is not inough to roll in pleasant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym*, *Ram*, *Ruff*, by letter (quoth my master *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, unlesse the Invention have in it also *aliquid salis*. By this *aliquid salis*, I meane some good and fine devise, shewing the quicke capacicie of a writer: and where I say some *good and fine invention*, I meane that I would have it both fine and good. For many inventions are so superfine, that they are *Vix good*. And againe many Inventions are *good*, and yet not *finely handled*. And for a general forwarming: what Theame soever you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione perpetua*, and never studie for some depth of devise in ye Invention, & some figures also in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliver unto you generall examples it were almoste unpossible, sithence the occasions of Inventions are (as it were) infinite: nevertheless take in worth mine opinion, and perceyve my furder meanyng in these few poynts. If I should undertake to wryte in prayse

## CERTAYNE NOTES

of a gentlewoman, I would neither praise hir chri  
hir cherrie lippe, &c. For these things are *tri*  
But I would either finde some supernaturall cause  
penne might walke in the superlative degree, or  
undertake to aunswere for any imperfection that  
and thereupon rayse the prayse of hir commendac  
wise if I should disclose my pretence in love, I v  
make a straunge discourse of some intollerable pass  
occasion to pleade by the example of some historie  
my disquiet in shadowes *per Allegoriam*, or use t  
meane that I could to avoyde the uncomely custom  
writers. Thus much I adventure to deliver unto  
freend) upon the rule of Invention, which of all o  
most to be marked, and hardest to be prescribed  
and infallible rules, nevertheless to conclude ther  
have you stand most upon the excellencie of your I  
sticke not to studie deeply for some fine devise  
beyng founde, pleasant woordes will follow well  
fast inough.

2 Your Invention being once devised, take  
neither pleasure of rime, nor varietie of devise, d  
from it: for as to use obscure & darke phrases in  
Sonet, is nothing delectable, so to entermingle m  
serious matter is an *Indecorum*. *225*

3 I will next advise you that you hold the i  
wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie b  
seeme a preposterous ordre: but bycause I cove  
satisfie you particularly, than to undertake a genera  
I wil not somuch stand upon the manner as the m  
precepts. I say then, remember to holde the san  
wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verse of six  
eight, ten, twelve, &c. and though this precept m  
ridiculous unto you, since every yong scholler ca  
that he ought to continue in the same measure w  
beginneth, yet do I see and read many mens F  
adayes, whiche beginning with the measure of xii.  
line, & xiii. in the second (which is the commo  
verse) they wil yet (by that time they have passed  
verses) fal into xiii. & fourtene, & sic de similibus, th  
either forgetfulnes or carelesnes.

## OF INSTRUCTION

4 And in your verses remembre to place every worde in his natural *Emphasis* or sound, that is to say in such wise, and with such length or shortnesse, elevation or depression of sillables, as it is cōmonly pronounced or used: to expresse the same we have three maner of accents, *gravis*, *l[et]v]is*, & *circumflexa*, the whiche I would english thus, the long accent, the short accent, & that whiche is indifferent: the grave accent is marked by this caracte, / the light accent is noted thus, \ & the circumflexe or indifferent is thus signified ~: the grave accent is drawē out or elevate, and maketh that sillable long wherupō it is placed: the light accēt is depressed or snatched up, and maketh that sillable short upon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferēt, sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes depressed & sometimes elevate. For exāple of th' emphasis or natural sound of words, this word *Treasure*, hath the grave accent upō the first sillable, whereas if it shoulde be written in this sorte, *Treasure*, nowe were the second sillable long, & that were cleane contrarie to the cōmon use wherwith it is pronounced. For furder explanation hereof, note you that cōmonly now a dayes in english rimes (for I dare not cal them English verses) we use none other order but a foote of two sillables, wheroft the first is depressed or made short, & the second is elevate or made lög: and that sound or scāning continueth throughout the verse. We have used in times past other kindes of Meeters: as for example this following:

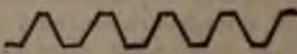


No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,  
\\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\ \\  
Unlesse he beleve, that all is but wayne.

Also our father *Chaucer* hath used the same libertie in feete and measures that the Latinists do use: and who so ever do peruse and well consider his workes, he shall finde that although his lines are not always of one selfe same number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath understanding, the longest verse and that which hath most Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correspondent unto that whiche hath fewest sillables in it: and like wise that whiche hath in it fewest syllables, shalbe

## CERTAYNE NOTES

founde yet to consist of woordes that have such sounde, as may seeme equall in length to a verse w  
many moe sillables of lighter accentes. And sun  
lament that wee are fallen into suche a playne a  
manner of wryting, that there is none other foote  
one: wherby our Poemes may justly be called Rit  
cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verse.  
it is so, let us take the forde as we finde it, and le  
downe unto you suche rules or precepts that even in t  
foote of two syllables you wreste no woorde from l  
and usuall sounde, I do not meane hereby that you  
none other wordes but of twoo sillables, for therein  
use discretion according to occasion of matter: but m  
is, that all the wordes in your verse be so placed a  
sillable may sound short or be depressed, the secon  
elevate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth s  
For example of my meaning in this point marke  
verses:



I understand your meanyng by your eye.  
Your meaning I understand by your eye

In these two verses there seemeth no difference a  
the one hath the very selfe same woordes that the c  
and yet the latter verse is neyther true nor pleasant,  
verse may passe the musters. The fault of the latt  
that this worde *understand* is therein so placed as  
accent falleth upō *der*, and therby maketh *der*, in  
understand to be elevated: which is contrarie to the

usual pronūciation: for we say *understand*, and not *u*

5 Here by the way I thinke it not amisse to  
you that you thrust as few wordes of many sillables  
verse as may be: and hereunto I might alledge man  
first the most auncient English wordes are of one  
that the more monasyllables that you use, the truer E  
you shall seeme, and the lesse you shall smell of the I

## OF INSTRUCTION

Also wordes of many syllables do cloye a verse and make it unpleasant, whereas woordes of one syllable will more easily fall to be shorte or long as occasion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent sounde.

6 I would exhorte you also to beware of rime without reason: my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firste Invention, for many wryters when they have layed the platforme of their invention, are yet drawen sometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at least to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the first (and yet continue their determinate Invention) they do then eyther botche it up with a worde that will ryme (howe small reason soever it carie with it) or els they alter their first worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Invention: But do you alwayes hold your first determined Invention, and do rather searche the bottome of your braynes for apte wordes, than chaunge good reason for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers lesson) worke thus, whē you have set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt over all the wordes of the selfe same sounde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the laste woorde of your firste line is *care*, to ryme therwith you have *bare*, *clare*, *dare*, *fare*, *gare*, *bare*, and *share*, *mare*, *snare*, *rare*, *stare*, & *ware*, &c. Of all these take that which best may serve your purpose, carying reason with rime: and if none of them will serve so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Invention.

8 You may use the same Figures or Tropes in verse which are used in prose, and in my judgement they serve more aptly, and have greater grace in verse than they have in prose: but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do not know the use of any other figure than that whiche is expressed in repeticion of sundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly used) lendeth good grace to a verse: but they do so hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Cramble*, and *Crambe bis positum mors est*: therfore *Ne quid nimis*.

9 Also asmuche as may be, eschew straunge words, or *obsoleta* & *inusatata*, unlesse the Theame do give just occasiō:

## CERTAYNE NOTES

marie in some places a straunge worde doth drawe attentive reading, but yet I woulde have you therein to use discretion.

10 And asmuch as you may, frame your stile to *perspicuity* and to be sensible: for the haughty obscure verse doth not much delight, and the verse that is to easie is like a tale of a rosted horse: but let your Poeme be such as may both delight and draw attentive readyng, and therewithal may deliver such matter as be worth the marking.

11 You shall do very well to use your verse after thenglishe phrase, and not after the maner of other languages: The Latinists do commôly set the adjective after the Substantive: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altae, &c.* but if we should say in English a woman fayre, a house high, &c. it would have but small grace: for we say a good man, and not a man good, &c. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in some places, it may be borne, but not so hardly as some use it which wryte thus:

Now let us go to Temple ours,  
I will go visit mother myne &c.

Surely I smile at the simplicitie of such devisers which might aswell have sayde it in playne Englishe phrase, and yet have better pleased all eares, than they satisfie their owne fancies by suche *superfinesse*. Therefore even as I have advised



## OF INSTRUCTION

whiche may be called *Ceasures*, whereof I woulde be lothe to stande long, since it is at discretion of the wryter, and they have bene first devised (as should seeme) by the Musicians: but yet thus much I will adventure to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verse of eight sillables, the pause will stand best in the middest, in a verse of tenne it will best be placed at the ende of the first foure sillables: in a verse of twelve, in the midst, in verses of twelve, in the firste and fouretene in the seconde, wee place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight sillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be untill the ende of the line.

14 And here bycause I have named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes have commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne sillables, and seven such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acrosse) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere echo other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut up the Sentence: this hath bene called Rithme royall, & surely it is a royall kinde of verse, serving best for grave discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are sundrie sortes: for a man may wryte ballade in a staffe of sixe lines, every line conteyning eighte or sixe sillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acrosse, and the fifth and sixth do rime togither in conclusion. You may wryte also your ballad of tenne sillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most cōmonly used in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) derived of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serve beste for daunces or light matters. Then have you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self same foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my judgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then have you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutive worde derived of *Sonare*, but yet I can beste allowe to call those Sonets whiche are of fouretene lynes, every line conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelve do ryme in staves of foure lines by

## CERTAYNE NOTES

W  
crosse meetre, and the last twoo ryming togither do the whole. There are Dyzaynes, & Syxaines which lines, and of sixe lines, cōmonly used by the Frenc some English writers do also terme by the name of Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called Verlaye (as I have redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokenet and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would s Songes: but I muste tell you by the way, that I ne any verse which I saw by auuthoritie called *Verlay*, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off ther going on to another termination. Of this I cou example of imitation in mine own verses written to honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *Wilton* upon my jou *Holland*, &c. There are also certaine Poemes devised syllables, whereof the first aunswere in termination fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche oth are more used by other nations than by us, neyther readily what name to give them. And the cōmone verse which we use now adayes (*viz.* the long verse and fourtene sillables) I know not certainly howe to unlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters which giveth xii. for one dozē and xiii. for another. this suffise (if it be not to much) for the sundrie sortes which we use now adayes.

15 In all these sortes of verses when soever you to write, avoyde prolixitie and tediousnesse, & ever as you can, do finish the sentence and meaning at the every staffe where you wright staves, & at the end two lines where you write by cooples or poulters mea I see many writers which draw their sentēces in I make an ende at latter Lamas: for cōmonly before the Reader hath forgottē where he begon. But do you wil follow my advise) eschue prolixitie and knit up tences as compendiously as you may, since brevitie (be not drowned in obscuritie) is most commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, calle rime, and that is suche as our Mayster and Father used in his Canterbury tales, and in divers other



## OF INSTRUCTION

and light enterprises: but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it shall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceit whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may see (by the way) that I holde a preposterous order in my traditions, but as I sayde before I wryte moved by good wil, and not to shewe my skill. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime serveth most aptly to wryte a merie tale, so Rythme royall is fittest for a grave discourse. Ballades are beste of matters of love, and rondlettes moste apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common proverbe: Sonets serve as well in matters of love as of discourse: Dizaymes and Sixames for shorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectuall proposition, although by the name you might otherwise judge of Verlayes, and the long verse of twelve and fourtene sillables, although it be now adayes used in all Theames, yet in my judgement it would serve best for Psalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde stande longer in these traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I sayde before, I know that I write to my freende, and affyng my selfe thereupon, I make an ende.

*FINIS.*

## APPENDIX.

*In the following references the lines are numbered from the top including titles. The page numbers are in heavier type. A line of over is counted as one line.*

Q<sub>1</sub> = 1573. Q<sub>2</sub> = 1575. Q<sub>3</sub> = 1587.

1. The title-page of Q<sub>1</sub> reads:—¶ A Hundreth sun-<sup>1</sup>de  
bounde | up in one small Poesie. | Gathered partly (by transla-  
fyne outlandish Gardins | of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarke, Ariosto,  
and partly by invention, | out of our owne fruitlefull Or-chardes in  
Yelding sundrie sweete savours of Tra-gical, Comical, and Mo-  
ses, bothe pleasaunt and profitable to the | well smellyng noses  
Readers. | *Meritum petere, grave.* | At London, | Imprinted by  
Smith.

The date of this edition (1573) is fixed by the references to it in the first two paragraphs of *The Adventures of Master F. F.* issue, and by Gascoigne's Epistle *To the reverende Divines* (3. 14) was evidently written in January, 1574. In this Epistle (4—) acknowledges that the earlier edition was issued with his consent, was away in Holland at the time; it was perhaps prepared for the friend, George Turberville, but it is more likely that the G. T. version of *Ferdinando Jeronimi* was a mythical person of his own. The explanatory headings to the various poems in Q<sub>1</sub> were apparently Gascoigne himself, although he is always spoken of in the they were retained in Q<sub>2</sub> with very slight changes.

Some copies of Q<sub>2</sub> have the following title in a different hand:—  
Posies of | *George Gascoigne* | Esquire. | *Corrected, perfected,* | and  
by the | Author. 1575. | *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.* | ¶ Im-  
London by H. Bynneman | for Richard Smith. | These Bookes are  
at the North-west dore of Paules Church.

Turned letters and other minute coincidences show that the type of this edition were printed from the same type; but there are differences, not always following the change of title, and due corrections made while the edition was passing through the press. The line on k8 recto reads *corected, perfected, and finished* in some others *Corected, perfected and finished.* On ¶¶¶ ii recto there is a quaint tail-piece, dated by the engraver *Jan. 1574.* There are variations in punctuation, duly recorded where they occur. The present re-issue was set up from a copy of Q<sub>2</sub> in the Cambridge Library, and checked by another in the possession of the edit

## APPENDIX

copies in the Bodleian Library were also consulted when occasion seemed to require it.

The copy of Q 3 from which variants were taken has the following title:—  
The | pleasauntest workes of George | Gascoigne Esquyre: Newlye | compyed into one Volume, | That is to say: | His Flowers, Hearbes, Weedes, the  
Fruites of | warre, the Comedie called Supposes, the | Tragedie of Jocasta, the  
Steele glasse, | the Complaint of Phylomene, the | Storie of Ferdinand  
Jeronimi, | and the pleasure at Ke[n]nelworth Castle. | London | Imprinted by  
Abell Jeffes, dwelling in the Fore | Streete, without Creeplegate, neere | unto  
Grubstreet. | 1587.

There is another issue, the title of which reads:—The Whole woorkes &c.

Q 1 follows a different order from Q 2 and Q 3, the list of contents of the 1573 edition being given at the back of the title thus:—

The contents of this Booke.

First an excellente and pleasante Comedie entituled Supposes.

The second, the wofull tragedie of Jocasta, conteining the utter subversion of  
Thebes. 73.

Thirdly, a pleasant discourse of the adventures of master F.J. conteyning  
excellēt letters, sonets, Lays, Ballets, Rondlets, Verlayes and verses. 201.

Fourthly, divers excellent devises of sundry Gentlemen. 294.

Fiftly, certayne devises of master Gascoyne, conteyning his anothamie, his  
arraignemente, his prayse of mistresse Bridges now Lady Sands, the  
his praise of Zouch late the Lady Grey of Wilton. 344-345-346. 347-  
348.

Gascoyne his passion. 349.

Gascoines libell of divorce. 351.

Gascoines praise of his mistresse. 352.

Gascoines Lullabie. 353.

Gascoines Recantation. 355.

Gascoynes five notable devises upon five sundry theames given to him by five  
sundry Gentlemen in five sundry meeters. 365.

Gascoynes gloze upon *Dominus sis opus habet*. 365.

Gascoynes good morrowe. 368.

Gascoynes good night. 371.

Gascoynes councell to Douglas Dive. 373.

Gascoynes counsell to Bartholmew Wythipole. 376.

Gascoynes Epitaph upō Captaine Bourcher lately slayne in Zelande, called the  
tale of the stone. 381.

Gascoynes devise of a maske. 383.

Gascoynes wodmanship. 394.

Gascoynes gardening. 399.

Gascoynes last voyage into Holland in Marche. 401. 1572.

Lastly the dolorous discourse of Dan Bartholmew of Bathe, wherin is con-  
teyned his triumphes, his discourse of love, his extreme passion, his libell  
of request to Care, his last will and testament, his farewel. 412.

Last of all the reporter.

3-17. Instead of these introductory pages, Q 1 has the following:—

The Printer to the Reader.

It hath bin an old saying, that whiles two doggs do strive for a bone, the  
thirde may come and carie it away. And this proverbe may (as I feare) be  
wel verefied in me which take in hand the imprinting of this poetical Poesie.  
For the case seemeth doubtful, and I will disclose my conjecture. Master

## APPENDIX

.H. W. in the beginning of this worke, hath in his letter (written cunningly discharged himselfe of any such misliking, as the greyheared judgers mighte (perhaps) conceive in the publ pleasant Pamphlets. And nexte unto that learned preambly .G. T. (by whome as seemeth, the first coppie hereof was unto th delivered, doth with no lesse clerkly cuffing seeke to perswade he (also) wolde by no meanes have it published. Now I fe (all these words notwithstanding) that these two gentlemen were compact to have it imprinted: And yet, finding by experieēce th wel hādled now adayes, but that some malicious minds n occasion to mislike it themselves, or else finde meanes to mak others: They have therefore (each of them) politiquely preven of misreport, and suffered me the poore Printer to runne away of so perillous a victorie. Notwithstanding, having wel per I find nothing therein amisse (to my judgemente) unlesse it b wanton places passed over in the discourse of an amorous e which for as much as the words are cleanly (although the thing what naturall) I have thought good also to let them passe as th and the rather because (as master .H. W. hath well alleagded the Reader) the well minded mā may reape some commoditie frivolous works that are written. And as the venomous spider v out of the most holesome herbe, and the industrious Bee can g of the most stinking weede: Even so the discrete reader may exāple by the most lascivious histories, although the captious a heads can neither be encouraged by the good, nor forewarned by thus muche I have thought good to say in excuse of some savo perchance smell unpleasantly to some noses, in some part o poesie. Now it hath with this fault a greater commoditie than c have ben accustomed to present, and that is this, you shall not to smell of the floures therein cōteined all at once, neither yet i in such order as they are sorted: But you may take any one flo and if that smell not so pleasantly as you wold wish, I doubt may find some other which may supplie the defects thereof. which wold have good morall lessons clerkly handled, let hi Tragedie translated out of Euripides. He that wold laugh at closely conveyed, let him peruse the comedie translated out of that would take example by the unlawfull affections of a lover b an unconstant dame, let them reade the report in verse, made b mew of Bathe, or the discourse in prose of the adventures pa F. J. whome the reader may name Freeman Jones, for the better of the same: he that would see any particular pang of love li may here approve every Pamphlet by the title, and so remaine c also divers godly hymnes and Psalmes may in like manner be recorde. To conclude, the worke is so universall, as either i other, any mans mind may therewith be satisfied. The whid (under pretext of this promise) to present unto all indiff followeth.

A list of *Faultes escaped correction* follows in Q1. Most obvious printers' errors, and are duly corrected in Q2. Thos worthy of record are noted under the lines in which they occur.

Two commas (not inverted) are used in Qq at the beginning mark not only quotations, but "sentences" thought worthy of spe Cf. 77. 7-8 *et passim*.

## APPENDIX

3. 4. *the*. Q 3 omits. 28. *myne*. Q 3 my.  
4. 22. *the*. Q 3 omits.  
7. 32. *that it was*. Q 3 it to be. 34. *and maner*. Q 3 omits.  
8. 17—18. *From my...1574*. Q 3 omits.  
10. 2. *at*. Q 3 omits. 8. *generally*. Q 3 greatly. 17. *permitted*  
Q 3. Q 1, by an obvious printer's error, permitmited.  
11. 11. *of*. Q 3 omits. 18. *that*. Q 3 omits. 29. *do*. Q 3 omits.  
31—32. (because...cheese). Q 3 omits.  
12. 4. *inquired* Q 3. Q 2 iuquired. 32. *you*. Q 3 omits.  
13. 13. *pleasant nor yet*. Q 3 yet pleasant nor. 22. *amongst*. Q 3  
among.  
14. 23. *them from*. Q 3 omits. 31. *Januarie*. Q 3 Februarie.  
15. 12. *hee might thereby*. Q 3 therby he might.  
16. 38. *betweene*. Q 3 betwixt.  
17. 25. *good*. Q 3 omits.  
18—34. *The commendatory verses are not found in Q 1*.  
18. 1—2. *Gascoignes* Q 3. Q 2 Gascogines.  
19. 28. Q 2 and Q 3 have a comma after hand.  
21. 18. *their odor*. Q 3 the odor. 24. *out*. Q 3 how.  
22. 14. *May* Q 3. Q 2 My.  
23. 5. *ryme*. Q 3 time.  
24. 6. *By*. Q 3 Be. *reportes*. Q 3 report. 11. *might*. Q 3 do.  
Full stop at end of line in Q 3, not in Q 2. 25. *to mitch*. Q 3 too much.  
26. Q 3 Such filthy thoughts oft times mens hearts inflame.  
25. 14. *blossoms*. Q 3 blossome. 21. *wanton rage* Q 3. Printed  
as one word in Q 2.  
29. 1. *The Printer*. Q 3 Richard Smith. 13. *niente dñ* Q 3. Printed  
as one word in Q 2. 17. *Ingiese*. Some copies of Q 2 read Inghese,  
others Inghelese. Q 3 Ingelese. 21. *Inchiastro*. Q 2 Q 3 Iuchiostro.  
There are commas in Q 2 after meno (13), piene (15), voiront (26).  
30. 18. *linguae*. Q 2 Q 3 linguis. Full stop after fructus (11). Commas  
after sororum (6), amsenos (10), viros (15), germanas (20), suos (28). Q 3 and  
some copies of Q 2 have a comma after solet (27).  
31. 2. *F*. Q 2 Q 3 ef. 3. *dicere* Q 3 and some copies of Q 2.  
Others have dicire. 6. *Amore*. Q 2 Q 3 amore. 19. *celeberrima*.  
Q 2 Q 3 celiberrima. Only comma in 6 after socio, in 11 after letabar.  
No comma after Pallas (12), adytis (22), Poeta (27). Commas after potuit (3),  
aeternos (15), Nata (21), inter (23), mentes and tenebrie (25), pateat (28).  
There is a comma at the end of 10 in some copies of Q 2, not in others.  
32. 3. *cautus*. Q 2 Q 3 cantus. 11. *dilitubre*. Q 2 Q 3 dilituëre.  
14. *merubre*. Q 2 Q 3 meruëre. Commas after titulum (6), variis (9), re  
(20), præstans (21), forsan and abuti (24).  
33—4. *Not found in Q 3*.  
33. 6. Q 2 comma at end of line.  
36. 27. *861*. Q 2 361.

## APPENDIX

37. 1. *Instead of this title Q 1 has the following:—*

I will now deliver unto you so many more of Master Gascoigne  
have come to my hands, who hath never beene dayntie of h[is]  
therfore I conceale not his name: but his word or posie he hath  
and therfore I will deliver his verses with such sundrie posies  
thē. And first I will begin with Gascoigns Anatomie.

14. *quite braunfalte are Q 2 Q 3.* Q 1 are braunfalte now.  
Q 1 Q 3. Q 1 his. 24. *sustaine Q 2 Q 3.* Q 1 can beare.

38. 1. *arraignment.* Q 2 arraignment. Q 3 araignement. *1.*  
*runs Gacoignes arraignement.* 6. *thou wylt Q 1 Q 2.* Q

7. *Full stop at end of line in Q 2, note of interrogation in*  
14. *The side-notes are omitted in Q 1 except in a few cases, so*  
*attention is drawn.* 16. *Wyll Q 2 Q 3.* Q 1 Here.

39. 26. Q 1 Gacoignes passion.

40. 9—10. *Commas after I and why are given in Q 3 and*  
Q 2; *in others, and in Q 1 they are omitted.*

41. 3. *boosoms.* Q 3 bosome. 8. *All wayes.* Q 1 A  
Always. 12. *relieve.* Q 1 renue. Q 3 release. 13. *Q 1*  
*note.* 18. *my straunge.* Q 1 Gascoignes. Q 2 *comma a*  
20. Q 1 A straunge passion of another Author. 27. *son*  
sometime.

42. 7. Q 2 *full stop at end of line.* 25. *Ferendo.*  
26. Q 1 Gascoignes libell of Divorce.

43. 1. *lo.* Q 1 to. 7. *of.* Q 1 Q 3 off. 15 *(side-n.*  
Q 3 whilst. 22. *would.* Q 2 would.

44. 1. Q 1 Gascoignes Lullabie. 8. *wanton babes.*  
babe. 13. *within Q 1 Q 3.* Q 2 with in.

45. 1. *Lullaby.* Q 2 misprints Lullady. 12. *then this.* Q  
14. Q 1 The careful lover combed with pleasure, thus complay  
heard. Q 2 misprints beard. 24. *pheares.* Q 1 peers.  
Q 1 for sing.

46. 1—6. *In Q 1 this title begins* From this I will skip to c  
and ends with foloweth.

47. 12 and 24. *the Aucthour.* Q 1 G. G.  
48. 3. *jelousie.* Q 1 jelouse love. 6. *not one.* Q 1 none.  
Q 1 then.

49. 9. *The looks...by.* Q 1 He began to write by. 27.  
boundes. 33. *the.* Q 1 thy.

50. 4. *refuse.* Q 1 refusd. *Some copies of Q 2 have comm.*  
(11) and late (21). 30. *to.* Q 1 in. 35. *fortunatus.* Q 3  
*infalix.* Q 2 infalix.

51. 1—3. Q 1 To a Dame which challenged the aucthor by  
his head alwayes downe, and looked not upon hir in his  
10. *lyes.* Q 1 lieth. 18. *St...infalix.* Q 1 *Spreta tamen vivunt.*  
Q 3 that.

52. 8. *lovers* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 lovers. 21. *Ladies.* Q 3 Ladie  
Q 1 Gascoignes.

53. 30. *In.* Q 1 Gascoignes. *Omits words after Wilton.*

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54. 28. Q 2 puts first bracket after if.

55. 5. not hir. Q 1 hir not. 11. poorest. Q 1 purest.

56. 3. acceptable Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 exceptable. 5. darkesomnesse. Q 1 darkesome stormes changed to darkesomnesse in Faulkes escaped correction.

9. you. Q 1 we. 23. and. Q 1 all. worldly Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 wordly.

57. 17. byrdes Q 1. Q 2 byrde. Q 3 birds. 23. muste Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 much.

58. 24. stretching. Q 1 streking.

59. 14. Instead of this short title Q 1 has the following:—

These good Morowe and good nyght, together with his Passion, his Libell of divorce, his Lullabye, his Recantation, his De profundis, and his farewell, have verie sweete notes adapted unto them: the which I would you should also enjoy as well as my selfe. For I knowe you will delight to heare them. As also other verie good notes whyche I have for dyvers other Ditties of other mens devyse whiche I have before rehersed.

### Gascoignes *De profundis*.

The occasion of the wrighting hereof (as I have herde Master Gascoigne say) was this, riding alone betwene Chelmsforde and London, his minde mused upon the dayes past, and therewithall he gan accuse his owne conscience of muche time misspent, when a great shoure of rayne did overtake him, and he beeing unprepared for the same, as in a Jerken without a cloake, the wether beeing very faire and unlikely to have changed so: he began to accuse him selfe of his carelesnesse, and thereupon in his good disposition compiled firste this sonet, and afterwardes, the translated Psalme of *Deprofundis* as here followeth.

*De profundis* is printed as one word here, in the next title, and in the contents of *Flowers* in Q 2. In Q 3 it is spelt as two.

60. 1—62. 18. Not in Q 1.

60. 14. how. Q 3 now.

61. 2. delyghtst. Q 2 delyghst. Q 3 delightst. 22. confidence contynuallye. Q 2 confidence continnallye. Q 2 has full stops at end of lines 21 and 30.

62. 5. Q 2 full stop after call. 19. Gascoignes *Memories*. Q 1 I have herde Master Gascoignes memorie commended by these verses following, which were.

63. 23. sterves. Q 1 strives. 24. povertye. Q 1 povert.

64. 19. prove Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 poore.

65. 8. Hobbe Q 1. Q 2 hobbe. Q 3 Hob. 11. take. Q 1 tooke. 13. put. Q 3 puts. 30. weeke. Q 2 full stop, Q 1 Q 3 comma. 34. were. Q 1 Q 3 weare.

66. 1. one. Q 3 owne. 12. sequence. Q 2 misprints sequnce. 35. soyle. Q 3 sayle.

67. 3. Q 1 repeats and. 33. They bought. Q 1 The bough. 37. this. Q 3 hys.

68. 26. behold. Q 1 wee see. simple. Q 1 silly. 28. assayle. Q 2 full stop. 35. over. Q 1 ever.

69. Full stops at end of lines 5, 11, 12 in Q 2; commas in Q 1. 24. pulpit. Q 3 pulpits.

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70. 2. says Q1. Q2 say. Q3 saith. 7. pence. Q1 pens. Q3 were.

70. 14—21. Q1 has the following:—And thus an end theames, wherein hath bene noted, that as the theames were al togither divers, so Master Gascoigne did accomplish them sortes of metre, yea and that seemeth most strange, he de admounting to the number of CCLVIII. verses, riding by the none of them untill he came at the end of his Journey, the which than one day in riding, one day in taryng with his friend, an returning to Greys Inne: a small time for such a taske, I willingly undertake the like. The meetres are but rough in and yet are they true (*cum licentia poetica*) and I must needes co hath more commonly bene over curious in delectation, them of his dilatations. And therefore let us passe to the rest of his wor Gascoignes gloze uppon this text,

*Dominus iis opus habet.*

70. 21—73. 22. By a curious oversight this poem is printe time in both Q2 and Q3 at p. 145 of *Hearbes*. Of the variants *For, least, &c.* are found in both these repeated versions.

71. 10. For. Q2 Fo. Q1 has the following additiona 12:—

He is not fedde with calves, as in the dayes of old,  
He cares but little for their copes, that glister all of gol  
After 14:—

He likes no numbred prayers, to purchase popishe mee  
He askes no more but penitence, thereof *Our Lorde* ha

After 18:—  
They shrinke into the cloudes, and there they serve our m  
As planets and signes moveable, by destenies decreede.

35. leafe. Q3 lease.

72. 14. neate. Q3 meat. 28. a. Q1 & a.

73. 15. himselfe at rest. Q1 his tackling best. 22  
Gascoignes.

74. 4. Doth. Q1 Do. 20. his. Q1 Gods.

75. 1. A. Q1 Gascoignes. 2. written. Q1 adds (as  
Master Gascoigne him selfe declare). 16, 19. the A  
Master Gascoigne.

76. 23. blew. Q3 blowes. 26. like. Q2 misprints like  
Q1 Q3. Q2 tale.

77. 2 (margin). A peice. Q2 prints as one word. 12.  
kinde. 14. pheare. Q1 pheares. Q3 phearse.  
Q1 idlenesse.

78. 12. so. Q2 full stop. 24. wilfully Q1 Q3.  
37. God. Q3 death.

79. 6. For him. Q2 For, him. 13. styl upon. Q  
Q3 on. 29. amide. Q2 a mide. 32. amongst. Q  
80. 6. kyst. Q1 kisse. 18. traine. Q1 tirannie.  
Q1 omits. Q3 Which.

81. 4. fume. Q1 sunne. 9. halberts Q1 Q3. Q2 halbe  
Q1 for.



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82. 28. *landes* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 his lands. 31—2. Q 1 has this side-note.  
35. *fame*. Q 2 Q 3 full stop; none in Q 1.

83. 3. *hand of*. Q 1 omits. 7—9. Q 1 has this side-note. 7. *ayd*.  
Q 1 do. *for that*. Q 2 full stop; none in Q 1 Q 3. 15. *whō*. Q 3 who.  
25—7. *This side-note is in Q 1.* 28, 29. Q 2 full stop at end of each line.

84. 11. *our*. Q 3 your. 14. *my*. Q 3 omits. *strand*. Q 3 stand.  
22. *mouth* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 month. 28. *the*. Q 1 our. 23, 37. Q 2 full  
stop at end of line.

85. 4, 6. Q 2 full stop at end of line. 22. *and*. Q 2 an. 32. *advante*.  
Q 1 *advance*.

86. Q 2 no full stop at end of 5, one at 6. 13. *words* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *workes*.  
16. *a boone*. One word in Q 2. 21. *names* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *nams*. 24. *vi  
bascio*. Q q print as one word. 25. *Full stop in Q 1 Q 3, not in Q 2*.

87. 1. *The refusal of a lover*. Q 1 omits. 11. *yet*. Q 1 it. 14. *lust*.  
Q 3 lost. 18—19. Q 2 has a full stop after most, a comma after mind.  
Q 1 as in text. 20. *he*. Q 1 omits.

88. 9. *Harding*. Q 3 Hardning. 15. *Pride in Court*. Q 1 omits.

89. 17. *Aucthour*. Q 1 writer therof.

90. 13. *trust*. Q 3 thus. 22—23. Q 1 *The Lover leaning onely to  
his Ladies promises, and finding them to sayle, doth thus lament*.

91. 2. *the*. Q 3 to. 19. *wordes*. Q 2 *wodres*. Q 1 Q 3 *words*.  
92. 13. *such*. Q 2 full stop. 18. *The fruite of foes written*. Q 1  
omits.

93. 4. *brought* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *bronght*. 5. *recured*. Q 1 *cured*.  
19. *woon*. Q 2 full stop. 22. *sorowes*. Q 3 *sorrow*.

95. 35. / Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 to.

96. 1—2. Q 1 *And nowe to recomfort you and to ende this worke, re-  
ceyve the delectable historie of sundry adventures passed by Dan Bartholmew  
of Bathe, reade it and judge of it.* Q 2 comma after Bathe. 11. *far*.  
Q 1 for. 20. *chesfe*. Q 1 childe. 28. *(nare)*. Q 1 now.

97. 17. *taught* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *taugh*.

99. 4. Q 1 and Q 2 have a parenthesis at the end of this line and of 5 also;  
Q 3 of 4 only. 24. *Full stop at end of line in Q 2, comma in Q 1 Q 3*.

100. 7. *No side-note in Q 1, which has lacke instead of sport in the text*.  
29. *first Triumphe*. Q 1 *Triumphes*.

101. 5. Q 2 has interrogation mark at end of line, Q 1 *nothing*, Q 3 a  
comma. 20. *No full stop at end of line in Q 2 Q 3; colon in Q 1*. 21. *of*  
Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *of of*. 24. *selfe* Q 2 Q 3. Q 1 *seeke*. 28. *Gresside* Q 2.  
Q 1 Q 3 *Cresside*. *feede* Q 2. Q 1 *fed*. Q 3 *feede*.

102. 8. *hir*. Q 3 omits. 19. *heart*. Q 3 *hap*. 31. *were*.  
Q 1 *was*.

103. 12—104. 25. Q 1 omits. Q 2 has full stop at end of 103. 21; 104.  
10; 105. 5, 10; 106. 27, 35; 107. 19, 27; 108. 15; 109. 31; 110. 3, 36; 111.  
12, 15, 23; 112. 8; 115. 9, 18.

104. 3. *Lady*. Q 2 *Ladys*. Q 3 *ladie*. 14. *his*. Q 3 omits.

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104, 26—106, 14. These stanzas are given in Q<sub>1</sub> immediately after the reporters conclusion unfinished," with the preliminary note This is placed in the dolorous discourse, before the Supplication to C. 430. The "Dolorous discourses" end on p. 430 in Q<sub>1</sub>, and "request exhibited to Care" begins on p. 433.

105. 32. Q<sub>1</sub> puts parenthesis at end of following line.  
106. 30. *paine dyd pleasure.* Q<sub>3</sub> pleasure paine did.  
107. 19. *had I.* Q<sub>1</sub> I had. 23. *those.* Q<sub>3</sub> these.  
Q<sub>1</sub> *Thy.* 34. *I lye.* Q<sub>2</sub> one word.  
108. 23. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> omit side-note. 25. *this.* Q<sub>1</sub> them.  
109. 2. *a fond.* Q<sub>2</sub> one word. 29. *the.* Q<sub>1</sub> that.  
110. 5. *the.* Q<sub>1</sub> that. 24. *thou.* Q<sub>1</sub> yu.  
Q<sub>2</sub> one word. 38. Q<sub>3</sub> comma at end of line.  
111. 4. *on.* Q<sub>3</sub> of. 14. *ghostly.* Q<sub>1</sub> ghostlike.  
Q<sub>1</sub> doth.  
112. 29. *feele* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> teele. 35. *fancies.* Q<sub>3</sub> fancies.  
113. 1. *or.* Q<sub>1</sub> our. *drives* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> drievs.  
Q<sub>1</sub> payne. 39—40. Q<sub>2</sub> full stop at end of each line. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>  
114. 3. *so.* Q<sub>3</sub> up.  
115. 13. *swelt.* Q<sub>1</sub> swell. 18. *breache.* Q<sub>1</sub> breath.  
Q<sub>1</sub> it. Q<sub>3</sub> yet.  
117. 4. *warmes.* Q<sub>3</sub> harmes.  
119. 19. *When* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> Then.  
120. 15. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> have a superfluous parenthesis at begin line.  
121. 4. *my.* Q<sub>1</sub> mine. 30. Q<sub>2</sub> full stop at end of line but sense evidently requires a comma, as in Q<sub>3</sub>.  
122. 16. *might* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> migh. 29. *rest.* Q<sub>1</sub> b  
125. 1. Q<sub>1</sub> The reporters conclusion unfinished.  
Q<sub>1</sub> prove. 16, 18, 20, 22. *I was.* Q<sub>1</sub> I am. Q<sub>2</sub> full stop at  
24, 26, 33; 128, 24; 131, 12; 132, 19; 133, 26; 134, 19; 13  
33; 137, 13.  
126. 8. *at first.* Q<sub>1</sub> long since. 25. Q<sub>2</sub> comma at end of interrogation. 26. *jollitye.* Q<sub>1</sub> jealousie. 32. *fear.*  
33. Q<sub>1</sub> breaks off here And that his part. &c. continuing — I hav  
recovered a full ende of this discourse, the author thereof being n  
deliverie of the same, than he hath bene heretofore in any other  
But since my trust is that you will use that and the rest but  
private commoditie, I am the bolder to present you with  
unperfect as it is, and nowe having finished this written register  
to a good rounde volume, the which some woulde judge worthy t  
but hoping of your curtesie (ut supra) I ceasse wyshing you no le  
pleasure in readyng and perusyng these tryfles. (.) Finis.  
Imprinted at London for Richard Smith.  
127—184. Q<sub>1</sub> omits.  
127. 3. *and.* Q<sub>3</sub> omits. 4. *give.* Q<sub>3</sub> gin.  
Q<sub>3</sub> sighed.

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128. 7. Q 2 Q 3 parenthesis after earst. 15. decrees. Q 2 Q 3 degrees.  
25. Some copies of Q 2 omit full stop at end of line. 33. hearye. Q 3  
weary.

129. 2. sorrowne. Q 3 sowne.  
130. 9. hold. Q 3 minde.  
131. 7. road. Q 3 rod. 27. to Q 3. Q 2 to to.  
132. 17. of. Q 3 oft.  
135. 17—18. Q 2 transposes comma and full stop. 34. branches.  
Q 3 parts.

139. 7—12. and...following. Q 3 omits.  
140. Q 3 omits.  
141. 3. ever. Q 3 never. 17. Of Q 3. Q 2 Oh.  
142. 4. debate Q 3. Q 2 bebate. 27. to. Q 2 Q 3 so.  
145. 17. title. Q 3 little.  
146. 26. Q 3 comma at end of line.  
147. 7. Q 3 full stop at end, Q 2 comma. 20. strife and. Q 3 omits.  
150. 2. Q 2 Q 3 note of interrogation at end of line.  
151. 30. possit Q 3. Q 2 possit.  
152. 5. our. Q 3 your.  
155. 27. staylesse. Q 3 haples.  
156. 5. hoppe. Q 3 hope. 15. that Q 3. Q 2 that that.  
158. 19—20. Q 2 transposes full stop and comma. 25—6. Q 3 puts  
side-note to foregoing stanza. 34. where Q 3. Q 2 were.  
159. 17. Me. Q 2 Q 3 One.  
160. 1. Flushyng. Q 3 Hushing.  
161. 15. Q 2 no full stop.  
162. 3—4. Q 2 transposes comma and full stop. 5. wright.  
Q 2 wrihgt.

163. 32. excellencie. Q 3 excellencie.  
164. 6. then. Q 3 them.  
166. 11. Camepomaster. Q 3 Camepostmaster. 17. did. Q 3 doe.  
23—4. Q 2 transposes final comma.  
167. 16. Middleburgh Q 3. Q 2 Middleburgh.  
168. 3. my Cronell. Q 3 me.  
171. 34. An Q 3. Q 2 And.  
174. 23. our. Q 3 of.  
181. 10. Q 3 omits side-note. 15. 202 Q 3. Q 2 203.  
183. 4. commest. Q 3 commes. 12. skewes. Q 3 shines.  
13. treade. Q 3 treads. 25. without Q 3. Q 2 without.  
187. 4. Englished. Q 1 and Englished. 8. 1566. Q 1 omits date.  
24. olde. Q 2 olda. 28. as it were. Q 1 omits.  
188. 5. peradventure. Q 2 peradventure.  
189. 4. heare. Q 3 do heare.  
190. 4. Nourse. Q 1 omits.

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191. 9 (margin). Q 3 omits this side-note.  
192. 8. *these*. Q 1 *there*. 9. *Nourse*. Q 2 *Nourse*.  
Q 3 *perfect*.  
193. 4. *mounte*. Q 3 *month*. 16. *this*. Q 1 *the*.  
Q 2 *aud*.  
194. 4. *hōpe*. Q 1 omits. 6. *gayson*. Q 3 *geason*.  
195. 27. *with*. Q 3 omits.  
196. 22. *joyly*. Q 3 *jolly*.  
197. 6. Q 1 *no stage-direction*. 9. *affects*. Q 1 *effectes*.  
Q 3 *loves*.  
198. 16. *Jack pack*. Q 1 *Jack heark*.  
201. 4. *continually*. Q 2 (*some copies*) *continually*. 17.  
first parenthesis before the comma. 38—9. *Counte Hercules*.  
Hercule. Q 3 *County Hercules*.  
202. 7. *appertaine*. Q 1 *appertaineth*.  
203. 39. *men*. Q 3 *man*.  
204. 13. *Paquette and Petrucio his servants*. Q 1 *Faumlu*  
Fa. instead of Pa. throughout this scene. 27. *but*. Q 1 *than*.  
205. 32. *dare*. Q 3 *dares*.  
207. 37. *on*. Q 3 *upon*.  
208. 25. *villany*. Q 1 Q 3 *villaine*.  
209. 8. *bursten*. Q 1 *bursen*.  
210. 11. *with*. Q 3 with a. 28. *&c.* Q 1 *arse*.  
211 (margin). Q 1 has both these side-notes. 40. *gea*.  
212. 14. *some*. Q 3 omits.  
213. 25. *Well*. Q 1 *Well, sir*.  
214. 1. *I utterly*. Q 1 omits I. 8. *pitifull*.  
29. *cut*. Q 3 *cull*.  
215. 16. *Damon goeth out*. Q 1 omits. 17. *I*  
24. in Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 omits. 28 (margin). Q 1 has this s.  
216. 18. *stale*. Q 1 *stal*. 20. *do it*. Q 1 adds you.  
Q 2 Q 3 *capitals, but not Q 1*.  
218. 8. *fellowe*. Q 1 *servaunt in the text, and fellowe*  
*escaped correction?* 14. a Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 omit.  
219. 20. *comming*. Q 2 *commming*. 35. *Ancona*.  
220. 35. *refused still*. Q 3 puts the comma before *stil*.  
221. 23. Q 2 *comma at end of line*. Q 1 Q 3 *full stop*.  
222. 23. *sportē* Q 1. Q 2 *sporet*. Q 3 *sport*.  
223. 13. *at*. Q 3 *us at*. 17. *Philogano*. Q 2 *Phlog*  
225. 23. *Erostrato*. Q 2 *Erostrato*.  
228. 16. *lawē*. Q 1 *civill lawē*. 17. *advocate*. Q 1 d.  
229. 27. *Fayned Erostrato*. Q 3 *Erostrato fained*.  
230. 8. *my* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *me*.

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231. 4. *awayes* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> *awayes*. 21. *sowre* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> *sorowe*.  
 Q<sub>3</sub> *sorow*. 33. *of*. Q<sub>1</sub> omits.  
 232. 22. *master*. Q<sub>3</sub> M.  
 233. 21 (margin). *This side-note is in Q<sub>1</sub>*.  
 235. 30. *S.* Q<sub>1</sub> *Saint*.  
 236. 24. *Children*. Q<sub>2</sub> *Chrliden*. 26. *it is my*. Q<sub>3</sub> *he is mine*.  
 30. *nourished him*. Q<sub>3</sub> omits *him*.  
 237. 1. *fellow*. Q<sub>2</sub> *follow*. 36. Q<sub>2</sub> *comma at end of line*.  
 37. *Since*. Q<sub>3</sub> *Sith*. *neither* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> *never*.  
 238. 35. *dolorous*. Q<sub>2</sub> *dolorons*.  
 239. 12. *house*. Q<sub>q</sub> *towne*, *but the change is noted in Q<sub>1</sub>* "Faultes escaped correction." 14. *Pasiphilo* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> *Philogano*. 26. *pro-  
ceeded*. Q<sub>2</sub> *proceedee*. 34. *cōmeth*. Q<sub>3</sub> *coms*.  
 242. 5. *your*. Q<sub>2</sub> *you*. 11. *able*. Q<sub>1</sub> *hable*.  
 243. 7. *intention* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> *invention*.  
 The MS. referred to below is in the British Museum, and bears the title:—  
 "Jocasta A tragedie written in Greke by Euripides, translated and digested into Acte by George Gascoigne and Ifraunces Kynwelmershe of Grays ynne. 1566." Above this is written "Durum pati 68," and across it the autograph of Roger, second baron North, to whom the manuscript belonged.  
 244. 8. 1566. Q<sub>3</sub> An. 1566. 12. *theyr*. MS. his. 13. *blades*.  
 MS. *blade*. 14. *the...the...the*. MS. his...his...his. 22. *is King, the*.  
 MS. *the king ys*. Margin. \*Figure. MS. and Q<sub>1</sub> omit this and all subsequent side-notes in Jocasta. 24. *Fortunatus infelix*. MS. omits.  
 245. 17, 18. MS. and Q<sub>1</sub> The tragedie represented in Thebes.  
 246. 7. *righte*. MS. omits. 21. *Gentlemen*. MS. and Q<sub>1</sub> add very bravely appareled.  
 249. 21. *fraight*. Q<sub>3</sub> *fraught*.  
 250. 3. *flouring*. Q<sub>3</sub> *flourishing*. 4. 1. Q<sub>3</sub> omits. 14. *As*.  
 MS. *That*. 30. *outrageous*. MS. *outraging*. Q<sub>2</sub> *full stop at end of line*.  
 251. 2. *stayne* Q<sub>1</sub>. MS. *stain*. Q<sub>2</sub> *strayne*. Q<sub>3</sub> *straine*. 5. Q<sub>2</sub> *comma at end of line*. 17. *Etocles*. MS. and Q<sub>3</sub> *Etocles*. 29. *be-  
siege* Q<sub>3</sub>. MS. *beseedgde*. Q<sub>1</sub> *besedge*. Q<sub>2</sub> *besiege*.  
 252. 6. *god wot* MS. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> *good wot*.  
 253. 3. *chambers huge*. MS. Q<sub>1</sub> *huge chambers*. 5. *faces sweete*.  
 MS. Q<sub>1</sub> *sweete faces*. 9. *The*. Q<sub>3</sub> omits.  
 254. 6. *governour*. Q<sub>2</sub> *govenour*. 31. *content*. MS. Q<sub>1</sub> *consent*.  
 255. 11. *harebrainde*. MS. *herbrayn*. 33. MS. adds — at the end of this half-line.  
 256. 7. MS. *full stop instead of comma at end of line*.  
 257. 8. *Whether*. Marked "read if" in "Faultes escaped correction" Q<sub>1</sub>, but Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> leave it unchanged. 13. *unskillfull* MS. Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> *unskill*.  
 258. 15. *standes*. MS. *standith*. 19. *vertues*. MS. *vertuous*.  
 22. *reporte*. Q<sub>2</sub> *reportc*.

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259. 14. *Where*. MS. When. 17. *must*. MS. Q<sub>1</sub> most. MS.  *ficklie.*

261. 6. *weed*. Q<sub>3</sub> *weeds*. 10. *two*. MS. *the two*.

262 (margin). Q<sub>2</sub> *reverses the order of the two side-notes; corrected in Q<sub>3</sub>*. 12. *within*. Q<sub>2</sub> *within*. 16. *Baccus*. 31. *the*. MS. Q<sub>1</sub> *this*. 33. *ye*. MS. *you*.

263. 15. *they...thee* Q<sub>2</sub>. MS. *puts they in both cases, afterwards marked out.* 20. *for Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>*. MS. 24. *waymenting*. MS. *lamentyng*. 25. *to*. MS. *omits.*

264. 1. *appoyntes*. MS. *appoint*.

265. 34. *That* MS. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> *This*.

266. 28. *our*. Q<sub>3</sub> *your*.

267. 11. *ycought* Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. MS. Q<sub>1</sub> *ycought*. 24. *Poli*

268. 14. *noble*. Q<sub>2</sub> *noble*. 18. Q<sub>2</sub> *full stop at*

27. *my*. MS. *myne*. 35. *the*. MS. *thie*. 36. *fay*

MS. *faynest tell*. *the minde*. MS. *thy minde*. 35-7. *three lines. Instead of 37 MS. has*

*This swelling hart puff up with wicked ire,  
Can scarce procure one inward loving thought.*

269. 21 (margin). *reconciliation*. Q<sub>2</sub> *reconciliation*. MS. *and Q<sub>3</sub> wrong*.

270. 29. *my*. Q<sub>3</sub> *may*.

271. 14. *take*. MS. *and Q<sub>1</sub> make*. 16. *give*. MS.

32. *do*. MS. *and Q<sub>1</sub> omit*. 39. *flames*. MS. *flame*.

272. *No full stop in Q<sub>2</sub> at end of line 24, comma at end of at end of line 37 instead of 38; in 30 the comma is after man i it. The Italian text reads "Questa è propria dell'uomo."*

274. 7. MS. *Is it that most of all offends thy thought,*  
*most offends thy thought.*

275. 13. MS. *adds in margin* they draw theyr swordes.

MS. wordes. 18. MS. *adds in margin* theyr mother steppes

29. *assureth*. MS. and Q<sub>1</sub> *assured*. 39. *witholdst*. Q

276. 9. *camst me for to drive*. MS. *comest me to dryve*.

to drive. 25. *will*. MS. *voice*. 31. *shall*. MS.

32. *remaine*. MS. *remaynes*. 35. *n' am I*. MS. *ne I*

I nam.

277. 20. *lingring*. Q<sub>2</sub> *lingring*. 36. *wofull*. MS.

278. 6. *no*. Q<sub>1</sub> *nor*. 7. *those*. MS. *these*.

Q<sub>2</sub> *caparitie*. 34. *his*. MS. Q<sub>1</sub> *this*.

279. 12. *be* MS. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> *by*. 32. *Ete*. Q<sub>2</sub> E

Q<sub>2</sub> *Crc*. 40. *Let*. Q<sub>3</sub> *Lets*.

280. 2. *to*. MS. *omits*.

282. 2. *Mars*. MS. Q<sub>1</sub> *God*. 20. *they wake* MS. Q

weake.

283. 4. *can* MS. Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> *cause*.

284. MS. *stage-direction after line 17*. 21. *elde echē*.

285. 1. *victories*. MS. *victory*. 16. *trustie*. Q<sub>3</sub> *o*

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286. 5. *hart*. MS. harty. 40. *something*. MS. somewhat.  
 287. 8. MS. *no comma after purple*. 13. MS. and Q1 Who understandith all, and seith secret things. 14. *Betoken*. MS. and Q1 Betokenith. great. MS. omits. 24. *secreties*. Q1 secretnesse.  
 289. 14. *lonely*. MS. all only. 28. *talkt*. MS. talk. 31. *what*. MS. and Q1 what a.  
 290. Q2 full stop at end of line 12.  
 291. 7. *lympise*. MS. lymping. 17. *Ne* MS. and Q1. Q2 Nay. Q3 Not. 20. Q2 full stop at end of line. 33. *evill it were*. MS. well were not. Q1 evil were not. in this to. Q1 to this. 34. *thy*. Q1 this. 36. a. MS. and Q1 omit. 37. *an*. MS. some. 38. Q2 no stop at end of line.  
 292. 27. *Thesbeita*. MS. and Q1 Thesbrotia. Hazlitt, Thesprotia.  
 40. MS. stage-direction a line later.  
 293. 16. *gaulde*. Q1 galde. Q3 gall. 21. *life* Q1 Q2 Q3. MS. lefe. Q1 ("Faultes escaped correction") leafe. 22. *not*. MS. and Q1 no. 29. *farre*. Q2 faree.  
 294. 11. *heaven*. MS. and Q1 haven. 20. *ill*. MS. and Q1 evill.  
 34. *done by G. Gascoigne*. Q1 omits.  
 295. 3—4. MS. and Q1 the Trompetts sounded, the droomes and fyfes.  
 22. *holde*. Q3 doo holde.  
 296. 20. *you*. MS. ye. 29. no stop at end of line. 30. *his*. MS. and Q1 this.  
 297. 1. *mightie*. MS. Q1 Q2 might. Q3 mighty. 21. *thousande*. MS. thousandes.  
 298. 37. *do*. MS. doth. 39. *you*. MS. and Q1 ye.  
 300. 31. MS. adds Nuntius exit.  
 301. 7. *you*. MS. ye. 16. *Antig*. Q1 omits.  
 302. 16. *hath*. MS. hath ever. *faith and*. MS. and Q1 omit.  
 22. *might*. MS. may. 32. *geltie*. MS. Q1 Q3 gilty.  
 303. 8. *charge* Q1. Q2 Q3 charge. MS. chardgde. 9. *flee*. MS. Q1 flic.  
 304. 8. *Unto*. MS. To my. 13. *plainyng*. MS. playnyng.  
 Q1 fauning. Q2 Q3 faining.  
 306. 21. *raine* Q2. MS. raigne. 25. *then*. Q2 Q3 the. 29, 33, 34. Qq Me thinkne. MS. Me thinks.  
 308. 5. *on*. Q3 and on. 19. *dothe*. Q2 doshe.  
 309. 1. *v*. MS. and Q1. Q2 Q3 iii. 25. MS. Your sister is, my lord. 26. *with her Antigone*. MS. Antigone with her.  
 310. 16. *brust*. MS. and Q1 burst. 34 (margin). Q2 som-timee.  
 311. 1. *sire*. In the MS. a later hand has crossed out sire and substituted father. 5. *soemen* MS. and Q1. Q2 fotemen. 7. *brethren both*. Q1 brotheren. 8. *challenge*. MS. challengde. 17. *this*. MS. the.  
 38. *sende*. Q3 sounde.  
 312. 5. *flowne*. MS. flewe. 6. *sworde*. Q3 swords. 10. *Least*. Q3 Lest. 18. *nothing*. MS. not too. 20. *why?* MS. and Q1 he.  
 23. *bare*. MS. and Q1 thinne. 32. *desired*. MS. gan mynde the.

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313. 9. *and*. Q 1 had. 10. *That one still*. MS. and  
 11. *hir*. MS. and Q 1 her, her. 15. *Ske dymnde*. MS. and  
 dymmed. 19. *shriched*. MS. shriked. 26. *themselves*.  
 seines. 28. *you*. MS. ye. 35. *the MS. and Q 1*. Q 2  
 314. 2. *haren*. MS. Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 heaven. 21.  
 Q 1 Pollinices. 22. *therewyth her*. MS. their mothers.  
 MS. and Q 1. Q 1 Q 3 unfold.  
 315. 18. *be bastered*. MS. to-bastered.  
 316. 7. *livedst*. MS. lived. 29. *that*. MS. an  
 38. MS. Oedipus intrat.  
 317. 4. Q 2 lustleste. 40. MS. Creon intrat.  
 318. 9. *shall be*. MS. shall altered in a later hand to to be.  
 28. *of*. Altered in MS. to and.  
 319. 22. *ever*. Q 1 even.  
 320. 22, 23. *In spite of*. MS. and Q 1 Perforce to. 39.  
 full.  
 321. 15. *hir*. MS. my. 19. *pointing to Oedipus*.  
 25. *Creon exit*. MS. omits. 27. *not live*. MS. and Q 1  
 Q 3 omits marginal note. 33. *Oed*. MS. omits.  
 322. 31. *in a*. MS. of our. 33. *all onely*. Q 3 alonh  
 323. 18. *your MS. Q 1 Q 3*. Q 2 you. 27. Q 2 note of  
 at end of line.  
 324. 21. *tis*. MS. and Q 1 is. 30. *Done by G*  
 Q 1 omits.  
 325. 12. *To yll*. MS. and Q 1 The evill. 20. *doth*. MS.  
 21. *breede*. Q 3 yelde. 26. *tickl*. MS. fickle.  
 MS. and Q 3. Q 1 Q 2 might. 33. *traine*. MS. and Q 1  
 Q 3 omits. have. Q 3 omits.  
 326. 5. *by*. Q 2 hy. 6—14. MS. and Q 1 omit.  
 at end of line.  
 327. 1. Q 1 omits. 7. *verse*. Q 1 verses. 23.  
 at end of line.  
 328. 5. *that*. Q 1 so that. 6. *in*. Q 1 in his.  
 Q 1 With.  
 330. 32. *buffet*. Q 1 buffets.  
 331. 30. Qq parenthesis before dames.  
 332. Q 1 puts this sonnet after "An other Sonet written  
 Gentlewoman," to be found on p. 50 of this edition, and instead  
 title (1—2) has the following:—Enough of this Dame. And let us  
 other doings which have come to my hands, in such disordred ord  
 best set them down. I will now then present you with a Sone  
 prayse of the brown beautie, which he compylyed for the love of Mis  
 as foloweth. 8. *flowes*. Q 1 floweth.  
 333. 11. *thy*. Q 1 the. 23. *And*. Q 2 And.  
 Qq. Hazlitt corrects to Dan. 32. Qq full stop at end of line  
 334. 30. *comforts*. Q 1 comfort. 34. *barke*. Q 3 bac

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336. 16—17. Q 1 Now I must desire you with patience to hearken unto the works of another writer, who though he may not compare with the rest passed, yit such things as he wrote upon sundrie occasions, I will rehearse, beginning with this prayse of a Countesse.

338. 24. *blind*. Q 1 bind.

339. 24. *rends*. Q 3 rents. 27. *sortes*. Q 3 sores.

340. 13. Q 1 The absent lover (in ciphers) disciphering his name, doth crave some spedie relief as followeth.

341. 20. Q 2 Q 3 give next "A Glorie upon this text *Dominus iis opus habet*," already printed in this edition at p. 70. For variants see p. 480.

21. *Councell*. Q 1 Gascoignes councill.

342. 18. *On*. Q 1 A.

343. 26. *muse*. Q 1 money. Changed to *muze* in "Faultes escaped correction."

344. 7. *jape*. Q 1 gape.

345. 30. *bayte*. Q 3 baytes.

346. 18. *bloud* and leaves the. Q 1 onely bloud and. 35. Q 2 full stop at end of line. Q 1 comma.

347. 1. *stayde*. Q 1 stande. 3. *bones*. Q 1 soule. 4. *blots*. Q 1 faultes. 5. this P, can beare no blockes. Q 1 this is a double P. 6. *me*. Q 1 Q 3 my. 7. *piles* and *pockes*. Q 1 Papistrie. 11. *such Spanish buttons*. Q 1 the polshorne Prelates. 13. *those sunnes do mellow men so fast*. Q 1 theyr brazen heaven beares suche a glosse.

14. *very ripe*. Q 1 p Papist. 15—16. Q 1

Or else muche worse (whyche is a heavie losse)

Drowned in errours lyke an Atheist:

348. 4, 7. *the Author*. Q 1 master Gascoigne. 17. *And*. Q 3 Or.

349. 23. Q 2 full stop at end of line.

350. 3. *Flushyng*. Q 1 flussing. 15. *pray*. Q 3 pay.

351. 10. *life*. Q 3 lives. 24. *standings*. Q 3 standing.

352. 32. *life*. Q 3 lefe life.

353. 1. *grace*. Q 1 grasse.

355. 5. *wide*. Q 3 winde.

355—6. Q 3 no side-notes.

357. 29. *full*. Q 3 omits. 36. *he*. Q 1 we.

361. 28. *be*. Q 1 by. Q 3 no side-note.

362. 13. *drunk*. Q 1 dronk. Q 3 drinke.

365—82. Q 1 omits.

365. 7. *folio*. Q 3 omits. 11. 289. Q 3 omits.

367. 19. *it self*. Q 3 omits.

369. 23. *harte*. Q 2 hartie. Q 3 hartte. 28. *and*. Q 2 and.

372. 4. *hold*. Q 2 Q 3 holds. 14. *coltish*. Q 3 omits.

374. 12. *it* Q 3. Q 2 it it.

375. 2. *unto*. Q 3 omits. 34. *knewe*. Q 3 knowes.

379. 4. *faith*. Q 3 omits.

381. 18. *quite*. Q 3 quits.

29. *fell*. Q 3 fall.

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383. 1—384. 14. Q 1

A discourse of the adventures  
passed by Master F. J.

H. W. to the Reader.

IN August last passed my familiar friend Master G. T. bestow  
ye reading of a written Booke, wherin he had collected divers  
verses, invented uppon sundrie occasions, by sundrie gentle  
opinion) right commendable for their capacitie. And herewi  
friend charged me, that I should use them onely for mine ow  
commoditie, and eftsones safely deliver the originall copie to  
wherein I must confesse my selfe but halfe a marchant, for the ex  
I have safely redelivered. But the worke (for I thought it worth  
lised) I have entreated my friend A. B. to emprint; as one  
better to please a number by common commoditie then to feede  
any private parson by nedelesse singularitie. This I have adven  
contentation (learned Reader.) And further have presumed o  
christen it by the name of *A hundred sundrie Flowers*: In w  
posic are setforth manie trifling fantasies, humorall passions,  
affects of a Lover. And therin (although the wiser sort wold t  
leafe as a thing altogether fruitlesse) yet I my selfe have reaped  
ditié, to sit and smile at the fond devises of such as have en  
selves in the golden fetters of fantasie, and having bewrayed thes  
whole world, do yet conjecture y<sup>r</sup> they walke unseene in a net  
things you may also finde in this Booke, which are as voyde of  
first are lame for governement. And I must confess that (whi  
the one, & what to leare by the other) I have contrary to the  
said friend G. T. procured for these trifles this day of publication  
the authours onely repyne, and the number of other learned min  
full: I may then boast to have gained a bushell of good will, in  
one pnyt of peevish choler. But if it fal out contrary to expes  
readers judgements agree not with myne opinion in their com  
may then (unlesse their curtesies supplie my want of discretion)  
some labour, accompt also the losse of my familiar friendes, in d  
I cover all our names, and referre you to the well written letter  
G. T. next following, whereby you may more at large cons  
occasions. And so I cōmend the praise of other mens travailes  
the pardon of mine owne rashnes, unto the well willing min  
readers. From my lodging nere the Strande the xx. of Janu

*The letter of G. T. to his very friend  
H. W. concerning this worke.*

REmembring the late conference passed betwene us in my lod  
you seemed to esteeme some Pamphlets, which I did there shew  
above their worth in skill, I did straightwaye conclude the same  
to procede of two especiall causes, one (and principall) the  
will, which you have ever hitherto sithens our first familiaritie b  
mee. An other (of no lesse weight) the exceeding zeale and fa  
bearre to good letters. The which (I agree with you) do no less  
appeare in pleasaunt ditties or compendious Sonets, devised by  
capacities, than they do fruitefully florish unto perfection in the  
of grave and grayheared writers. For as in the last, the yonger s  
a mirror of perfecte life: so in the first, the most frosty bearde  
maye take just occasion of honest recreation, not altogether wi



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lessons, tending to the reformation of manners. For who doubteth but that Poets in their most seyned fables and imaginations, have metaphorically set forth unto us the right rewardes of vertues, and the due punishments for vices? Marie in deede I may not compare Pamphlets unto Poems, neither yet may justly advant for our native countrimen, that they have in their verses hitherto (translations excepted) delivered unto us any such notable volume, as have bene by Poets of antiquitie, left unto the posterite. And the more pitie, that amongst so many toward wittes ne one hath bene hitherto encouraged to followe the trace of that worthy and famous knight *Sir Geffrey Chaucer*, and after many pretie devises spent in youth, for the obtayning a worthles victorie, might consume and consummate his age in discribing the right pathway to perfect felicite, with the due preservation of the same. The which although some may judge over grave a subiect to be handled in stile metrical, yet for that I have found in the verses of eloquent Latinists, learned Greeks, & pleasant *Italians*, sundrie directions, whereby a man may be guided toward thattayning of that unspeakable treasure, I have thus farre lamented, that our countrey-men, have chosen rather to winne a passover praise by the wanton penning of a few loving layes, than to gayne immortall faine, by the Clarkely handlinge of so profitable a Theame. For if quicknes of invencion, proper vocables, apt Epythetes, and store of monasillables may help a pleasant brayne to be crowned with Lawrell. I doubt not but both our countreymen & countrie language might be entronised amonge the olde foreleaders unto the mount *Helicon*. But nowe let mee retorne to my first purpose, for I have wandred somewhat beside the path, and yet not cleane out of the way. I have thought good (I say) to present you with this writte booke, wherein you shall find a number of *Sonets*, layes, letters, Ballades, Rondlets, verlays and verses, the workes of your friend and myne Master *F. J.* and divers others, the which when I had with long travayle confusely gathered together, I thought it then *Opere precium* to reduce them into some good order. The which I have done according to my barreyn skill in this written Booke, commanding it unto you to read and to peruse, and desiring you as I onely do adventure thus to participate the sight therof unto your former good will, even so that you will by no meanes make the same common: but after your owne recreation taken therin y<sup>t</sup> you wil safely redeliver unto me the originall copie. For otherwise I shall not onely provoke all the authours to be offended with mee, but further shall leese the oportunitie of a greater matter, halfe and more graunted unto mee alreadie, by the willing consent of one of them. And to be playne (with you my friend) he hath written (which as farre as I can learne) did never yet come to the reading or perusinge of any man but himselfe: two notable workes. The one called, the *Sundry lots of love*. The other of his owne invencion entituled, *The clyming of an Eagles nest*. These thinges (and especially the later) doth seeme by the name to be a work worthy the reading. And the rather I judge so because his fantasie is so occupied in the same, as that contrary to his wonted use, he hath hitherto withhelde it from sight of any his familiars, untill it be finished, you may gesse him by his *Nature*. And therfore I requier your secresie herein, least if he hear the contrary, we shall not be able by any meanes to procure these other at his handes. So fare you wel, from my Chamber this tenth of August. 1572.

*Youres or not his owne.*

*G. T.*

WHen I had with no small entreatie obteyned of Master *F. J.* and sundry other toward young gentlemen, the sundry copies of these sundry matters, then aswell for that the number of them was great, as also for that I found none of them, so barreyn, but that (in my judgmēt) had in it *Aliquid Salis*, and

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especially being considered by the very proper occasion whereto written (as they them selves did alwayes with the verse reherser cause y<sup>e</sup> then moved them to write) I did with more labour gather the order, and so placed them in this register. Wherein as neare as I I have set in the first places those which Master F. J. did compy begin with this his history that ensueth, it was (as he declared unto upon this occasiō). The said F. J. chaunced once in the north p Realme to fall in company of a very fayre gentlewoman whos Mistresse *Elinor*, unto whom bearinge a hotte affection, he first a write this letter following.

383. 1. *Jeronimi* Q3. Q2 Jeronomi. 14. *active*. Q3

384. 15. *Fayre Lady*. Q1 mistresse. 16. *this Countri*  
parties. 27. *beseche*. Q1 beseeke.

385. 1. *receyved*. Q1 adds (as I have hard him say),  
Q3 omits. 9. *thougk*. Q3 thought. 11. Q1 adds  
paragraph G. T. 21—2. Q3 prints as four lines. 22. h  
Q3 humor feedes. 24—5. *Before...Elinor*. Q1 I Have heard  
saye, that these were the first verses that ever he wrote uppon I  
The which cōsidering y<sup>e</sup> matter precedent, may in my judgen  
allowed, and to judge his doings by the effectes he declared u  
before he coulde put the same in legible wrtinge, it pleased the sa  
*Elinor*. 33. *Ferdinando*. Q1 F. J. and so throughout un  
indicated. 38. *perceived*. Q3 repeats it was not of his owne ha  
and therewithall abashed, upon better regard he perceived.

386. 1, 20. *Colei...SHE*. Q1 SHE. 4. Q1 adds G. T.  
dinando. Q1 My friend F. J. hath tolde me divers times, that  
he grew. 33. *yet*. Q3 omits.

387. 8. *much as*. Q3 omits as. 23. *where*. Q1 a  
heard him declare). 26. *Ambassade*. Q3 ambassage. 28.  
*Jeronimi*. Q1 my friend F. J.

388. 8. *Ferdinando*. Q1 as my friend F. J. 17.  
Q1 my friend F. J. 18. *For*. Q1 And though it stood no  
a friend that I should therin require to know his secrets, yet o  
declared thus much, that. 21—2. *or...unworthy*. Q3 omit.  
Q3 omits. 31. Q1 adds G. T.

389. 17. *her*. Q3 his. 32. *limed*. Q3 limie.

390. 15. *Venetian*. Q1 F. J. 20. *of*. Q1 of one other  
in the house, whose name was.

391. 19. *quod*. Q3 quoth et passim. 28. *and*  
Q1 Well, it were long to tell, what sundry opinions were pron  
this acte, and I doe dwell overlong in the discourses of this F.  
having taken in hand only to copie out his verses, but for the cire  
better declare the effect, I will returne to my former tale. F. J.

392. 6. Q1 adds G. T. 18. *was doubles*. Q1 I  
24. (by...usest). Q1 (by report of my very good friend F. J.).  
Q1 London. 37. *Jeronimi*. Q2 Jeromini. Q3 Jeronomi.

393. 13. *allegiance* Q1. Q2 allegiance. See p. 36. 17.  
*Jeronimi*. Q1 F. J. et passim. 28. *remembraunce*. Q1  
36. *Bartello*. Q1 he. 38. *his*. Q1 my friendes.

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394. 23. Q<sub>1</sub> adds G. T.

395. 2. *lesse*. Q<sub>1</sub> inserts I have heard F. J. saye, that he borrowed th' invention of an *Italian*: but were it a translation or invention (if I be judge) it is both pretty and pithy. 5. *neare*. Q<sub>3</sub> omits. 14. *I.* Q<sub>1</sub> omits. 21. *Valasco*. Q<sub>1</sub> the Castel. 25. *hath*. Q<sub>3</sub> had. 35. *greater*. Q<sub>3</sub> omits.

396. 29. a. Q<sub>3</sub> in a. 36. *reasons*. Q<sub>1</sub> reason shall. 40. *braule* sayde. Q<sub>3</sub> said braule.

397. 3. Q<sub>3</sub> omits this line. 20. *had*. Q<sub>3</sub> have. 24. *conjecture*. Q<sub>1</sub> full stop, Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> comma. 26. *ende*. Q<sub>3</sub> the ende. 34. the Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>2</sub> he.

398. 7. *clappeto*. Q<sub>1</sub> clappe. 8. *Ferdinando*. Q<sub>3</sub> Ferdinando Jeronimi. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 22. *Tynternall*. Q<sub>1</sub> Tyntarnell. 24. Q<sub>1</sub> adds G. T.

398. 25—400. 5. Q<sub>3</sub> prints these stansas in half lines.

398. 33. *that*. Q<sub>3</sub> thy.

399. 14. *Should*. Q<sub>2</sub> Soulde. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> Should. 16. *worthie* Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> wothie. Q<sub>1</sub> worthy. 19. Q<sub>2</sub> full stop at end of line. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> comma. 23. *I like* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> like I. See p. 36.

400. 7. *By these verses*. Q<sub>1</sub> THese verses are more in number than do stand with contentation of some judgements, and yit the occasiōn thoro:ghly considered, I can commend them with the rest, for it is (as may be well termed) *continua oratio*, declaring a full discourse of his first love: wherin (over and besides that the Epythetes are aptly applied, & the verse of it self pleasant enough) I note that. 19. *where*. Q<sub>1</sub> adds (as I have heard him saye). 25. *compiled* Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> copiled. Q<sub>1</sub> compyled. 26. Q<sub>1</sub> adds G. T.

401. 5. *proppes*. Q<sub>1</sub> droppes. 11—12. Q<sub>3</sub> prints as four lines. 15. *rage*. Q<sub>1</sub> inserts yet have I seenne much worse passe the musters, yea and where both the Lieutenant and Provost Marshall were men of rype judgement: and as it is, I pray you let it passe here, for the truth is that F. J. himselfe had so slender liking thereof, or at least of one worde escaped therin, that he never presented it. 19. *Fraunces* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Faunces. 28. *sonduled*. Q<sub>1</sub> unfolded. 34. *He being*. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J.

402. 5. *hee*. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 14. Q<sub>3</sub> begins new paragraph after contentation. 17. *contentation* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> contatnion. See p. 36. 36. *you shall finde mee*. Q<sub>3</sub> omits. 37. *it*. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> if. Q<sub>1</sub> omits.

403. 5. *be so*. Q<sub>1</sub> so be. 19. *him*. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 20. *long*. Q<sub>1</sub> of long. 26—7. *Hercule...Cosmis*. Q<sub>1</sub> H. D. and that other H. K. Q<sub>2</sub> full stops after Donaty and Cosmis. 28. *countries*. Q<sub>1</sub> parties. 29. *Qq comma instead of colon*. 30. *his*. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 33. *Barteloes*. Q<sub>1</sub> hir. 38. *hym*. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J.

404. 2. *was*. Q<sub>1</sub> adds unto F. J. a kinswoman. 5. *married* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> mery. See p. 36. 8. *flitting* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> flattring. See p. 36. 10. *he*. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 16. Q<sub>3</sub> paragraph at Thus much. 18. *Ferdinando*. Q<sub>1</sub> my friend F. J. 21. *he*. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J.

405. 3. *note*. Q<sub>3</sub> tune. 7. *he*. Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 7—8. *not, at end whereof* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> refused not at that ende, wherof. Q<sub>3</sub> refused not at that end, whereof. 8. *had*. Q<sub>3</sub> had too playnly. See p. 36. 9. *to earnest* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> omit. 10. *and*. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> omit. 11. *walked*.

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Q 1 walking. *the.* Q 3 omits. calling Q 3. Q 1 Q 2 called  
14. *he.* Q 1 F. J. Q 2 no full stop. 17. *you.* Q  
19. *creature.* Q 2 misprints creature. 22. *except.* Q 1  
back Q 1. Q 2 misprints bark. 24. Qq no colon. 25.  
Q 2 with out. 28. *for.* Q 1 and for. 33. *distained* Q  
dained. See p. 36. Q 3 distayned. 38. Q 1 note of inter-  
what. 39. Q 2 transposes note of interrogation and parenthesis  
Q 1 F. J.

406. 4. *nativity.* Q 1 comma. Q 2 Q 3 full stop. 5.  
Q 1 conclusions. 6. Q 2 transposes note of interrogation and  
13. *her.* Q 1 F. J. 16. *him.* Q 1 F. J. 23. *quoth.*  
I. Q 1 omits. 20, 30. Q 3 Ferdinand Jeronimi.

407. 2. *and Q 1 Q 3.* Q 1 had. See p. 36. 17. *to*  
21. *full.* Q 1 here inserts Were it not that I knowe to whom I v  
the more beware what I write. F. J. was a man, and neither of  
lesse, and therfore I shold slander him, (over and besides a gre  
to the whole genealogie of *Enneas*) if I should imagine that of t  
would forbearre to expresse hir more tender limbes against the  
Suffised that of hir curteouse nature she was content to accept bo  
of downe, mattes for Camerike sheetes, and the night gowne  
a counterpoyn to cover them, and thus with calme cōtent, in st  
sleepē, they beguiled the night, untill the proudest sterre began to  
fyrnament, when F. J. and his Mistresse, were constrainyd also  
their delights, and with ten thousand sweet kisses and straight en  
frame themselves to play loth to depart. 22, 28. *he.*  
28. *willing.* Q 3 walking. 33. *there.* Q 1 & there.  
Q 1 that. 39. *though* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 thought.

408. 11. *with.* Q 1 omits. 14. *with.* Q 3 with the. 12.  
also. 15. *the Brides.* Q 1 the Byrdes. Q 3 Brides. 11.  
Q 1 here inserts ¶ The occasion (as I have heard him rehearse) wa  
that he had with his Lady by light of the moone: and foras  
moone in middes of their delights did vanish away, or was ov  
a cloud, therupon he toke the subiect of his theame. And th  
called a Moonshine Banquet. G. T. 27. *Intro.* Q 3 In.  
Qq to gare. 36. *Cynthia.* Q 2 Cythia. Q 1 Q 3 Cinthia.

409. 5. *of yore* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 in yore. See p. 36. 13.  
at end of line. 14. Q 2 begins with small letter. 15.  
Q 1 And thus. Q 2 And that. See p. 36. 18. *tha*  
26, 29, 31. In Q 2 begin with small letters. 31. Q 2 full stop.

410. 8. *Yet.* Q 3 That. 11. *place.* Q 3 light. 13  
this paragraph THis Ballade, or howsoever I shall terme it, per  
not like, and yet in my judgement it hath great good store of dee  
and for the order of the verse, it is not common, I have not bi  
like proporcion, some will accompt it but a dyddeldome: but  
heard F. J. sing it to the lute, by a note of his owne devise, I supp  
esteme it to bee a pleasant dyddeldome, and for my part, is  
parcial, I woulde saye more in commendacion of it than nowe I  
leaving it to your and like judgementes. *hee.* Q 1 F. J.  
Q 1 cap. Q 3 Cappe. Q 2 cape. See p. 36. *crownē* Q 1 Q 3.  
See p. 36. *bandes.* Q 1 bends. 27. *without* Q 1. Q 2  
words. 28. *partye.* Q 1 made. 29. *grudge* Q 1 Q 3.

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31. *Ferdinados.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 33. *day.* 36. *ayre.* Q<sub>1</sub> colon, Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> comma. 37. Q<sub>3</sub> *Ferdinando Jeronimi.*

411. 5. *the.* Q<sub>1</sub> omits. 6. *hee.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 7. *Madame.* Q<sub>1</sub> *Madames.* 9. *but.* Q<sub>2</sub> bnt. 10. *he.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 12. Q<sub>3</sub> *Ferdinando Jeronimi.* 16. *Jeronimy.* Q<sub>2</sub> *Jeronomy.* Q<sub>1</sub> J. *sober.* Q<sub>1</sub> *soberer.* 29. Q<sub>2</sub> *comma after with.*

412. 2. *as to.* Q<sub>3</sub> *as.* 3. *by my* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> *my by.* 20. Q<sub>2</sub> *note of interrogation before second parenthesis, no colon.* 22. *Jeronimii.* Q<sub>2</sub> *Jeronomii.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 24. *no lesse* Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> *no lese.* 28. *him.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 30. *he.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 31. *of.* Q<sub>1</sub> *with.*

413. 1. *Jeronimy.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 6—7. *hir servaunt.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 8. *afterward.* Q<sub>1</sub> well I dwell too long upon these particular poynts in discoursing this trifling history, but that the same is the more apte meane of introduction to y<sup>e</sup> verses, which I mean to rehers unto you, and I think you wil not disdaine to read my conceit with his invention about declaration of his commedie. The next that ever F. J. wrote the, upon any adвtвre hapned betwene him and this fayre Lady, was this as I have heard him say, and upon this occasion. After. 12. Q<sub>1</sub> adds G. T. 18. Q<sub>1</sub> Q<sub>2</sub> *colon at end of line.* 26. *my Frydaies.* Q<sub>2</sub> *myr Fydaies.* 28. Q<sub>1</sub> *inserts* This Sonet is short and sweete, reasonably well, according to the occasion &c. 30. *it should seeme.* Q<sub>1</sub> I have heard F. J. affirme. 34. *he* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> *be.* 35. Q<sub>1</sub> *adds G. T.*

414. Q<sub>3</sub> *prints in half lines.* 5. *painted.* Q<sub>3</sub> *pointed.* 8. Q<sub>2</sub> *comma after thy as well as after caules.* 30. *foyle* Q<sub>3</sub>. Q<sub>1</sub> *foyl.* Q<sub>2</sub> *stil.* See p. 36.

415. 12. *Bartello writeth.* Q<sub>1</sub> I have heard him declare. 15. *among the Venetians.* Q<sub>1</sub> omits. 17. *world.* Q<sub>1</sub> *adds* although altogether w<sup>o</sup>ut his cōsent. 18. *this.* Q<sub>3</sub> omits. 19. *deserve.* Q<sub>1</sub> *adds* by the relation of F. J. 21. *sayeth Bartello.* Q<sub>1</sub> and is. *conditions.* Q<sub>1</sub> *condicion.* 22—3. *he thinketh.* Q<sub>1</sub> I will excuse my friend F. J. and adventure my penne in his behalfe. 24. *knowing also that he.* Q<sub>1</sub> being also acquainted (better then I) that F. J. 26. *argument.* Q<sub>1</sub> with mee. 27. *mine author affirmeth.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. tolde me himselfe. 29. *of any.* Q<sub>3</sub> anye of. 31. *all circumstaunces of histories, and.* Q<sub>1</sub> that it was in the first beginning of his writings, as then he was no writer of any long continuance. 35. *him.* Q<sub>1</sub> F. J. 36. *afterwarde.* Q<sub>1</sub> *adds* (the which I dare not confesse). *adapt.* Q<sub>3</sub> *adopt.* 38. *ende.* Q<sub>1</sub> *end.* *Amen.* 39. *not.* Q<sub>1</sub> *inserts* but once I am sure that he wrote it, for he is no borrower of inventiōs, and this is al that I meane to prove, as one that sende you his verses by stealth, and do him double wrong, to disclose unto any man the secrete causes why they were devised, but this for your delight I do adventure.

416. 6. *shewe.* Q<sub>1</sub> *shewes.* 18. *Sonet.* Q<sub>1</sub> *inserts* I am assured that it is but a translation, for I my selfe have seene the invention of an Italian, and Master J. hath a little dylated the same, but not much besides the sence of the first, and the addicion very aptly applied: wherfore I cannot condempne his doing therin, and for the Sonet. 20. *the more* Q<sub>1</sub>. Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> no more. 21. Q<sub>1</sub> *comma after dedicated.* Q<sub>2</sub> Q<sub>3</sub> *colon.* 25. *and.* Q<sub>1</sub> whereof I have not obteyned the most at his handes, and the reason that he denied me the same, was that (as he alleged).

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417. 18. a man. Q 1 one word. 27. right of y<sup>e</sup> two  
 29. r<sup>f</sup>. Q 3 omits. 30. fortunate. And. Q 1 forty  
 other I remembred one hapned uppon this occasion. The h  
 Lady Elynor being all this while absent from hir, gan now  
 Cut at home, with whom F. J. found meanes so to ensigniate  
 familiaritie tooke depe roote betwene them, and seldome but  
 could finde the one out of the others company. On a tyme the kn  
 hunting desired F. J. to accompany him, the which he could no  
 bet like a lusty younker, readie at all assayes, apparrelled him  
 and about his neck a Bugle, prickng & gallowing amongst  
 according to the maner of that countrie. And it chasched the  
 Knight thus gallowing lost his horn, which some devines mi  
 preted to be bet moultung, & that by Gods grace, he might hav  
 up againe shortly in steede of that. Wel, he came to F. J. re  
 lend him his Beugle, for (sayd the Knight) I hard you not blowe  
 I would fayne encourage the houndes, if I had a horne. Quod  
 I have not ben over lavishe of my comming hitherto, I would  
 not doubt but that I can tell howe to use a horne well enough,  
 little do I may not lende you a horne, and therewithall to  
 from his necke, and lent it to the Knight, who making it unto  
 gan assay to rechate: but the horne was to hard for him to v  
 F. J. tooke pleasure, and sayde to him selfe, blowe tyll thou  
 I made thee one with in these fewe dayes, that thou wilst never  
 thou livest. And hereupon (before the fal of the Buck) devi  
 following, which at his home comming he presented unto his

G. T.

As some men say there is a kind of seed  
 Will grow to hornes if it be sowed thick:  
 Wherwith I thought to trye if I could breed  
 A brood of buddes, well sharped on the prick:  
 And by good proofe of learned skill I found,  
 (As on some speciaall soyle all reedes best frame)  
 So jelouse braynes doe breed the battle ground,  
 That best of all might serve to beare the same.  
 Then sought I foorth to find such supple soyle,  
 And cald to mynd thy husband had a brayne,  
 So that percase, by travayll and by toyle,  
 His fruitfull front might turne my seed to goyne  
 And as I groped in that ground to sowe it,  
 Start up a horne, thy husband could not blow it

F. J.

THis Sonet treateth of a straung seede, but it tasteth most of  
 more cōmon amongst mē nowadays: wel let it passe amōgst y<sup>e</sup>  
 liketh it not, turn over y<sup>e</sup> leaf to another, I dout not but in t  
 may find some to content him, unlesse he be to curios: and.  
 Q 1 adds now. 34. Florence. Q 1 London.

418. 23. braunche Q 3. Q 2 braunce. See p. 36. 40.

419. 9. recomfort. Q 3 comfort. 23. accepted Q 1 Q 3.

420. 1. mee. Q 2 comma. Q 1 full stop. 26. pro  
 Q 2 possessed. See p. 36. 30. is. Q 3 it is.

421. 2. restore Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 restorte. 3. Mythryde  
 copies) Nythrydate. him. Q 1 F. J. 4. the. Q 3 omits.

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Q 3 beegan. 8. received. Q 1 conceyved. 14. braunche. Q 1 braunce.  
 17. *A wonderfull*. Q 2 one word. 18. *as I finde it in Bartello* the  
 beginning. Q 1 (for I think you have not red it in *Ariosto*) the beginning.  
 Q 3 as I finde it in *Bartello* the beginning. 19. *being*. Q 1 byng.  
 28. *entrie* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 entire. 31. *ye*. Q 3 that. 39. *this*.  
 Q 3 his. 40. *quadrible* Q 2 Q 3. Q 1 quadriple.  
 422. 4. *then* Q 1. Q 2 that. Q 3 other. *See p. 36.* 5. *opened*.  
 Q 1 open. 37. *this*. Q 3 his. 39. *of*. Q 3 omits.  
 423. 4. *over*. Q 1 on. 10. *Imagine*. Q 3 I meane. 18. *this*.  
 Q 1 his. Q 3 the. 23. *Flaminia* Q 1. Q 3 Elaminik. Q 2 Elaminia.  
*See p. 36.* 24. *abandoned*. Q 3 abounded. 29. *strayghts*. Q 1 straight.  
 40. *straung*. Q 1 straunge. Q 3 strong.  
 424. 1. *VII.* Q 3 seventh. 2. Q 1 comma before therein.  
 3. *contynually*. Q 2 comtynually. 13. *now keyes, now lockes*. Q 1 new  
 keyes, new lockes. 35. *this*. Q 1 this translation of *Ariostoes* xxxi.  
 song.  
 425. 15. *An* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 and. *See p. 36.* Q 2 full stop at end of line.  
 34. *Zoroastes*. Q 1 Zoroastes. *See p. 36.*  
 426. 8. Q 1 Q 3 full stop at end of line. 10. *Thus Ferdinando*.  
 Q 1 THis is the translation of *Ariosto* his xxxi. song, all but the last staffe, which  
 seemeth as an allegory applied to the rest. It will please none but learned  
 eares, hee was tyed to the invention, troubled in mynd &c. So I leave it to  
 your judgment, and returne to *F. J.* who. 14. *on* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 one.  
 he. Q 1 F. J. 19. *endevoyre*. Q 1 devoure. Q 3 endevoure. 29. *of*.  
 Q 1 omits.  
 427. 14. *to* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *to to*. 26. *good*. Q 3 my. 27. *for*.  
 Q 3 omits. 30. *hee*. Q 1 F. J. 38. *named*. Q 1 adds and that for  
 good respects, least hir name might altogether disclose the rest.  
 428. 3. *over large a*. Q 3 you a large. 22. *named Pergo*. Q 1 whome  
 for this discourse I will name *Pergo* least hir name natural were to brode  
 before, and might not drinke of all waters. 29. Q 1 colon. Q 2 Q 3 *no stop*.  
 429. 14. *tryed*. Q 1 Q 3 tyred. 28. *thought* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 thought.  
 29. *one*. Q 1 Q 3 on. 30. *did* Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 doe. *But see p. 36*,  
 where Ibid. (23) should be 247. 31. *repayre* Q 1. Q 2 *repreyare*. Q 3 *repaire*.  
 34. *wrythyn*. Q 3 in. 40. *not only he*. Q 3 he onelie not.  
 430. 40. 10. Q 3 the.  
 431. 2. *hath*. Q 3 have. 8. *blinded* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *builded*.  
*See p. 36.* 9. *VII.* Q 3 seven yeres. 13. *about* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *about*.  
 17. *without* Q 1. Q 2 *with out*. 28. *a present*. Q 2 one word.  
 34. *Jeromimy*. Q 1 F. J. 39. *worthines*. Q 1 *unworthines*.  
 432. 35. *him*. Q 1 F. J. Q 1 colon at end of line.  
 433. 1. *him in*. Q 1 F. J. in. 7. *his*. Q 1 F. J. 12. *the*.  
 Q 1 thy. 18. *conjoyned*. Q 3 enjoyned. 23. *in*. Q 3 into.  
 24. *delectable*. Q 1 delectably. 27. *for, the* Q 1. Q 2 *for-the*. Q 3 for  
 the. Q 1 comma at end of line. 28. *here*. Q 1 hereat. 34. *feares*.  
 Q 3 teares. *hir*. Q 1 continues But I have heard my friend *F. J.* cōfesse, that  
 he was in a happy traunce, and thought himself for divers causes unhappily  
 revived. For surely I have heard him affirme, that to dye in such a passion,  
 had ben rather pleasant, than like to panges of death. 35. *And*.  
 Q 2 omits and has no paragraph. *And It*. Q 3 And it. 36. *were*.

## APPENDIX

Q 3 was. 38. mine anthonor dreameth y' Ferdanndo. Q 1 hath to me emported, that.

434. 17. Q 1 colon at end of line. Q 2 Q 3 note 31. Q 2 Q 3 no concluding parenthesis. 37. of such such other.

435. 5. hir. Q 3 omitt. 11. blowe. Q 1 pussi 15. having. Q 1 adds now. 16-17. he...last. Q 1 his new professed enimie, and bare hir up with such a viole bolster, that before shee could prepare the warde, he thrust his hands, and &c. wherby the Dame swooning for feare, was contente to abandon hir body to the enemies curtesie. At last whir selfe. 18. him in bedde. Q 1 F. J. 27. fore paragraph. 29. Florence. Q 1 London. 31. Jeronimy

436. 3. XI. article. Q 3 eleven articles. Q 2 full 9. such Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 omit. See p. 36. 11. Ferdinande 13. such. Q 3 such a. 14. Q 1 full stop instead of com 17. Jeronimies. Q 1 F. J. 18. could. Q 1 would. paragraph. 27. him. Q 1 F. J. 32. altogether. in. Q 1 of. 39. espyed. Q 1 colon.

437. 6. Jeronimy. Q 1 F. J. 11. Pergo. Q 1 colon Q 1 Master J. 25. Ferdinandoes. Q 1 F. J. Q 3 Ferdina 27, 31, 33. he. 30. Jeronemy. Q 1 F. J. 34. Q parenthesis. 35. here. Q 3 there.

438. 6. master Jeronemy. Q 1 F. J. 8. Q 2 11. Q 2 comma instead of full stop. 16. ambassege. Q 3 ambassage. 17. gentlewoman Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 gentlem 19. Jeronimy of. Q 1 J. of. Q 2 Jeronimy. Of. Q 3 28. vouchsafe. Q 2 misprints vouchsafee. 29-30. Q 1 and. 35. Q 1 no parenthesis. Q 1 colon at end of 39.

439. 5. my Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 me. 16. signor Jerone 17. the. Q 1 adds cause of his. 23. kissed. Q 1 kissing. Q 1 F. J. rise. Q 1 arise.

440. 7. Q 2 no parenthesis. 8. meete. Q 1 meetest. Q 3 new paragraph. 1. Q 3 I doe. 27. Jeronimi 37. quipes Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 quibbes. See p. 36.

441. 39. the. Q 1 that.

442. 5, 8. Lamia. Q 1 Besse. 15. Amongst. Q 3 17. the. Q 1 a. locke. Q 1 locke. 32. hir. Q 3 her he

443. 1. time. Q 1 times. Q 2 tims. Q 3 tyme. 5. gayn. 10. in...Caroline. Q 1 fallen to three halfpence; a they called the Slippes. 17. smal. Q 1 three half penny. Q 1. Q 2 Q 3 into. 35. dissimuled. Q 3 dissembled. Q 3 have made.

444. 5. have. Q 3 omits. 7. I. Q 1 I do. 8. slip. 9-10. Q 1 no paragraph. 25. resemblaunt. 40. she. Q 3 he.

445. 5. had ever. Q 1 omits. 7. The. Q 3 new parag

446. 8. Carolines. Q 1 slippes. 14. it Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 Q 1 it, but I may not rehearse the cause why, unlesse I s 27. y<sup>e</sup> Venetiane. Q 1 F. J.

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447. 3. *Jeronimy.* Q 1 F. J. 17. *And.* Q 1 Here (least you shuld grow in some wrong coceipt of F. J.) I must put you out of dout, that. Q 3 new paragraph. 28. Q 1 colon. Q 2 Q 3 note of interrogation. 29. *And thus.* Q 1 thus.

448. 7. *him.* Q 1 F. J. 15. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 21. *you.* Q 1 you, unlesse you would have me fill up a whole volume only with his matters, and I have dilated the over largely already. 23. *pleasure* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *pleasoure.* 24. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 31, 40. Q 1 adds G. T.

449. 1—20. Q 3 prints in half lines. 10. 10. Q 3 so. 30. *Beso las manos* Q 1. Q 2 *Beso la, mano.* See p. 36. 37. *arme* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 *harme.*

450. 6. Q 1 adds G. T.

451. 14. *he.* Q 1 F. J. 27. *Poore Jeronimy.* Q 1 F. J. Q 3 Ferdinand Jeronimi. 40. Q 1 adds G. T.

452. 26—453. 22. Q 1 has instead this ending:—IT is time now to make an end of this thirstlesse Historie, wherein although I could wade much further, as to declare his departure, what thankes he gave to his *Hope* &c. Yet I will cease, as one that had rather leave it unperfect than make it to plaine. I have past it over with quod he, and quod she, after my homely manner of writing, using sundry names for one person, as the Dame, the Lady, Mistresse, &c. The Lorde of the Castle, the Master of the house, and the hoste: neverthelesse for that I have seene good authours terme every gentlewoman a Lady, and every gentleman *domine*, I have thought it no greater faulne then pettie treason thus to entermyngle them, nothing doubting but you will easely understand my meaning, and that is asmuch as I desire. Now henceforwarde I will trouble you no more with such a barbarous style in prose, but will onely recite unto you sundry verses written by sundry gentlemen, adding nothing of myne owne, but onely a tyle to every Poeme, wherby the cause of writinge the same maye the more evidently appeare: Neyther can I declare unto you who wrote the greatest part of them, for they are unto me but a posie presented out of sundry gardens, neither have I any other names of the flowers, but such short notes as the authours themselves have delivered therby if you can gesse them, it shall no waye offendee mee. I will begin with this translation as followeth.

*G. T.*

[A translation of Ariosto allegorized follows. See p. 500.]

452. 27. *aswell.* Q 3 as wel. Q 2 swell. See p. 36.

453. 3. *dissolute.* Q 3 desolute. 4. *Frauncischina* Q 3. Q 2 Fraunes Chima. See p. 36. 8. *ocurrentes* Q 3. Q 2 occurements. See p. 36.

454. 16. Q 1 Q 3 no side-note. 23. *his.* Q 1 this. 32. *I that* Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 that I. See p. 36.

455. 17. Q 1 *He wrote (at his friends request) in prayse of a Gentlewoman, whose name was Phillip,* as followeth. 24. *merrily* Q 3. Q 1 Q 2 merely.

456. 21. *the.* Q 3 omits. 24. *yit.* Q 3 yet.

457. 1. *Farewell...by a.* Q 1 The. 3. &c. Q 1 doth. 4. *he determined.* Q 1 determine. 20. *awyayes able.* Q 3 able alwayes.

458. 1. *for.* Q 3 because. 6. *princke.* Q 3 pranke. 20. *The...a.* Q 1 The. 21. Q 1 continues thus complayneth. 26. *these* Q 3. Q 1 theis. Q 2 this.

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459. 33. *That Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 But. See p. 36.*  
460. 1. *Mars...an. Q 1 An. 2. Q 1 continues thus*  
24. *might Q 1 Q 3. Q 2 mighe. 32. those Q 1. Q 3 th*  
*See p. 36.*  
461. 9. *Patience...an. Q 1 An. 21. Q 2 full stop at en*  
462. 5. *fryse. Q 3 freese. 6. I. Q 3 omits. 14.*  
29. *it. Q 3 omits.*  
463. 1. *David...three. Q 1 Three.*  
464. 15. *delight. Q 1 delights. 19—20. Soone...an.*  
465—73. *Not in Q 1.*  
465. 3—15. *Q 3 omits all after English. 27. yo*  
32. *tubbe. Q 3 omits to end of paragraph (466. 19).*  
467. 5. *levis. Qq lenis. 36. hath. Q 3 hath in it. in,*  
37. *and...syllables. Q 3 omits.*  
468. 7. *Verse. Q 3 new paragraph. 24. very.*  
18. *falleth. Q 3 passeth. 36. that you. Q 3 you.*  
470. 8. *be. Q 3 is. 38. you. Q 3 you to.*  
471. 22. *discourses. Q 3 new paragraph.*  
472. 2. *whole. Q 3 new paragraph. 13. termination.*

## ADDITIONAL POEMS.

The following poems are printed in Q 1 but not included in C  
*A translation of Ariosto allegorized.*

WHen worthy Bradamant, had looked long in vain,  
To seehir absent love and Lord, Ruggier: returne againe:  
Uponhir lothed bedhir lustlesse limbes did cast,  
And in deceitfull dreames she thought, she saw him come at  
But when with open armes, she ran him to embrace,  
With open eyes she fould it false, & thus cōplain'd hir case.  
That which me please (qd she) was dreames which fancy dre  
But that which me torments (alas) by sight I find it true.  
My joye was but a dreame, and soone did fade away,  
But my tormenting cruell cares, cannot so soone decaye.  
Why heare I not and see, since now I have my sences?  
That which in fained fading dreames, appered by p̄tēces.  
Or whereto serve mine eyes, if sights they so mistake,  
As seeme to see ech joy in sleepe, and woo whē they awake  
The sweete & slumbering sleape, did promise joye and peace,  
But these unpleasaunt sights do rayse, such warres as never  
The sleape I felt was false, and seem'd to ease my grief,  
But that I see is all to true, and yeedes me no relief.  
If truth annoy me then, and fayned fancyes please me,  
God graunt I never heare nor see, true thing for to disease  
If sleeping yeld me joy, and waking worke me woe,  
God graunt I sleape, & never wake, to ease my torment so.

## APPENDIX

O happy slumbering soules, whom one dead drowsy sleepe  
Six monethes (of yore) in silence shutte, with closed eyes did keepe.  
Yet can I not compare, such sleepe to be like death,  
Nor yet such waking, as I wake, to be like vitall breath.  
For why my let doth fall, contrary to the rest,  
I deeme it death when I awake, & life while I do rest.  
Yet if such sleepe be like to death in any wise,  
O gentle death come quick at call, & close my drery eyes.  
Thus sayd the worthy dame, whereby I gather this,  
No care can be cōpared to that, where true love parted is.

### *Lenvoie.*

Lo Lady if you had but halfe like care for mee,  
That worthy *Bradamant* had then hir own *Ruggier* to see:  
My readie will should be so prest to come at call,  
You should have no such sight or dreame to trouble you withall.  
Then when you list commaund, & I wil come in hast,  
There is no hap shal hold me backe, good will shal roon so fast.  
*Si fortunatus infelix.*

*This Sonet of his shall passe (for me) without any preface.*

WHen stedfast friendship (bound by holy othe)  
Did parte perforse my presence from thy sight,  
In dreames I might behold how thou wert loth  
With troubled thoughts to parte from thy delight.  
When Popler walles enclos'd thy pensive mind,  
My painted shadow did thy woes revive:  
Thine evening walks by Thames in open wind,  
Did long to see my sayling boate arive.  
But when the dismald day did seeke to part  
From London walles thy longing mind for me,  
The sugred kisses (sent to thy deare hart)  
With secret smart in broken sleepes I see.  
Wherfore in teares I drenche a thousand fold,  
Till these moist eyes thy beauty may behold.  
*Si fortunatus infelix.*

*Another shorter discourse to the same effect.*

[This follows *The lover declareth his affection*, p. 337 of this edition.]

IF ever man yit found the Bath of perfect blisse,  
Then swim I now amid the Sea where nought but pleasure is.  
I love and am beloved (without vaunt be it told)  
Of one more fayre than shee of *Greec* for whō proud Troy was sold.  
As bountifull and good as *Cleopatra* Queene:  
As constant as *Penelope* unto hir make was seene.  
What would you more? my pen unable is to write  
The least desert that seemes to shine within this worthy wight.  
So that for now I cease, with hands held up on hye,  
And crave of God that when I chaunge, I may be forst to dye.  
*Meritum petere, grav.*

## APPENDIX

### *Eyther a needlesse or a bootelesse compari- son betwene two letters.*

OF all the letters in the christs crosse rowe,  
I feare (my sweete) thou lovest *B*, the best,  
And though there be good letters many mo  
As *A*, *O*, *G*, *N*, *C*, *S*, and the rest,  
Yet such a liking bearest thou to *B*.  
That fewe or none thou thinkest like it to be.

And much I muse what madnesse should thee move  
To set the Cart before the comely horse:  
Must *A*, give place, to *B*, for his behove?  
Are letters now so changed from their course?  
Then must I learne (though much unto my paine,)  
To read (a new) my christ crosse rowe againe.

When I first learnd, *A*, was in high degree,  
A captaine letter, and a vowell too:  
Such one as was alwayes a helpe to *B*,  
And lent him sound and taught him what to doo,  
For take away the vowels from their place,  
And how can then the consonants have grace?

Yet if thou like a consonant so well,  
Why should not *G*, seeme better farre than *B*?  
*G*, spellethe God, that high in heaven doth dwell,  
So spell we Gold and all good things with *G*.  
*B*, serves to spell bold, bawdy, braysicke, bolde,  
Blacke, browne, and bad, yea worse than may be to

In song, the *G*, cliffe keepes the highest place,  
Where *B*, sounds alwayes (or too sharpe or) flat:  
In *G*, *sol*, *re*, *ut*: trebles have trimme grace,  
*B*, serves the base and is content with that.  
Beleve me (sweete) *G*, giveth sound full sweete,  
When *B*, cries buzz, as is for bases meeete.

But now percase thou wilt one *G*, permit,  
And with that *G*, thou meanest *B*, to joyne:  
Alas, alas, me thinkes it were not fit,  
(To cloke thy faulfe) such fine excuse to coyne.  
Take dooble *G*, for thy most loving letter,  
And cast of *B*, for it deserves no better.

Thus have I played a little with thy *B*,  
Wherof the brand is thine, and mine the blame  
The wight which woundes thy wondring will is he  
And I the man that seeke to salve thy name:  
The which to thinkes, doth make me sigh sometim  
Though thus I strive to jest it out in ryme.

*Meritum petere, grave.*

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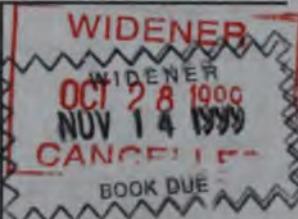


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